The Christian Union

Our part is to conspire with the new works of new days.—Emerson.

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LYMAN ABBOTT,
HAMILTON W. MABIE, } Editors.

THE OUTLOOK.

WHILE there is still a considerable contest among Republicans upon the question, Who shall receive the nomination for the Presidency? Mr. Blaine is, apparently, in spite of his declination, taking and keeping the lead. All indications point to the unanimous and probably enthusiastic nomination of Mr. Cleveland by the Democratic Convention. Conventions in Connecticut and Iowa held during the last week enthusiastically indorsed him. Even those Democrats who are opposed to his policy upon the tariff question, as represented, for example, by the Atlanta "Constitution," advocate his nomination. We have not hesitated to express our regret that the latter part of his term has not fulfilled the promise of the early part in the matter of Civil Service Reform. If the Republican party should nominate a candidate whose character and past career are a pledge for the maintenance of Civil Service principles, it may easily recover a considerable part of the Independent vote. But we doubt whether it can recover that vote by means simply of a platform. It is too early yet to make any confident prediction respecting the nominations of the Prohibition party, but apparently General Clinton B. Fisk is the most likely to receive the nomination of that party. If so, there is every probability that he will draw, at least in the East, from the Republicans more heavily than did Governor St. John, unless the tariff question so absorbs public interest as to put the temperance question for the time being into the background, or unless the Republican party should take such high and strong ground on the temperance question as to distinctly antagonize the liquor interest and distinctly pledge itself to the anti-saloon movement in some form. Even this would hardly recover to it the temperance vote which has gone out from its ranks, though it might stay the exodus.

We are confident that the absurdity of postponing the debate on the copyright question for the purpose of listening to the harangue of Senator Ingalls and the abusive reply of Senator Voorhees must have been apparent to a good many members of the United States Senate. That body, although not without occasional outbreaks of rowdyism, has always been and still is one of the most dignified legislative assemblies in the world. So long as narrow or low-minded men find their way into such bodies the performance which took place in the Senate between Senator Ingalls and Voorhees will be likely to be repeated. Fortunately for the dignity of that body and for the well-being of the country, such exhibitions of petty spite and ill-concealed vulgarity are rare. They ought never, however, to be passed by without the condemnation of all decent people. Both these Senators have belittled themselves and their position, and it is well to let them know that the country despises the kind of politics they practice and abhors their lack of good manners. The patriotism of the American people is of too sound and high a quality to respond to such appeals to past bitterness and partisan prejudice as Senator Ingalls's speech. The entire absence of statesmanlike outlook, and of broad and comprehensive grasp of the present situation, stamps both Senator Ingalls's speech and Senator Voorhees's reply as the utterances of men morally if not intellectually disqualified for the discharge of high legislative functions.

The position of Chief Justice of the United States is certainly the most dignified and most impressive public station open to an American citizen. Whoever is named to fill it must pass at once the ordeal of inevitable comparison with a great place and the memories of great men. When the announcement was made that the President had named Mr. Melville W. Fuller, of Illinois, for Chief Justice of the United States, there was a momentary sense of disappointment because some of the more popularly known leaders of the bar had been passed over. But with a fuller knowledge of Mr. Fuller's character, attainments, and position, all such sense of disappointment has been dissipated, and the President's selection commands the respect of the entire bar of the Nation. Mr. Fuller is apparently in all respects a fit person for the great position to which he has been called. He is a man of unblemished character, of the most charming personality, genial, courteous, refined, a scholar by instinct and by lifelong studies, a lawyer of high attainments and of the most judicial and generous mind, a party man whose patriotism has been above question and whose affiliations have always been with the best and most progressive elements within his party. Mr. Fuller is not widely known outside the profession in which he has won so honorable a position, but within the profession nothing but good is known of him.

We welcome the support of the New York "Tribune" for the Indian bill presented by the friends of the Indians and of equal rights to Congress, and already outlined in our columns. The "Tribune" very well characterizes this message in the following paragraph:

"It seeks to further the work of assimilating the Indians among our population, and destroying, so far as possible, the inconsistencies and anomalies of their present position, which was so well begun in the Dawes Severalty Act. This was only a beginning, however, and much remains to be done. At present the reservations are without courts and a system of law. This was never a tolerable situation, because there was no redress for the red man for crimes committed against him by the white, and none for the white for crimes committed against him by the Indian."

There is certainly no inconsistency between this bill and the Dawes Severalty Act; the one is the natural if not the necessary corollary of the other. We hope for it the cordial support of all friends of equal rights in Congress. One of our Western contemporaries has recently expressed the wish that The Christian Union would treat the Indian question with the breadth and candor with which it is treating the theater question. We are thankful to the "Herald-Democrat" of Leadville for its kind words. We wish it would explain to its readers what there is unpractical in the proposition that the red man should no longer be treated as an exceptional creature, but simply as a man; that he should be entitled to his land, given that education which is given to all other Americans, afforded the protection of the law, made amenable to the law, and compelled to earn his bread by honest industry as other men are. These are the rights which we claim for the Indian, and these are the duties we would impose upon him.

The Anti-Saloon Convention of Republicans held in New York City last week was not a large gathering, and the mass-meeting with which it was proposed to end the Convention was abandoned, avowedly because ex-Secretary Windom, who was to have been the principal speaker, was not able to be present, but we suspect really because there was not promise of a sufficiently large attendance. The published letters from leading Republicans were for the most part mild and general in their terms of approval; at least they were not characterized by any undue pugnacity against the saloons. They indicated, however, a decided advance in temperance sentiment within the Republican ranks, and go far to justify the expectation of those who believe that the next Republican Convention will adopt vigorous and unambiguous resolutions of antagonism to the open saloon. The resolutions adopted by this Anti Saloon Convention demand the abolition of the saloon, call on the Republican party to enter upon the war against the saloon, but leave to the people of each locality the determination of the method to be employed. They are emphatically not resolutions for the mere taxation of the liquor traffic, on the one hand, nor are they, on the other, resolutions in favor of total prohibition. On the whole, if the Convention does not indicate the existence of temperance enthusiasm among Republican leaders, it does indicate the growth of a temperance sentiment within the Republican party, and a growing tendency among Republican leaders to recognize that sentiment and embody it in party action.

The Christian Union has always insisted upon the most liberal interpretation of the obligations of this country to the civilized world, and has again and

again emphasized the fact that the best policy for America is the policy which regards the country as a leader of civilization, and not merely as a commercial enterprise subsisting solely for the pecuniary profit of its citizens. We have always insisted, however, that in America American ideas must predominate, and that the American stamp must be put upon the men of the Old World who come here, not to obliterate our distinctive system, but to assimilate their own ideas with it. We are heartily glad, therefore, to note the evidences of a growing tendency to speak frankly about the influence of our foreign populations in politics. There has been a spell on the politicians of both parties which has made it impossible for them to speak of the Irish or the German vote without taking off their hats. The Irish and the German voter is quite as respectable a person as the voter whose ancestors arrived in this country before the Revolutionary War, and who is therefore, according to the standard of Mr. Richard Grant White, an American. But to put the Irish and the German voters in a class by themselves has produced nothing but demoralization and degradation in our politics. The appeal to the "Irish vote" or the "German vote" as a class vote is always a piece of political trickery. The largely attended and enthusiastic meeting held in this city last week to indorse Mayor Hewitt's action in forbidding the display of foreign flags on the City Hall is an indication that there is an American as well as an Irish vote in New York, and that politicians will do well to remember this fact. The American voter, of whatever party, has only good feeling for his fellow citizen who has lately come from Ireland or Germania, but he does not propose to resign to the latter the functions of government, nor to make the United States the tail of either the Irish or the German kite.

Professor Willcox, of Chicago, in last week's "Congregationalist," gives an extraordinary account of the secret history of the purchase of Alaska. This is, in effect, that during the Civil War, at the time when our country was threatened with intervention from England and France, the Administration hired vessels from a Russian fleet which remained upon our coast for a time for its protection. When the danger had passed, the Administration hesitated to apply to Congress for the necessary appropriation to pay the Russian Government, and finally the purchase of Alaska was hit upon, and by secret understanding the amount due for the use of the fleet was added to the purchase money of the Territory. The authority for this story is said to be statements made by General Sherman in personal conversation with certain unnamed gentlemen in the West. If the story were not told, however, by such a man as Professor Willcox, it would be received with incredulity. It is certainly a curious, not to say extraordinary, narrative, and the publication of it seems to call for either indorsement or disclaimer from General Sherman.

The discussion of college athletics has been revived by the sweeping report of a committee of the Harvard College Overseers which recommends that intercollegiate athletic contests be prohibited. The reasons given are that athletic sports have come to be pursued at most as the serious business of college life, that the college athletes are becoming infected with the professional spirit, that these sports absorb an undue amount of time and thought as well as money, and that they interfere materially with the attainment of the higher ends of university life. This report is signed by four members of the committee. The fifth favors the continuance of intercollegiate contests under strict supervision, a plan which has been already tried with the result of causing much discontent among students who have felt themselves placed at a disadvantage in comparison with their rivals. The action of the committee has brought out expressions of opinion from many Harvard alumni, and especially from men who were prominent athletes in their time. It is urged again that athletic sports furnish a healthy outlet for the superfluous energies of youth, that intercollegiate contests are necessary to keep alive interest in athletics, and that the record of the men who participate is usually a record of at least fair, and sometimes high, scholarship. Nevertheless, it appears to be true that an undue amount of thought and time is given to athletic exercise, or, in other words, these sports have become practically a business instead of an incidental means of healthful recreation. There is the elaborate training for the autumn foot-ball matches where the contestants are the center of immense and excited crowds who have often witnessed scenes of positive brutality. A little later in the season we hear of the erection of "cages" in the gymnasium where the pitchers and catchers may practice, and at Yale a huge tank has been constructed which holds a boat for the practice of oarsmen through the winter. In the spring there are mysterious stories of secret devices in boats or oars intended to yield some special advantage, and we hear of college nines pitted against professionals, of watches set upon the crews, of their efforts to deceive observers, and other forms of "jockeying" which are continued until the race. All this is in addition to the intercollegiate games, the tennis, lacrosse, and other sports which absorb much time and attention. But one of the most serious evils is the growth of the professional spirit in college athletics, the attempts to deceive and to gain special advantages, and the willingness to gain a technical victory by a quibble. The moral effect of the athletic craze at our colleges deserves careful consideration by the graduates who protest against interference with these exercises. Let us have rowing and ball-playing by all means, but college students must not be allowed to take professional oarsmen and ball players as their models. If we cannot have contests of gentlemen conducted with perfect fairness and kept within fitting limits as regards the attention given to preparation, it would be better to have no contests at all. As the case stands, Yale athletes are allowed almost unlimited liberty, and this renders the task of the Harvard Faculty unusually difficult. If the Faculties of the rival colleges could agree upon a plan of action which would insure the same treatment on both sides, it would be far easier to encourage moderation among the students.

Our readers will find elsewhere a full report, from an exceedingly competent hand, of the sessions of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church now being held in the Metropolitan Opera-House in this city. The interest of the past week has centered on the question of the admission of women as lay delegates to the Conference. This question, as we intimated last week, has not turned on the broad principle of whether women should be admitted or excluded as women, but on the technical question of their admissibility under the present rules. As the discussion proceeded, this distinction became more and more clear, and its general acceptance at the close of the debate undoubtedly had much to do with the decision. By a vote of 237 to 198 it was decided that, under the constitution and laws of the church as now existing, women are not eligible as lay delegates to the General Conference, and that a proposition to so amend the rules as to admit women shall be submitted to the annual conferences. This is undoubtedly a wise conclusion of the whole matter. It will be far better in the end that women be admitted through the front door by general consent than through the back door by a close vote. It will be far better for the church to finally decide the matter on the broad question of right and general policy than on the narrow question of a disputed construction of rules.

There are evidences of a widespread agitation in the Balkan regions, and the restlessness of the peoples on the Peninsula is arousing a good deal of anxiety in Europe. In Macedonia, Turkish troops have been summoned to suppress a revolt of Greeks and Servians, and the customary charge of Russian intrigue is freely made by those who have watched the course of events. The Balkan Peninsula is full of Russian agents who are bent on mischief whenever an opportunity offers itself. In Roumania, what promises to be a serious outbreak among the peasants has taken place. This also is charged upon Russia, but there are other causes at work which may have brought about this result. The agricultural distress of the country is very great and widespread, and the agricultural laborers have been driven to such straits by poverty that violence is no unnatural outcome of their situation. Revolutionary proclamations have been generally posted in the villages, and these incendiary appeals have been traced, it is said, to a Russian Nihilist. If this be true, it is probable that the trouble in Roumania has started at the bottom and not at the top; and if Russian influence has furnished the impulse, that influence has come, not from Russian absolutism, but from Russian discontent.

After a quarter of a century of almost continuous service, Dr. Barnard has resigned the Presidency of Columbia College; admonished, as he declares, by advancing years and unstable health that the time has come when he may with propriety divest himself of the responsibilities of the important position which he has filled so long and so faithfully. Dr. Barnard's letter appears to have been a surprise to the trustees of the college, who referred it to a special committee for further action. Dr. Barnard's services to Columbia College have been many and important, and, under the restrictions which have circumscribed his work, he has succeeded in infusing a new and more progressive spirit into the important institution of which he has been the head. The Christian Union has often expressed the feeling that Columbia College has by no means risen to the heights of its opportunity in this city. It has never yet identified itself as it might have done with the great metropolis, and so drawn upon resources which are practically unlimited. This failure to touch the popular pride and awaken the popular sympathy has not been due to any lack of energy on the part of the Faculty of the institution, nor has it been due in any degree to the action or inaction of the retiring President. We can only express the hope, expressed before, that the trustees of Columbia College will measure the present position of the institution against the magnificent opportunity which this city offers for a great university, and that in the selection of a new President they will look for a man of the largest scholarship, the greatest executive force, and the most progressive spirit, and that all personal preferences will be eliminated from the problem. The election of Professor William M. Sloane to succeed Professor Short in the Latin chair is in every respect an admirable selection; but we venture to suggest that the selection of such a man as Professor Sloane to succeed President Barnard would indicate a still higher wisdom on the part of the trustees of the college.

We desire to call the special attention of our readers to the sermon by the Rev. F. H. Palmer in our Sunday Afternoon Department of this week. Mr. Palmer is an Episcopal clergyman, formerly of Philadelphia, now of Andover, Mass. He has proved his consecration, the practicality of his judgment, and his evangelical spirit by the remarkable work for Christ which he has done in the city of Philadelphia. His sermon is at least a witness, and an important one, to the fact that the positions which The Christian Union has taken on the subject of the theater are sanctioned by clergymen of piety and of practical judgment. In claiming that the drama must be purified, cleansed, and put at the service of humanity, The Christian Union does not stand alone. To those who have doubted, and to those who have perhaps in a measure misunderstood, our position on this subject we especially commend this sermon, which clearly and forcibly, as it seems to us, interprets the ground to which the Christian Church and the Christian ministry are certain to come at no distant day.

CONGRESSIONAL PROCEEDINGS.—Last week the tariff debate in the House was somewhat more interesting. One Democrat, Mr. Foran, of Cleveland, Ohio, attacked the Mills bill as opposed to the interests of the workingmen. Mr. Guenther (Republican), of Wisconsin, advocated the retention of the whisky tax and the repeal of the sugar tax. This plan is the exact opposite of that proposed by Mr. Kelley, of Pennsylvania. Mr. Guenther proposes to compensate the sugar producers for exposing them to the competition of pauper labor by giving a bounty to the plantation owners. Mr. Wilson, of West Virginia, distinguished himself by a remarkably able free-trade speech. He was formerly a college president.——The River and Harbor bill has been rushed through the House under a suspension of the rules. A Pennsylvania Republican denounced the measure for its extravagance. This is the *rôle* which has usually been taken by some Western Democrat.——Chairman Hatch, of the House Committee on Agriculture, has prepared a bill to make all adulterated food products subject to inspection and providing for a tax sufficient to pay the cost of the inspection.——The Senate has been considering the Chinese treaty in secret session.

GENERAL NEWS.—The Rev. Laurens P. Hickok, D.D., LL.D. died in Amherst, Mass., on Monday of this week. Dr. Hickok had filled professorships of Mental and Moral Science in the Western Reserve College, Auburn Theological Seminary, Union College (of which he was at one time President), and Amherst. He was the author of well-known treat-

ises on psychology, moral science, and similar topics, and at the time of his death was working upon a new book on that subject.——The condition of the German Emperor is causing increased alarm; he has been more feverish, and the local throat trouble has increased.——The steamer "Eureka" collided on Monday, off Cape Henry, with the British steamship "Bennison," and is supposed to be lost, with all on board.——The Pennsylvania court of appeal has in effect confirmed the action of the Court of Quarter Sessions in refusing the great majority of applicants for liquor license.——Dom Pedro, Emperor of Brazil, is seriously ill at Milan, Italy.——The English Parliament has rejected Sir John Lubbock's bill ordering the closing of shops at eight in the evening of every day except Saturday and at ten in the evening on Saturday. Mr. Bradlaugh denounced the bill as immoral in principle and absurd in detail.——Professor G. F Stanley Hall, of John Hopkins University, has finally accepted the presidency of the proposed Clark University in Worcester, Mass.——The New York Assembly has passed the Electoral Reform bill.——Mr. William O'Brien, member of Parliament and editor of "United Ireland," has again been convicted, this time on the charge of advising the people in a proclaimed district to join the Land League.——Governor Hill has vetoed the bill repealing the Saturday Half-Holiday law.

THE AFRICAN QUESTION.

EUROPEAN observers of the signs of the times are so constantly on the watch for omens of disaster that they have become somewhat too prone to anticipate the most unfortunate events. The tension of feeling and the uncertainty of the situation have now existed so long that the diplomatic nerve has lost something of its power of resistance, and is becoming exceedingly sensitive. Predictions of possible complications must therefore be taken with some allowance, but even the coolest-headed student of current affairs cannot find much that is hopeful in the present European outlook. The possibilities of evil seem to outnumber a hundred-fold the probabilities of good. In a recent article the London "Spectator" calls attention to the approach of danger from a new quarter. Heretofore many of the struggles between the Great Powers have originated outside of Europe. Terrible wars have devastated the Continent because nations were struggling against each other for the possession of territories thousands of miles distant. America was long the source of antagonisms which deluged Europe with blood; and for many a year the Eastern question, often overspreading the heavens like a great cloud, has never entirely disappeared below the horizon. To the Eastern question must now be added what may hereafter become known as the African question. In another decade the Niger and the Zambesi may figure as conspicuously in our newspapers as the Nile figured a few years ago. All eyes are now turning toward what was once known as the Dark Continent, but whose mystery is rapidly disappearing before the adventurous incursions of exploration and trade. This continent is divided between seven native and seven European Powers, which hold territories widely separated from each other and almost inextricably confused and intermixed in their interests and means of communication. The extent of the foreign holdings in Africa, as well as the extraordinary lack of any kind of arrangement between the Great Powers, is well described in the "Spectator:"

"Let us begin at the Pillars of Hercules, and name the possessions of the States as we proceed down the Atlantic seaboard. First comes Morocco, which France and Spain both claim to be within their respective spheres of influence. Then the strip of coast opposite the Canary Islands lately annexed by Spain, then French Senegambia, then British Senegambia, then another piece of French Senegambia hemming in the British Colony, then another piece of British territory, then Portuguese Senegambia, then another French settlement, and then Sierra Leone. Next comes Liberia, then the French settlements on the Gold Coast, and next to them the English portion of the Gold Coast, flanked again by seven or eight small French settlements scattered over the nominally unappropriated coasts of Dahomey. The district containing the mouths of the Niger, possessed by an English Trading Company enjoying semi-sovereign rights, comes next, and stretches to the Cameroons, where the Germans again take up the tale of alternation till the province of the French Congo is reached. Another small Portuguese Colony is next. The territory of the International Congo Company succeeds this, and is in turn succeeded by the Portuguese settlements of Angola and Benguela. Next is a German possession, including Angra Pequena, and stretching from Cape Frio to the Orange River, broken by, or perhaps, to speak more accurately, enveloping, a tiny English port at Walvisch Bay. The English possessions at the Cape follow, and, rounding the Cape, stretch up to Sofala and Mozambique, the great Portuguese possessions on the East Coast which contain the mouth of the Zambesi. The important German settlement which stretches from the mouth of the Rovuma River to a point north of Zanzibar, and includes the famous mountain of Kilimandjaro, comes next; and then follows an English possession intended to afford access to the great lake Victoria Nyanza. Next to this comes the longest piece of unappropriated African coast, which runs for over a thousand miles round Cape Guardafui to Berbera on the Gulf of Aden, where begins a recent British acquisition stretching as far as Zeyla. Bordering on this new acquisition is the French settlement of Obok, and next it the Italian protectorate which reaches to Massowah. From Massowah to the borders of Tripoli the coast belongs to Egypt, and so must be classed as within the sphere of English influence. Tripoli, Egypt's Western neighbor, belongs nominally to Turkey, but is practically claimed in reversion by Italy. Next to Tripoli come Tunis and Algiers, in the hands of France, and thus is concluded the record of the different and conflicting influences that hem in Africa."

Germany, England, France, Spain, Italy, and Portugal are all on the alert to seize and hold every possible advantage in the new country. The dying ruler of Morocco is watched by the war ships of those who propose to distribute his estate without so much as going through the formality of breaking the seals of his will. The mutual jealousies and antagonisms which inevitably arise from the competition of great nations for the possession of a continent must be prolific of possible misunderstandings and wars. Already some of the Powers are pursuing policies of obstruction and exclusion which will be found to be unbearably irritating to their neighbors. For many years the Zambesi, which Livingstone has called the door into Africa, has been open to all comers, especially to the English, who have navigated at their will this great river, establishing missionary and commercial stations. Now the Portuguese, whose colonial policy seems to be especially irritating, are endeavoring to close the Zambesi to all outsiders, thus cutting off the great settlements in Southern Africa from their communication with the interior. It is one of the favorable signs of the times that, to avoid the difficulties which inhere in this struggle of rival Powers for new territory, the "Spectator" proposes a peaceful arrangement between the competitors. It suggests as a possible basis for such an arrangement that France might receive Morocco; Italy, Tripoli; Germany, the Congo State, French Congo, and the colonies of Benguela and Angola; Portugal, her present possessions on the East Coast, the lower valleys and mouths of the Niger, and the coasts of the Gulf of Guinea; France, Senegambia and the territory between Senegal and Morocco; Spain, the territory running from Cape Frio to the mouth of the Orange River; while Egypt, the German possessions off Zanzibar, and the African Littoral of the Red Sea, should be surrendered to English influence. It will be interesting to watch the working out of this difficult problem in the future diplomacy of Europe.

ALL THINGS ARE NOT EXPEDIENT.

I have been a constant reader of your paper for some years, and have once in a while seen something in it about amusements. I want to ask you to kindly answer these questions, if you will:

1. Do you consider it anything unadvisable for a church member, either young or old, to dance, if the company is what is called respectable, once in a while?

2. Do you consider it anything unadvisable for a church member, either young or old, to play cards, in respectable company, once in a while?

3. In the same way, about theater and opera, I will say that I have never been in the habit of going to either, and am now over thirty-five years old; but the question is often asked me by those who wish to become church members.

——.

LAST week, in answer to these questions, we pointed out the general Christian principle, All things are lawful. It is not wicked to move about in time to music—no one condemns calisthenics; no wickeder to knock balls about on green cloth—billiards—than on green grass—croquet; no sin to play cards—Logomachy or Authors for example—and the figuring on the pasteboard does not dedicate them to the devil; no unlawful thing to enjoy dramatic representation—*e. g.*, a lecture by John B. Gough, which was always a dramatic representation from beginning to end. It is lawful to dance, play billiards, play cards, go to dramatic performances. But all things that are lawful are not expedient. On what principles can we determine whether lawful things are expedient? This is the question our correspondent asks. And to answer it we turn to the fourteenth chapter of Romans, where Paul gives the answer. It is true that in Paul's time the specific questions of casuistry were different. They were raised by the intermingling of pagan and Jewish converts in the Christian Church. To the conscientious Jew meats and wine that had been offered to idols were polluted by the offering; and certain days prescribed by Jewish ritual were deemed of universal obligation. Paul declares that an idol is nothing in the world, and that all days are alike sacred to the Lord. But he points out the principles on which the Christian can determine when it will be expedient to observe days that are not obligatory, and to abstain from meats and wines that are not unlawful. And these principles remain the same. They are eternal, through their application is temporal; they are unchangeable, though their applications vary from age to age.

I. Virtue and vice consist not in things external to one's self, but in the spirit within. A man may eat and drink to his own condemnation at the Lord's Table. For him the Lord's Supper is sin. For no external act is virtuous if the virtue of it be not perceived and appreciated. So also no doubtful act is vicious in which the soul perceives a virtue and which is done in a spirit of faith and consecration. Whether a sharp-shooter is a bandit or a patriot depends, not on the gun, but on the man who holds it. Two men may stand before the same picture, and one see in it only a spiritual beauty which elevates and inspires, and the other only a sensual beauty which degrades and corrupts. Two men may witness the same drama, and one see the truth of life which it illustrates and enforces, and the other be blind to it. The "Tannhäuser" will be a magnificent spiritual parable to one and a mere scenic show to another. If both bring their conscience to bear upon it, their judgments will be different. One, seeing with spiritual vision, and perhaps idealizing, will approve; the other, seeing with sensuous vision and perhaps carnally interpreting it, will condemn. Their judgments are different because what they really see is different. One will see only the rhythmic beauty of a dance, the other will feel its sensual influence. These two classes always have existed and always will exist in the church; the motto of one being, To the pure all things are pure; that of the other being, Can one touch pitch and not be defiled?

Now, first of all, these two classes are not to quarrel with each other. The man with scruples is not to condemn his less scrupulous neighbor as loose; the man without scruples is not to condemn his more scrupulous neighbor as a bigot. The man who does not dance must not condemn the dancing Christian as worldly; and the man who dances must not condemn the non-dancing Christian as a Pharisee. Our correspondent puts the right question: Is it expedient *for me* to dance? The more common form, Is it expedient for Christians to dance? is wrong. Who art thou that judgest the servant of another? Nor need you fear for him. Stay away from the dance, the cards, the theater, by all means, if you apprehend danger in them. But do not undertake to issue a bull against them for others. If those others are God's children, and living in God's service, God will be able to make them to stand where you might fall. Your conscience was given you to regulate your own life, not your neighbor's. You are not a Ten Commandments for all humanity. You are to be a law unto yourself, but not unto your neighbor. He must take his law from his conscience, not from yours.

II. For this reason, whatever is questionable is, for him that questions it, wrong. As long as you doubt whether it is lawful, for you it is not lawful. It is perfectly right to eat meat on Friday; but it is not right for a devout Roman Catholic, who doubts whether it is right. We must follow each one his own convictions, not his doubts; and so long as one doubts he must keep on the safe side of certainty. I wonder if it is expedient for me to go to the theater. No! not as long as I am uncertain. It is not expedient until after a full consideration of the *pros* and *cons*, and, as a result, I am fully persuaded in my own mind. No man can safely tamper with his own conscience; and he tampers with his own conscience if, while he is doing anything, a voice within is condemning the doing of it. It is a good thing to join the Church of Christ. But it is not a good thing if one does it under pressure, while his own conscience remonstrates, adjudging him not ready. For this reason no one should ever attempt to induce another to violate his own scruples. Grant that the glass of

wine is as innocent as a cup of coffee. Nevertheless, for him who condemns it, it is not innocent; to press him into taking it is to press him to sin against the law of his own conscience. This is the first great law: Abstain from all questionable things. Not from all things which other people question; for that would be to abstain from everything. We then could not even go to church, for James Cotter Morison thinks church-going morally injurious. But from all things which you yourself question. The burden of proof is always on the questionable thing. The game of cards, the dance, the theater, the billiards, must fully justify themselves to you. Until they have done so, abstain. They must fully justify themselves to your friend. Until they have done so, make no attempt to induce him to join in them. You may try by argument to remove scruples, but never by persuasion to induce one to violate scruples. No husband should bring pressure to bear upon his more scrupulous wife to do the thing which to her scruples seems doubtful. It is never expedient to do what seems to the doer doubtful; and, therefore, never expedient to induce others to do what to them seems doubtful. The doubtful is condemned.

III. To this must be added a further law more difficult to formulate, because it is not absolute and cannot be stated in absolute terms. It is generally not expedient to do those things which will constitute an occasion of falling or even a personal grief to others. He who thinks cards right may well forego cards if by playing them he will endanger the weak or pain the heart of the overscrupulous. Yet the weakness of the weak and the sentiments of the overscrupulous are no absolute law to Christians. If they were, the world could never grow stronger. Luther doubtless grieved unutterably many devout Catholics; and even Christ, by eating with publicans and sinners, many pious Jews. If a man sings hymns in church he will grieve some Scotch Presbyterian who thinks he ought to sing only the Psalms of David. Sometimes to shock a prejudice is the best way to cure it; thus Christ healed in the synagogue on Sunday, apparently for the very purpose of breaking down Pharisaic misconceptions of the Sabbath. "Let each one of us please his neighbor for that which is good unto edifying." Yet sometimes we can best edify by displeasing; then we must displease. We cannot resolve never to handle sharp tools lest the children shall follow our example and cut their own fingers. Those are not the best-trained children whose parents never put on the table what the children cannot eat. When the time came for the church to reconsecrate art, it was needful to displease Puritan feeling in order to restore art to its place. How far the weakness or the scruples of my neighbor should govern me it is difficult, perhaps in any formulary impossible, to say. Except this: we are never to hazard the spiritual well-being of our neighbor for our own personal gratification; and we are never to pain the conscience of our neighbor to please our own flesh. I may not play cards for my own pleasure if by so doing I shall either pain or pervert the conscience of a scrupulous or a weak Christian. But I may do so if I am quite sure that this is the best way for me to testify that Christianity is not asceticism.

To sum all up in an explicit answer to our correspondent's questions—as explicit as we can make it. Dancing, cards, theater-going, are not in themselves unlawful. Whether they are so in any particular case depends upon circumstances; particularly upon the nature of the dance, the cards, or the play. Whether they are expedient again depends upon circumstances. They are not expedient for one who is in doubt whether they are expedient or not; doubt is itself a condemnation. Nor is it ever expedient to persuade another to them in disregard of his doubts, so long as his doubts remain. Nor is it ever right to condemn another who has no doubts, and make your doubtings his judge. Nor is it right to dance, play cards, or go to the theater for your own mere pleasure, if so doing will be an occasion of temptation or a spiritual grief to your brethren, though it may be both right and wise to do so, in spite of their opposing judgment, for the purpose of bearing testimony to the joyous liberty whereunto the children of God are called. Finally, whatever you do, do it openly and aboveboard. If you dance, play cards, go to a theater, do it before all the world. He who attempts to avoid being an occasion of falling or a grief to his brethren by doing in secret, or away from home, or under cover, the things which might grieve or cause others to fall, comes dangerously near hypocrisy. No man can live a life of Christian liberty and set an example of Puritan prohibitions and not act a lie.

AN IMPARTIAL WITNESS.

MR. MOZOOMDAR brings to an end in this week's issue of The Christian Union his remarkable series of articles on the Religious Problem in India. To the thoughtful student of religious life and progress these articles are the more remarkable when taken in connection with the recent discussions concerning the future of Christian missions in India, of which we gave some editorial account in The Christian Union for April 12. Most of our information respecting the religious life of foreign lands comes from either travelers or missionaries; in both cases from those who look at that life from without. But in these articles the readers of The Christian Union get a view of the religious life of India as it is seen by a native who feels as well as sees, and knows as well as observes. It will, we think, strike the thoughtful reader that Mr. Mozoomdar has made it entirely evident that Mohammedanism can never satisfy the profounder religious yearnings of the Hindu race. They demand, not merely Mohammedanism, not merely the message that God is, but the other message, that God is redeeming love. "Our future monotheism," says Mr. Mozoomdar, "is not to be metaphysical like the past, but human; not anthropomorphic like that of the Hebrew, but beyond the passions and evils of our nature." It is just this that the Gospel of Christ furnishes: on the one side a human monotheism, on the other side one that is beyond the passions and evils of our nature.

We commend these articles to three classes of readers as worthy of a careful re-reading: first, to the student of comparative religion, since they give him a comparison of the three great religions—Buddhism, Mohammedanism, and Christianity—by one who has a vital sense of the values and of the deficiencies of each as they are exhibited in their actual ecclesiastical and doctrinal forms; secondly, to those interested in foreign missions, because they afford at least a suggestion of the methods by which the errors of Hindu religion can best be combated, and the fundamental truths of the Christian religion can best be put in their place; and, thirdly, to those who are doubtful about the value of Christian missions, because they afford so strong, though so incidental, a testimony to the practical results of Christian missions in India by one who is himself a Hindu. "It is true," says Mr. Mozoomdar, "that we have been often unable to congratulate Christian missionary bodies on the outward results of their work. But is there the least hesitation on that account, on the part of any honest man, to admit that the inward results of those labors are harvested in the character of the present generation of Hindu reformers, in moral enthusiasm, in intellectual elevation, in free aspirations, in spiritual cravings, the satisfaction of which must form the principal work of the National Church when it arises?" Such a testimony as this is all the more valuable because it is evidently disinterested and impartial, and comes from one who, whatever his personal sympathies with Christian missions, has certainly no ecclesiastical prejudices in their favor.

THE SPECTATOR.

(He has somewhat to say about Memory, a faculty which, to speak candidly, the reader need not be troubled overmuch to exercise upon his dissertations.)

To one who has neither a retentive memory nor a long experience of life, companionship with an elderly man—especially if he has been a man of affairs—is often very entertaining. It is not only entertaining but astonishing to listen to such a man as he talks of the experience, the reading, the acquaintanceships of his past, quoting from literature and repeating personal anecdotes by the hundred. I am just now daily thrown with such a character, and I wish I could draw a picture of him. Not that the picture would be striking in and of itself, for he is plain, simple, and unpretentious in his manner and bearing. Yet, although he is almost a score of years past the threescore and ten limit, and though an accidental lameness has long compelled him to walk with crutches, he somehow makes old age a thing to be looked forward to with content rather than dread. His happiness of disposition is equaled by the quickness of his mind and the stores of historical, literary, and biographical facts and curiosities which it contains.

He is happy in disposition, it seems, because of his supreme and momentary faith in the order of the universe, the love of a personal Ruler of it, and in the idea that this life is only the introduction, the preface, the title-page, of a long and perfect Book of Life to come. He is quick in mind and retentive in memory, it seems, because of the rigorous training that American fathers and mothers of the vigorous, thrifty, and single-minded pioneer class gave their children seventy or eighty years ago. I wish you could hear him tell of his childhood and boyhood life on the farm in Central New York; how his father trained the boys in the strict yet gentle severity of the old-time theology; how he and his brothers trembled with fear lest they had committed the unpardonable sin; how they occasionally, after a long discussion of the matter, had a gleam of hope and were then for a time a little more comfortable; how he was trained to a thorough familiarity with the Scriptures and church history; how he walked twenty miles to Utica, when seventeen or eighteen years old, persuaded a merchant who never saw him before to sell him a compass and chain on credit, that he might go surveying into Northern New York in order to obtain money with which to pursue his studies at "the academy;" how, having succeeded in this, he became assistant principal of the academy, then a law student—all the time supporting himself by writing and teaching—then a practicing lawyer, and then a judge, which title he now bears. I can well imagine that his penmanship as a young law student must have been of much service to him in the days when fine penmen were in demand for the drawing of deeds and other legal papers; for now, at eighty-five years of age, he writes not only a distinct but a beautiful hand. This early life of his, with its thousand and one incidents and adventures, in which he so much made his own way, not only in physical but in intellectual and moral progress, makes a young man of to-day, with all his advantages and opportunities, rather ashamed of the little that he has accomplished.

When I began these notes, however, I did not mean to make a portrait of this elderly friend. It was to jot down some of the anecdotes and incidents with which his conversation is filled that my pen was put to ink—to say that I have learned from hearing him that memory is, of all the faculties, the one needing the most careful cultivation, but, when cultivated, the one most generous in its harvests of comfort to one's self and of entertainment to others. My memory is so weedy and lumpy! How I wish I had cultivated it more, even though cultivation is harrowing!

A day or two ago, as I was stooping over near the sunny corner of the veranda where the Judge was sitting in his cane-seated easy chair (for we live in a warm climate, where verandas are in use all the year round), my watch fell out of my pocket. "That reminds me," said he, of Lorenzo Dow. You are familiar with his work, I suppose." (The Judge, with kind-hearted consideration, always takes it for granted that others are as well informed as himself.) "Well, I remember hearing him preach in 1823. One day, in the region in which I then lived, a traveler, passing along the road near where a solitary man was plowing in a field, stopped his horse and said, in a loud voice, 'I give notice that one year from to-day there will be preaching in this place,' and then pursued his way. The plower did not know the traveler, but reported the words, with a description of the speaker. The people recognized the description to be of Lorenzo Dow, whose fame as a preacher was then abroad. Just a year from that day an audience of over 1,000, among them myself, gathered at the spot, although in the meantime nothing had been seen or heard of the preacher. At the appointed hour, however, a striking-looking, white bearded man climbed into an empty wagon that had been provided. It was Dow. He pulled out his watch and held it up before the people. Said he: 'There's my text.' Then he went on and preached a most eloquent sermon on Christ's instructions to his disciples to Watch. He told mothers to watch their tempers and the training of their children; merchants to watch their scales to see that they contained the right number of ounces to the pound—but I won't preach the sermon to you over again."

This incident led to a little talk about the Old and New Theologies, so called. My friend is a man of the most broad and catholic spirit, and refers to the church fathers as being teachers of the New Theology of Love. He spoke of Jonathan Edwards, saying that he must have been a most unhappy man. "I suppose," said he, "you know of Pierrepont Edwards, the brother of Jonathan, and a famous lawyer of his day?" On my admitting that I knew the name, my friend continued: "He was a man of very liberal spirit, and did not accept the theology of his brother. One day a traveling tinker applied to Pierrepont Edwards for some work. Mr. Edwards answered that he had nothing that needed mending just then, but that he knew a man who had a job that would keep the tinker busy all winter. His brother Jonathan, he said—and he told the tinker where he lived—was in charge of the Saybrook Platform, and it needed tinkering very badly. [The Saybrook Platform, as you probably know, dear reader—though I did not—was an ironclad creed which the theologians of the Edwards School had just then formulated.] So off the tinker posted, found Jonathan Edwards, and applied for the work. The preacher, severe in his theology, was evidently good-natured in taking a joke, for, questioning the tinker, he found who had sent him, and, giving him a dollar, told him that at present the Saybrook Platform did not need repairs, and sent him away."

In another conversation we happened upon the topic of weeping. "A tear is a beautiful thing," said the Judge, in reply to my question whether tears, at least in men, were not a sign of weakness, "and some beautiful things have been said of it. I recall a verse which I learned years ago, that well describes the beauty of a tear. I cannot recollect the author. Do you? It runs like this:

"'No radiant pearl which crested fortune wears;
No gem that, twinkling, hangs from beauty's ear,
Nor the bright stars which night's blue arch adorn,
Nor rising suns that gild the vernal morn,

Shine with such luster as the tear that flows
Down Virtue's manly cheeks for others' woes.'"

It seemed to me that the masculine turn in the last line was a disappointing defect. There is something tender and touching about a woman's tear, and it should be such a tear that the poet should describe. I expressed the criticism to the Judge.

"Yes," said he; "I perceive what you mean. You would have said, 'Virtue's lovely cheek;' but—perhaps it is because I am an old man—I like the thought of manly tears. Do you not remember what the German prince, who was called to his throne after a career of crime with his band of desperadoes, exclaimed? You have read Schiller's play, 'The Robbers,' of course?"

I confessed that I had not.

"Well," continued my companion, "it is years since I read it; that was, let me see, in 1826, I think. Yet this passage I have always remembered:

"'Oh, that I were the meanest peasant in the German dominions! I would toil day and night and sweat e'en drops of blood to purchase the luxury of one sound sleep, the rapture of a single tear.'

"Do not mistake tears for weakness, notwithstanding materialists, who would ascribe all the emotions—sympathy, love, and faith—to states of the stomach and brain. Strong men must weep, and tears are sometimes a joy."

After a pause, in which the kindly old man seemed to be dwelling on the joys and sorrows of his long and, I am sure, happy life, he continued:

"You have read 'Tristram Shandy,' of course? No? It is not much read now, perhaps, and I do not know that unfamiliarity with it should count against you. And yet I have always liked this mention of a tear which it contains:

"'The accusing spirit, as he flew up to heaven's chancery with the oath, blushed as he gave it in. But the recording angel, as he wrote it down, dropped a tear upon the word and blotted it out forever.'

"No, we do not merely weep drops of water. Tears are more than chemical in their composition. Remember what Montgomery says:

"'Prayer is the heaving of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward lifting of the eye,
When none but God is near.'."

And here, picking up his crutches, the white-haired Judge started for his room, saying, as is his pleasant custom, "Blessings be with you."

"I wish I had your memory!" I cried.

"If I could remember all the kindnesses and attentions that have been shown me in my lifetime, then I might truly say I had a good memory; for they have been innumerable," he answered.

IN AND ABOUT BOSTON.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

THE committee appointed by the American Board at Springfield to report a revision of the by-laws is busily at work, and has made the surprising discovery that many of the annual meetings have been illegal, the corporation being strictly under Massachusetts law, which requires all chartered corporations to hold business meetings within the State, unless empowered by special legislation to go into other States. The original corporators violated the charter by going into Connecticut to hold a meeting, and down to date the Board has gone into other States frequently to hold its annual meetings, at which the officers and corporate members have been chosen, and other business transacted, many of the present corporate members having been elected at the illegal meetings, leaving the status of the corporation in this anomalous dilemma. This oversight is all the more remarkable when we remember that, from the first, shrewd financiers, eminent lawyers, and learned divines have been corporate members, acted in the Prudential Committee, and filled the office of Secretaries; the Board doing a large financial business through foreign governments and banking houses, who, it is natural to suppose, would look critically at the legal standing of the corporation. The entire action at Des Moines was without chartered rights. As soon as the discovery was made, the Legislature was persuaded to suspend its rule which cuts off the introduction of new business, and pass a bill authorizing the holding of annual meetings anywhere within the United States, and also legalizing the acts of the Board in holding its meetings in the past. This measure, I suppose, will be a guaranty against disastrous consequences from the oversights and illegal proceedings in the years that are gone. The committee has attended to this important matter not a day too early, and is considering other important matters of reconstruction which are felt to be imperative, as to the question of representation of the churches at the annual meetings. One of the committee who speaks with the authority of good information observes that this question will be discussed (and probably passed upon) by all the general conferences and associations of the denomination at their annual meetings. It is also an open secret, admitted by conservatives, that Miss Judson's letter in which she took agnostic ground on the subject of future probation will be the theological criterion of acceptance of missionaries in the future.

The Rev. Increase Niles Tarbox, D.D., died suddenly at his residence in West Newton on Thursday of last week. Mr. Tarbox had spent the winter in Aiken, South Carolina, where he had a serious illness, but returned to his home several days before his decease apparently in improved health, and came into Boston to see his friends in the Congregational House, and especially to get data, at the rooms of the New England Historico-Genealogical Society, of which he was the historiographer, to write sketches of some members who have recently passed away—Judge Gardner and others. Shortly after returning home in the afternoon he quietly departed this life, exhaustion of the vital forces being the immediate cause. Dr. Tarbox was born in East Windsor, Conn., in 1815, fitted for college in the Academy at East Hartford, was graduated from Yale College in 1839, studied divinity at New Haven, was settled in Farmingham, Mass., in 1844; eight years later he became Secretary of the College Education Society, which office he resigned in 1884. He wielded a facile and vigorous pen, was very happy at historic sketches, wrote clever poetry, published several interesting volumes, was an admirable conversationalist and letter writer, coloring all by brilliant tints of wit and humor, and occasionally effective in the use of keen sarcasm. He was pure in character, benevolent and humane, full of kind words and good deeds, and kept abreast his day in great problems of social, political, and religious reforms, thinking his own way along the tracks of progress, never servile to forms and customs, at the same time conservative in the best sense of the term. "I do not intend to get left," he remarked to me a year or two since, speaking of the current theological issues. His benevolent face will be sadly missed in the circles where he has moved. OBSERVER.

METHODISTS IN COUNCIL.

REPORT OF THE GENERAL CONFERENCE.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

THE General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church assembled on Tuesday, May 1, in the Metropolitan Opera-House in this city. This, at once the highest court and the highest legislature of the denomination, meets quadrennially, and since 1812 has been a delegated body. The practical observer will perceive at once differences between this and other ecclesiastical assemblies in the very form of its organization. By law the bishops are the presiding officers. There is, therefore, no preliminary canvass for moderator. By custom, the list of delegates is made up by the Secretary of the preceding General Conference, upon the basis of credentials from the Electoral Conferences, and under the direction of the bishops. Hence in contested cases a certain judgment is passed upon the *prima facie* merits before the organization of the house takes place. If the method of representation be studied, other peculiarities will appear. Here are ministerial delegates who have been elected by 12,000 ministers in the ratio of one to forty-five, and lay delegates elected by the people through intermediate conferences —*i. e.*, "Quarterly" and "Electoral"—in the ratio of one to twelve thousand. But this apparent inequity is met by the right of either order, lay or clerical, to require a separate vote upon any pending measure, which in that case can be passed only by a concurrent affirmative. In addition to this it will be found that the entrance into the clerical order through the original license to preach is under the control of the laity, so that in a peculiar sense the minister in the Methodist Church is representative of the church itself rather than of a ministerial caste. Thus this General Conference, while apparently less democratic in its organization than either Congregational Council or Presbyterian Assembly, is truly representative of the people in whose interest it convenes, and, it may be added, whose servant it is. For this is not a *convention*, but a legal body, with restricted powers, and precluded by the constitution from making changes in the Articles of Religion, in the system of government by episcopacy, in the "General Rules," in the provisions which secure proper representation in the General Conference, and in the careful safeguards thrown about individual rights in the church. These restraining laws are called the Six Restrictive Rules, and form the protection of the general Church against usurpation by the General Conference. Already the discussions have shown the essential importance and, in some degree, the true significance of these constitutional limitations.

The scene at the opening of the Conference was deeply impressive. The Opera-House welcomed to its generous hospitality many who, it may be presumed, have hitherto been unfamiliar with its charms. Bishop Thomas Bowman, senior in age and office of the group of Bishops who occupied with him the platform, presided. He looked down upon delegates from Italy, Sweden, Norway, Germany, Africa, India, China, Japan, Mexico, and every State and Territory in our own broad land; men representing every calling in life, every kind of civil and ecclesiastical responsibility; men leaders and workers in movements of reform, in education, in missionary enterprise; men rich and poor, white and black, free born and slave born—all with equal rights and commanding equal respect. The boxes and galleries were crowded with the unofficial representatives of the Church, who from the beginning have been intensely interested spectators of the proceedings. In the orchestra were seated the busy correspondents of the religious press and of the great dailies of this and other cities, prepared to send into a million homes the transactions and the discussions of the law-makers of the Church.

The preliminary hour of worship was earnest and devout. It may be safely said that no such volume of sound has ever swelled to the dome of that vast auditorium as in the singing of "I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord." Perhaps no more eloquent silence has hushed the multitudes than that when Dr. W. H. Olin and Bishop Warren invoked upon Conference, church, and world the blessing of Almighty God. Will either the church or the Opera-House be the worse for these songs and prayers?

The promptness with which the Conference met its first important problem was significant both of its temper and its strength. Certain "elect ladies" were not only metaphorically at the doors, but actually were seated in the parquet among the delegates. They were there with properly attested credentials from some of the Electoral Conferences in the West, who, by an apparently over-liberal interpretation of the law governing the election of lay delegates, had selected women for that position. These names—among them the honored name of Frances E. Willard—were not placed upon the roll, but were presented by the Bishop afterward with certain formal protests against their admission and an episcopal explanation of the reason for their temporary exclusion from the list. Skirmish lines were at once thrown out, and it became evident, before the question of the eligibility of women to membership in the General Conference was finally lodged in the hands of a committee, that both sides of the case would be championed by the ablest debaters upon the floor. Such has proved to be the fact. The committee, which was appointed by the chair and was clearly conservative in its *personnel*, presented its report upon the second day, in the following words: "*Whereas*, . . . [the committee] are convinced that under the second Restrictive Rule, which was altered by the constitutional process, the Church contemplated the admission of men only as lay representatives, and that, as it has never been consulted or expressed its desire upon the admission of women to the General Conference, they are compelled to report for adoption the following resolutions: I. That under the constitution and laws of the Church as they now are, women are not eligible as lay delegates in the General Conference. . . ."

This report was signed by eleven of the seventeen members of the committee, and presented the case, very properly it would seem, as one of constitutional law.

As such it has been discussed keenly, earnestly, and ably for three days. It would be impossible to keep out of the argument those sentiments of gallantry and that knightly spirit which no men feel more deeply than those who are every day witnessing the new triumphs of womanhood in every department of philanthropic and religious endeavor. Yet, in the main, the issue is recognized by both sides to be what the committee's report and the conservative statements of the Bishop's address (of which more anon) made it—namely, a constitutional question. The controversy seems to revolve about the word "layman," as used in the provisions for lay representation in the General Conference which was made a part of the law in 1872. At that time, some question having arisen touching the status of local preachers under the new law, they having no standing as members of the annual conferences, a resolution was passed setting forth that "the General Conference holds that in all matters connected with the election of Lay Delegates, the word 'laymen' must be understood to include all the members of the church who are not members of the Annual Conferences." It is claimed, upon the one hand, that this is but a declarative resolution of the General Conference, and not a law, and that, even if a law, it was not within the intent of that Conference to include women in the word. This would seem to be very strongly attested by many whose memory holds fast every fact of that great controversy of twenty years ago. On the other hand, it is argued that the only true interpretation of a statement must be in its obvious and commonly accepted meaning, and dictionary, Bible, and legal authorities have been quoted to show that the intent of the conference of 1872 has nothing to do with the matter, and that the word "laymen," as the word "man," is not necessarily an expression for sex, and, therefore, when used generically must be understood of women as well as men. It is further alleged on behalf of the "elect ladies" that they have been by special enactment admitted to places in the Quarterly Conferences (which are composed of the class-leaders, stewards, trustees, Sunday school superintendents of each charge or continuous charges), and, being there, have been sent without protest to the Electoral Conferences whence have been elected some of the very men

who are members of this General Conference, and it is confidently asserted that "the right to vote carries with it the right to be voted for." The reply to this is that the latter statement is not true, and that no case has ever reached the General Conference upon which it could interpret the law until now, since this is the first instance wherein women have been actually accredited to seats in this body by the Conferences electing.

Many collateral questions of great legal and social interest are brought to the surface by the strong current of this discussion One can but feel that in the decision lies the germ of influences mighty and significant Are the changes already essentially made, in the growth of thought and the development of humanity, and is this great church conference simply to make record of them by admitting the demonstrated right of women to a share in its counsels? or is it providentially called upon to accept a great and possibly unsought opportunity to initiate for the world's life a new impulse which shall lift it into purer realms of thought and action? Whatever be the decision of this Conference, it is doubtless in the interest of the integrity and strength of institutions that no strain shall be put upon constitutional laws, and therefore the amendment under discussion as these words are written, providing for a submission of the question to the whole Church for deliberate discussion and for a decision whose legality cannot be impeached, would seem a favorable solution of the pending question

The leaders in the discussion who favor the admission of the women are: Dr. J. W. Hamilton, of New England; Dr T L Flood, editor of the "Chautauquan;" Dr J H Potts editor of the Michigan "Christian Advocate;" Dr A J Kynett, Secretary of the Church Extension Society; Dr A B Leonard, whilom candidate for governorship of Ohio on the Prohibition ticket: while the other side has been presented by Dr. J M Buckley, of the "Christian Advocate;" Dr. Alfred Wheeler, of the Erie Conference; Dr. John Miley, of Drew Theological Seminary; Dr. J R Day, of Newburg; Professor C J Little, of Syracuse University; Dr. F M. Bristol, of Chicago; and Dr. A E P Albert, editor of the "Southwestern Christian Advocate," who, it is said, does *not* carry with him his colored brethren who represent the Southern Conferences. Others besides those named have spoken, and many more seemed eager for the opportunity to contribute their share toward the settlement of the question.

On the first day of the session formal addresses of welcome were made to the Conference by Judge E L. Fancher, whose thoughts were adequate to the occasion if his voice was not, and Dr George S Hare, of Poughkeepsie On Wednesday evening the Opera-House was transformed into a scene of social festivity which would have excited the wonder of the modest General Conference of 1812 which met in New York, or even of the historic Conference of 1844, which was also convened here The opinion may be ventured that the Conferences which disrupted the Church and helped to precipitate the war had little time or humor for social enjoyment Probably not even the reception of the Ecumenical Conference by Sir William McArthur, Lord Mayor of London, in his palace, exceeded the gathering on Wednesday evening in the number and distinction of the guests assembled, or in the graceful cordiality of the interchange of courtesies.

A leading event of the week was the presentation by Bishop Merrill, on Wednesday morning, of the Bishops' Address—a paper of unusual length, strength, and gravity. It was a discriminating review of the progress and work of the church through the quadrennium; a statement of some of its needs and perils and a lucid exposition of certain points in law and phases of life from the standpoint of the chief executive officers of the denomination. The various parts of the address were duly referred to the appropriate standing committees, and will come back to the Conference in the form of reports at a later day. No argument upon the eligibility of the women to seats in the General Conference seems more forceful than that in the episcopal address, as the allusions to it in the subsequent debate clearly showed, and the statement of the impropriety of the attempt which has been made by many partisans to commit their Conferences to an indorsement of a political party, or, indeed, of bringing the Church into any official relation with party politics, was welcomed with applause exceeded only by that when the strong indorsement of prohibition as a principle was followed by the words: "It [the liquor traffic] can never be legalized without sin. No temporary device for regulating it can become a substitute for prohibition. License, high or low, is vicious in principle and powerless as a remedy"

Surely if the Conference follows the bishops the Methodists will take no backward step on the liquor question.

On Monday of this week (since the above was written), after a prolonged debate, ended by ex-Senator Warner Miller on behalf of the majority of the committee, the question of admitting women as lay delegates was settled by a vote of 237 to 198 in favor of accepting the report of the majority of the committee, given above. The following amendment had been previously adopted by a vote of 249 to 173:

"That since there is great interest in this question, and since the church generally should be consulted in regard to such an important matter, therefore,

"*Resolved*, That we submit to the Annual Conference the proposition to amend the second rule by adding the words, 'and said delegates may be men or women,' after the words, 'Two delegates for an Annual Conference,' so that it will read, 'Nor of more than two lay delegates for an Annual Conference, and said delegates may be men or women.'"

THE NEW HOLIDAY.

By N. H. Eggleston.

I HOLD in my hand a letter received to-day from the man who sixteen years ago instituted a day which now gives promise of taking if it has not already taken, its place in our calendar of special days and becoming a national holiday Instituted in one of the treeless States of the West, in the dire need of something to shelter man and beast from the unimpeded blasts which swept over the smooth surface of the prairies from the gateway of northern frost, Arbor Day has been adopted in State after State and Territory after Territory, until thirty of these are now engaged in its observance; and it has found a welcome in Great Britain and on the continent of Europe, and a recent letter from a trustworthy source announces that Algiers, even, has her Arbor Day.

It was the happy thought of one of the early settlers of Nebraska, after battling several years with the fierce winds of that region and feeling the lack of timber for fuel and for building purposes, that the so-much-needed work of tree-planting would be stimulated and made more effectual if the settlers on that wide territory could be induced to combine their exertions and work in unison on a given day. Accordingly, he offered a resolution, in a meeting of the State Agricultural Society, that the 10th day of April, 1872 should be set apart and consecrated for tree-planting in that State, and that it be named Arbor Day. After some debate as to the name, the resolution was unanimously adopted. A premium was also offered to the county which should properly plant the largest number of trees on that day, and another to the individual planting the greatest number. The result was that more than a million trees were planted on the designated day—a small number, indeed, for so large a territory, but a systematic plan of tree planting had thus been adopted which was destined to attain greater results in the future. Recent statistics show that since Arbor Day was instituted 355 229 919 trees and vines have been planted in the cities and villages of Nebraska, and that there are more than 700 000 acres of artificial forest.

The result in that State led to the speedy adoption of Arbor Day in the neighboring States having similar needs. Kansas, Iowa, and Minnesota were quick to follow the example of Nebraska, and with like happy results. But there was something in Arbor Day which gave it a welcome outside of the prairie States. A modification which it received in Ohio commended it to the people of the older States, where there was no special need of planting because of a lack of forests. That modification was the enlisting the pupils of the schools in the observance of the day, and the planting of trees for ornamental and æsthetic as well as for strictly economic purposes. The Ohio plan, as it has been called, has been adopted by most of the States which have observed Arbor Day at all. It has been accepted in Nebraska and other prairie States as a valuable addition to the original plan, and as making the day more effective than before for the accomplishment of its chief purpose—that of securing an adequate supply of forests It has made the day more a holiday than it was at first, and such a holiday for all classes, and combining to such extent usefulness with pleasure, that it seems likely to have a permanent place In the older communities of the East it has frequently formed the nucleus of a village improvement society. It is made in many places a general clearing up day, if there is not much planting done; and a general clearing up is of as much account in town or village keeping as in housekeeping, and every one knows how important it is in the latter. But in very many, if not in most, cases, both in the older and in the newer communities, Arbor Day is more than a clearing up day. It secures trees around the dwelling-houses and along the street borders. With the children enlisted in the celebration, trees will be planted in the school grounds also, and the places where so much of the most impressible time of childhood is spent will not long remain the cheerless and even repulsive places which they have been too often. With the planting of trees in the school grounds there will grow up in the children an acquaintance with trees. There will be talks about them by the teacher. Questions will be asked about them. The different kinds of trees will be noticed, and the various processes of vegetable life will be studied from day to day, as the object lesson is close at hand, and a real love of trees will be developed. Animal life will also get additional attention, by reason of its connection with the trees, and thus the pupils in the schools will, in the easiest and best way, be led into the study of natural objects, a study attended with so much pleasure and so healthful to both body and mind. Nothing can be more desirable for our children than that they should have such advantages and be within the influence of such impulses. They will be shielded thereby from many baneful influences, and their lives be the sweeter and the better.

By all means, then, let us welcome Arbor Day, and by all means let the schools be engaged in its celebration. It is very pleasant to see, in the proclamations of the Governors of the States designating the day to be observed as Arbor Day, that they so generally urge the participation of the schools in its celebration, and that the superintendents of schools are so ready to encourage its observance. So it should be Let the teachers do what they can to make the day a happy one and a useful one to the children under their care. Here is a great opportunity for them. They will find as teachers no better one, none with greater possibilities. Let them improve it to the utmost. Apart from the tree-planting, the observance of the day may be endlessly varied in form from year to year. At a recent meeting of the State Forestry Association of Michigan, there was an interesting exhibition of one method in which Arbor Day can be celebrated. Seventy-five school pupils represented each a different kind of tree, and constituted what was called a Convention of Michigan Trees. The Convention was called to order by a pupil representing the Norway Pine, and on motion White Oak was chosen as Chairman, and Chestnut as Secretary. Then followed a discussion as to the characters of the various trees and their qualifications for ornamental or economic uses, each tree setting forth its own qualities, while questions were freely put by others. Nice botanical descriptions were often given, and happy quotations from authors in prose and poetry, with occasional songs. The whole was the result of much and careful study, and served as a pleasant example of an Arbor Day exercise, and a pleasant tribute also to the man—ex Governor Morton—whose name will be increasingly honored as the originator of the day.

In several States the Farmers' Granges have engaged heartily in the observance of Arbor Day, as it is most fitting they should. They have invited the school children to participate in the tree-planting, and then in the evening have assembled, old and young together, to recount the work done and close the festive day with songs, speeches, and pleasant games, the ladies also providing refreshments Such occasions in village life are to be encouraged. So let us welcome in all our towns and villages the new holiday.

A SHORT HISTORY OF STRIKES.

A CORRESPONDENT writes to us:

"I do not know but that I shall go beyond due bounds if I ask you to give, in your paper, a brief statement of the origin of strikes and of their history; what, if any, good results have been attained by them; together with the principles which should be applied to their solution."

In asking this, our correspondent certainly keeps within due bounds; but we should just as certainly go beyond them did we attempt to answer more than the first section of his question in a single article. The story is told at New Haven of a theological professor who once asked his class to prepare "a twenty-minutes dissertation on the matters and things of this universe, together with a supplementary treatment of their relation to the matters and things of universes in general." The position of the class is in many ways analogous to our own. Nevertheless, in days when an entire newspaper is sometimes reproduced upon a slip little larger than a stamp there is no reason why a miniature photograph of the history of strikes should not be attempted.

In this country strikes have awakened alarm only since the organization of the trades-unions, and these were insignificant until about a generation ago. Yet strikes are in no sense the outcome of the unions. They existed long before the unions, and they are not confined to the unions to-day. Not only do non union employees generally join in the strikes, but men having no affiliations with the strikers—even foreigners just landed—refuse to take the strikers' places, or, having taken them, immediately give them up. The origin of strikes is not, then, in the unions, but in the sentiment that laborers have interests in common which they can obtain by combining. The unions are organized in order that the army of strikers may be provided with the necessary officers and discipline and supplies.

This being true, we need not be surprised to find that strikes date back almost to the very beginning of the wage system. In England the first great strike occurred at the time of the plague of the Black Death, in the middle of the fourteenth century. During this plague nearly one-third of the population perished, and, as a consequence, it was almost impossible for the landlords to obtain the hired labor necessary for getting in their crops. The price of labor immediately doubled, and the landlords, in order to secure it at the old terms, had recourse to acts of Parliament. Heavy penalties were laid upon "abbots, priors, barons, crown tenants" etc., if they paid more than the rates customary before the plague. Laborers refusing to work at these rates were thrown into prison. "Nevertheless," says Thorold Rogers, "all this severity proved unavailing." The laborers, then as now, resorted to combinations, subscribed money, and supported each other in resisting the law. Their agents in effecting these organizations were the first Protestant preachers in England—John Wiklif's order of poor priests. The peasants themselves could have done almost nothing. Any conference among them would have been forbidden. But Wiklif's priests had the right to go where they would; and these men, barefoot and clothed in russet, were stirring the souls of the common people with the doctrines of equality which they found in their newly opened Bibles. To use Thorold Rogers's phrase, these priests "honeycombed the minds of the upland folk with what may be called religious socialism." They sympathized entirely with the wrongs and sufferings and hopes of the serfs; and they became the trusted leaders in the resistance of the laws. Each new Parliament imposed penalties more severe; but the peasants finally vindicated their claims.

Unfortunately, the new Protestantism which came in through the court of Henry VIII. was not permeated with the spirit of the Lollards. The destruction of the monasteries and the confiscation of their property, and the destruction of the mediæval guilds and the confiscation of their property, left the working classes in England vastly worse off than they had been for two centuries. These acts were followed by the Statute of Laborers, passed in 1563, which made any association of workmen for the purpose of raising wages a criminal conspiracy. This act remained in force until 1824 and during this entire period legislation, often heartlessly cruel, was directed toward reducing the working classes into practical slavery, compelling them to accept, not what they earned but what barely sufficed to keep them in existence. Until the very close of the period this legislation was successful. When, at the end of the last century, the factory system received its remarkable extension, and the labor of children came in demand, it seemed as if the entire life of the working family had become one of hopeless servitude. The natural result was something worse than the brutalization of the class, since it was accompanied by its physical deterioration For a considerable period this was the real result. Yet, in the end, the same factory system which seemed to have accomplished the enslavement of the laborer brought about his emancipation. Under the factory system the workmen were no longer isolated. Secret organization became possible. Such organizations, made conspiracies by the law, often became such in fact. The strikes which became prevalent were characterized by the utmost savagery. The more hopeless men were of improving their condition, the more bent did they become upon injuring that of their employers. These earlier strikes were rarely successful; yet they were characterized by a mad heroism which more than equaled their mad fury. A new spirit had permeated the laboring class, and its members were willing to submit to almost any amount of privation, and even starvation, rather than submit to what they considered oppression. By this stubborn spirit they attracted the attention of the country to their condition, and made their employers anxious to maintain peace. In 1824 the unions won their right to exist, and the old law allowing the magistrates to fix wages was repealed. This regulation was followed in Parliament by the enactment of the factory laws, and among the manufacturers it was followed by an increased willingness to treat with the unions. These unions spread everywhere. For a considerable period strikes became more frequent, but less destructive. Gradually the mutual losses which they inflicted became more and more deeply impressed upon both masters and men. The masters became willing to meet with the men and talk over the difficulties. This led to arbitration; and in England some kind of arbitration is to day the rule, and strikes are the exception.

In our own country, for a very obvious reason, strikes were unknown during our earlier history. The laborers were separated from each other, and not widely separated from their employers. The first strike occurred in 1802, among the sailors in New York. As described by Professor Ely, in his "History of the Labor Movement in America," the striking sailors extemporized a band and marched in a body along the docks, telling all the sailors to drop their work and join them. Their demand was for $14 a month instead of $10 For a while they seemed to be carrying everything before them. But the shipmasters appealed to the constables, who promptly came to their aid. The leaders of the strike were arrested and lodged in jail, and thus the whole affair collapsed.

The rise of the factory system in this country was accompanied by evils similar in kind to those in England, though far less atrocious. The day's labor was from twelve to fifteen hours. Women and children were sometimes urged on by the use of the cowhide. At Paterson, N. J., the regulations required them to be at work at 4.30 in the morning. The men were subjected to any number of petty extortions—one of the least serious of which, though one of the most irritating, was the tax for the support of religion. When strikes occurred, they were met in a spirit less conciliatory than they are to-day, In 1831 a combination of merchants in Boston pledged themselves to drive the striking shipwrights, caulkers, and gravers into submission or starvation, and subscribed $20 000 for that purpose. Though the law against trades-unions was by this time repealed in England, it was still in force in Massachusetts. It was not till 1842 that the decision of the Journeymen Bootmakers' case gave legality to workingmen's associations.

Since that date, and more especially since our Civil War, these unions have received a remarkable development; and though the avowed wish of them all is arbitration, their chief weapon is the strike. How many of these strikes are successful it is impossible to say with certainty. A long continued strike almost inevitably ends in defeat. The employers measure their own strength far more accurately than do the men. If they intend to yield at all, they yield immediately. The last annual labor report in Wisconsin stated that thirty-seven out of seventy-five strikes in that State were in part successful. The recent New York report states that of the sixteen hundred strikes in that State forty-three per cent. were successful. These figures may not be reliable. But one thing certainly is true: the laborers, through their combinations, have gained the power to make better terms with their employers. During our Civil War the profits of employers sometimes rose to double the wages of the laborers. To-day, in the same industries, they are only about one-third as great. With the present organization of labor, a repetition of the war experience would be impossible. When profits increase, the laborers have power to obtain a share in that increase.

With respect to one class of strikes, the gains of the laborers have not involved any corresponding loss to the employers, and practically no loss at all to the community at large. These are the strikes for shorter hours. In England the hours of labor have been reduced from thirteen and even eighteen at the beginning of the century to less than ten and often only eight to day. Yet authorities are agreed that, taking the year through, the men now do more work and better work in the short hours than they formerly did in the long. The importance of this gain cannot easily be overestimated. But with respect to all other strikes, the gain to the one side involves a loss almost equal to the other. In the case of every strike so long as it is in progress, both sides, and the community along with them, are losing heavily. At the best, a strike is litigation; at the worst, it is war. The fear of either of these events may be wholesome; but the presence of either of them is an unmitigated curse.

THE ART OF THE YEAR.

By Ripley Hitchcock.

In past years American art has suffered, so far as the public is concerned, by a division of forces; but the present Academy exhibition represents fairly artists of all schools and ages, of all cults and tendencies. The men who came to us from Paris and Munich a dozen years ago believed, rightly or wrongly, that the doors of the Academy were closed against them, and thus the Society of American Artists came into being, and for some years fulfilled a useful purpose. We still have the two exhibitions, but the radicals, or liberals, whatever they may be called, have returned to the Academy, bringing with them their younger brethren. The Society exhibition is one of much technical merit, but one of promise rather than performance.

Perhaps it may be urged that nothing more than promise can be predicated of any exhibition by American artists, since we have no national art; but the Academy exhibition is a reminder that many of our artists have passed beyond the tentative stage, the time of imitation and groping, and have found a way of their own. It would not be wise to cite some of the older painters as examples, for their way means simply the adoption of a formula. We all know the stony, airless landscapes, the anæmic nymphs, the trivial illustrative *genres* which appear year after year, painted according to a studio receipt which has been handed down from Düsseldorf or another school of artificiality. But, on the other hand, we have George Inness, an artist impulsive and erratic, but a master in the breadth of design, the subtlety of atmospheric effects, the richness of coloring, and the vitality of his better work like the beautiful "September Afternoon" at the Academy. The composition may be a thought awkward, the intense blue of the sky and white of a sunlit wall true of Spain or Algiers, not of New Jersey; but the picture lays hold upon us, not only because it is beautiful, but because it is the expression of that genuine and lusty vitality which is as rare in the literature as in the art of the day It is this, or perhaps it would be truer to say it is a ruder virility, which stamps Mr. Winslow Homer's work with distinction. His fishermen in their long oilskin coats, firmly planted on the swaying deck, are heroic figures, modern Vikings, who bring to us the onward rush of the keel, the breath of the waves, and the dash of the salt sea foam It is strength of line and not sensuous charm of color upon which Mr. Homer depends for his expression; but the essential thing is not the form, but the man behind the work. There are no better examples of personality in art than those presented by the pictures of these two artists, but the same exhibition illustrates Mr. Homer Martin's feeling for largeness and simplicity of design, and for space and distance, and a mellowness of tone which suggests Michel. Then there is Mr. Tryon's September landscape, with its delicate grays, yellows, and browns, which shows sensitiveness of perception and delicacy in execution. These qualities find different forms of expression in Mr. Mowbray's painting of nymphs whose airy movement represents the evening breeze, and in Mr Bogert's studies of the effects of early twilight. The latter are a few of many examples which show closer observation and greater refinement in execution, but the growth of the latter quality is a familiar feature of modern expression, whether in literature or in art. It is to be felt in Mr. St. Gaudens's bust of General Sherman, an admirable example of the picturesque or decorative style in sculpture. The peculiar alertness of the pose, the rumpled hair, the rough beard, the disordered collar and tie and folds of the coat, are all characteristic in their way; and yet sculpture is supposed to embody the permanent and essential, not the incidental. This is an excellent *genre* picture. Perhaps it represents the sitter to-day vividly enough, but sculpture is for the future as well, and posterity will concern itself with Sherman the leader of the march through Georgia—although the General himself is probably glad enough to escape the subject. Nobody asks for a return to mock-heroics or conventional explanations, but a portrait bust should embody the permanent, and it is probable that history will not content herself with recording that Sherman was alert, nervous, fussy—if history consents to the word—and vivacious. Mr. St. Gaudens is a born artist, but perhaps it was the chance of his youthful cameo-cutting which led him to become sculptor rather than painter. His feeling for color and for illustrative details was recently shown in his "Puritan," a statue beautiful in many ways, and yet one in which the sturdily uncompromising, downright Puritan became "picturesque" despite himself. On the other hand, Mr. Warner might be called a sculptor to the manor born; that is, the actual line and form possible in modeling are his natural means of expression. The purity and nobility of Mr. Warner's style are shown in his bust of Mr. Alden Weir, a bust which has the permanency of classic work. This is not the art of transient illustration, nor of prepossessing details, but the art which expresses essentials in noble form and therefore lives. In its simplest form the difference between these two sculptors, both of whom have done so much admirable work, is a difference as old as art—the difference between Pheidias and Praxiteles, or perhaps that between certain of the pre-Raphaelites and the Venetian colorists It is much that sculpture so personal and so praiseworthy should be found within the Academy's walls.

Those who haunt the galleries from year to year have not failed to notice that the present exhibition is pitched in a higher key than its predecessors. There is more sunshine, and a more decided expression of atmospheric luminosity. According to the old tradition handed down from Ruysdael, nature is to be subdued and toned down by the artist; and this tradition influenced even Theodore Rousseau, who was stimulated by the example of Constable to a revolt against the artificiality of the school of Claude Lorraine. Corot, a painter acutely sensitive to the refinements of atmospheric effects, was perhaps the first of a modern school of landscape painters who have done much to give us a truer knowledge of the subtleties of air and light. Bastien Lepage, whose tendency was toward an uncompromising naturalism, endeavored to paint objects as they really appear in the diffused light of nature, but the "impressionists," with all their vagaries and insistence upon extremes, have founded their practice upon a truth and have taught a useful lesson. It has been the aim of Claude Monet to paint nature as it is, and he has given unflinchingly the brilliant yellows, raw greens, and violet shadows of a landscape in full sunlight. The school of

light and air is responsible for many extravagancies, as I pointed out in a former number of The Christian Union, but it is founded upon adherence to nature rather than convention, and its influence is an appreciable factor in modern art. There are several landscapes at the Academy exhibition which show the direct influence of Monet, and there are figure studies which bear the impress of Degas and Pissarro. Much of this work, like that of Mr. W. S. Allen, is tentative, but it is not to be given over to wholesale condemnation. Even Mr. Sargent, the brilliant young painter, who has earned success in Paris and in London, suggests certain of the so-called "impressionists" in the high key and unconventionalized coloring of the portraits shown here, and in luminosity. But Mr. Sargent's present portraits must be reluctantly taken to point a moral. His subjects at the Academy and the Society are means to "effect," and it cannot be felt that this hasty, glittering, dashing work does justice to the personality of his sitters or to the reputation of the artist. His little sketches of Venetian scenes are remarkable for their subtle perception of color values, their atmosphere, and their naturalism, but in his portraits the artist has subordinated the individuality of his subjects to a showy execution which is full of nervous unrest. Beside Mr. Sargent's piece of pyrotechnics at the Society exhibition is its opposite, a quiet, restful, sympathetic, substantially painted portrait of Cole, the engraver, by Mr. Wyatt Eaton, a picture which one could live with; and near by is a sketch of a head by Mr. Donoho, which at least interests us in the personality of the subject. Other portraits testify to the blind prejudice of portrait-seeking Americans who deem it necessary to visit foreign ateliers or to import the foreign painters of whom nearly a score have visited us within the last half-dozen years. These exhibitions offer Mr. Dewing's charming little portrait of a lady in pale yellow, a picture of genuine individuality daintily expressed, Mr. Eakin's strikingly unconscious portrait of Professor Barker, Mr. Weir's sedate likeness of John Gilbert, Mr. Benson's remarkable outdoor portrait of a young girl in white, a vigorous outdoor portrait study by Miss Brewster, some of Mr. W. M. Chase's clever work in portraiture, and portraits by Messrs. Dannat, Cox, and by Eastman Johnson, to cite one of the older painters who has not lost his youthfulness. These pictures and others prove the right of American portraiture to recognition to-day, even though recognition could not have been asked on merit a quarter of a century ago.

It will always happen that studies of comparatively trifling subjects will form the majority of the figure paintings, but the proportion of pictures of imaginative quality or thoughtful purpose is not discouraging. One of the prize pictures at the Academy, Mr. Mowbray's "Evening Breeze," shows a fancy delicate though sometimes overstrained, and Mr. Brush's painting of an Aztec sculptor is at least a seriously considered work, even though the historical accuracy of the picture be open to impeachment. Mr. A. P. Ryder's "Christ and Mary" is an excellent example of an artist whose feeling for color is unfortunately not accompanied by knowledge of other requirements of his craft. At the Society exhibition is Mr. Abbott Thayer's "An Angel," a sweet and serious face rendered with a graceful charm of manner which would make the picture a masterpiece were it maintained. Attempts at decorative forms by Miss Wheeler, Mr. Tiffany, and Mr. Shirlaw, neo-classicism from Mr. Maynard, and Mr. Cox's sturdy effort to paint the nude body in action, may be cited among the figure pieces of more serious purpose. But among other figure paintings there are not wanting examples of the commonplace redeemed by the manner of presentation. The trivial, the mean, and the vulgar are also present in the exhibitions of the season, but, unless mere triviality be accounted a crime, there is very little which positively offends good taste. The proportion of subjects indicating something more than a material purpose seems to be a little larger. The quality of the execution in the figure pictures certainly shows some improvement; and yet, despite the amount of figure work at the Society exhibition, the growth of American landscape art can be more confidently affirmed.

Of our recent work in landscape only a word can be said, since these notes have exceeded already their proposed limits. It is difficult to characterize briefly an art which represents so many and such varied influences and forces, outside of the individualities of the painters. There are still with us representatives of the old school of vast topographical detail, the objective recorders of the facts of natural scenery, and with them are those who have sought to tread in the footsteps of Daubigny, Rousseau, Harpignies, Puvis de Chavannes, Bastien-Lepage, Claude Monet, Boldini, Mauve, even Courbet, and others whose influence can be noted in these exhibitions. Yet this is likely to produce a false impression, for the number of imitators among our artists is not large, even though it is only a comparatively few who have finally "found" themselves and developed a distinctly individual style. Mr. Inness is certainly a law unto himself. Mr. Wyant's work is of a less positive character, but it is always penetrated with sentiment: and this may usually be affirmed of the pictures of Mr. Tryon, an artist of delicate rather than robust fiber, who is primarily a tonalist, an aim which has led to some charming results. Mr. Davis, a promising artist, is not yet sure of himself, as this year's work clearly indicates. There is Mr. Murphy, another tonalist; Mr. Gifford, whose brown landscapes have given place to a winter scene; Mr. Palmer, who leads the list of painters of blue snow shadows; Messrs. Cox and Coffin, the latter a delicate observer of sunrise and twilight effects; Mr. Chase, one of the cleverest of workers in the Franco-Italian manner; and so the list might run on if mention of names were needed. It would be unjust to pass over Mr. George Hitchcock's "Dutch Tulip Garden," a superb painting, second to none of the year in many qualities, and his admirably expressed "Dutch Milkmaid." In both these pictures there is to be seen a distinctive quality of modern landscape art—the effort for air and light. The first general characteristic of our landscape painting is the choice of "bits," of nooks and corners and comparatively simple themes instead of the panoramic subjects deemed necessary by the older painters. Still more worthy of note is the modern study of aerial effects, the quality of shadows, the effect of the sky, the general diffusion of atmosphere. These questions may not greatly concern one class of tonalists who regard landscape only as a means of performing a symphony, which is false to nature, although it may possess a certain charm. But pictures like these date back to a time when a convention was always substituted for natural landscape. The tendency to-day is to bring us face to face with nature.

THE RELIGIOUS PROBLEM IN INDIA.—III.

By P. C. Mozoomdar.

WHEN an anti-Hindu religion like Mohammedanism, by virtue of the Mohammedan conquest of India, and the intercourse of races, was the source of so many monotheistic reforms, nay, even caused the formation of a new nationality like the Sikhs, what wonder that a militant faith like Christianity, militant yet unique in its gentle beneficence, should deeply influence the religious vitality of the Hindu nation? And hence during the last seventy years most important religious reforms have characterized the history of our progress. The chief among these reforms is, of course, the Brahmo Somaj. But not only has the Brahmo Somaj come to have sections and subsections, but similar other movements have sprung up which do not claim a community of sympathy with the Brahmo Somaj at all. Though the objects of all these monotheistic reforms be largely the same, unfortunate personal animosities have come to characterize them, so that they work on different lines. But their origin is very nearly identical; namely, the vitalizing influence of Christianity on Hindu thought and character.

Now, the work of establishing true religion in India is twofold—negative and positive. The former means the removal of superstitions, errors, prejudices, and ignorance. The positive work means the inculcation of sound religion. It has been found by repeated experience, however, that religious errors and superstitions, the more they are attacked the more inveterate they become. So this negative work has to be done by negative means. And nothing suggests a more effective means toward this end than the secular policy of education adopted by the British Government. The colleges and schools established all over the country, and every day multiplying, attack no man's religion and give no theological training. They are beyond suspicion, and have every man's confidence in this respect. But the sound secular knowledge which they impart is the most destructive agency one can think of against false religion in every form. Light dispels darkness by the law of nature. And no light is so strong as the light of science to dispel the darkness of religious ignorance. Education, as such, thus does a most important religious work in India. Though we often deplore the loosening of social and moral restraints which secular education is every day producing amongst us, it is for such monotheistic reforms as those we have alluded to to supply right restraints in the place of wrong ones. Let Western science carry the light of knowledge into the obscurest recesses of the lives of the masses, and if our religious workers are at all true to their vocation, they should be able to uprear convictions, creeds, spiritual sentiments, and purity of morals upon the ground thus cleared by the hand of education. The work may at first be arduous, but every step gained will make the next step easier, till a national monotheism is substituted in the place of this crumbling idolatry around.

But how often, in the midst of these temporary speculations, we are apt to forget the incarnate influences that are continually moving around us, and demand devout attention and thought! Christ and Christianity have been a never-ending theme since the very foundation of the Brahmo Somaj fifty-seven years ago, and yet the heats and excitements of the day weaken our eyesight to the momentous greatness of the subject. The mission of Christianity in India is still a problem. Yet we reformers of the day feel there could not be a national religion in this country which discounted the relations of the modern Hindu theist to the personality of Jesus Christ, and the victorious religion which bears the authority of his name. The Brahmo Somaj has claimed and used the privilege of familiarizing that name to the rising generation of Hindu theists, and exacting honor and tender reverence to it. But though every knee should bow to Christ's name, it is not merely the name of Christ that will ever suffice for the spiritual needs of the nation; we want the spirit, character, life, death, the love, faith, and holiness, that are condensed in the image of the supreme Sonship of God. Enough has been already said by the representatives of the Brahmo Somaj of the place and mission of Jesus Christ in that church. The problem now must be viewed in another aspect. Can the lofty truths embodied in the life of Christ be realized and assimilated without reference to the progress of Christian churches and denominations, the concrete facts of historical Christianity in its victorious career for the last twenty centuries? We have often ventured to differentiate Christianity from Christ. We know also that this Christianity is not one stream, but many streams of many lands, of varying depths and breadths, all tracing their source to the same altitudes of faith, and together forming a history of spiritual achievement unique in the records of mankind. To us men of the New Dispensation religious history is a subject of the devoutest study. God reveals his deepest purposes in history. The history of divine relations is like some universal theater, wherein each succeeding century is a panoramic scene of sublime, infinite spiritual value—here the arts and realities make a union—wherein the generations of men, as they pass in the procession of time, each act a part, often a mysterious half-forgotten part, assigned not here, but from the eternal mansions above, under the leading of great prophet masters. We contemplate, therefore, with the devoutest faith the historical Christianity that surrounds us. If Christ represents the doctrines of Incarnation and Resurrection, Christianity embodies life in Christ. If Christ represents the Ideal, Christianity represents the Real in religion. It is true that we have been often unable to congratulate Christian missionary bodies on the outward results of their work. But is there the least hesitation on that account, on the part of any honest man, to admit that the inward results of those labors are harvested in the character of the present generation of Hindu reformers, in moral enthusiasm, in intellectual elevation, in free aspirations, in spiritual cravings, the satisfaction of which must form the principal work of the National Church when it arises? It is, therefore, the duty of every monothetic worker so to adjust the relations between his movement and the Christian churches that they may become every day more permanent and more intimate, till at last both may constitute one Divine Household. The mission of Christianity, in returning once more to its home in the East, is not merely to raise individuals into higher planes of moral and spiritual life. It has a nobler work still to do. It is destined to regenerate and raise Eastern religions into greater vitality, and into greater adaptability to the aptitudes of Eastern nations. By coming in contact with Christianity, it is curious to relate, Hinduism and Buddhism have not crumbled into dust, as enthusiastic evangelists had prophesied, but the old religions have more widely spread over the world than before, have received the baptism of a new national life, which is showing itself in powerful movements like the Brahmo Somaj. But if Christianity is to accomplish one part of her mission by modifying Hindu faith, the other part of her work, which is equally important, will have to be accomplished also. And that is, Christianity will have to be largely influenced, modified, and remade in India by the spiritual genius of the nation. Retaining its fundamental character and principles, which are universal, Christianity will have to expand more and more in sympathy, in doctrine, in practical operation, so that the nation may recognize it, not as a foreign system, as the religion of a conquering people, but as the natural development of their own instincts and aspirations. For this desirable result, let me say, we demand a well-organized Christian mission to represent that order of faith and principles which are embodied in men like the lamented great Henry Ward Beecher. We require a Christianity that is not ashamed to learn while it teaches, and that, in undertaking to reform India, shall be itself reformed also.

The future monotheism of our land shall be like a mighty arch, one part of which rests in the East, the land of the rising sun, and the other part is planted in the far West, where the sun sets. As a National Church it draws its strength from all the great past of the Hindu

people, their spiritual instincts, their emotional worship, their faith, asceticism, imaginativeness—everything which makes the Hindus eminent as a religious nation. As a Universal Church it draws its power from all the great religions of the world, but especially from Christianity, its doctrines, scriptures, prophets, and sacraments. The religion of Christ represents all that is noble in Western civilization, Western morality, science, or faith. India represents all that is spiritual, warm, or tender in the East. When Christian monotheism and Hindu monotheism unite, act and react upon each other, well might we hope for a New Dispensation of the Spirit which will give us back the ancient Spirit of God whose image has grown so dim, that India too may share in the Psalmist's benediction, "Blessed is the land of which God is the Lord, and the people whom he has called to his inheritance."

THE TRIALS OF AN AMERICAN BRIDE.

By Adela E. Orpen.

IT is quite needless to relate how I became acquainted with Charley, or when he first paid me attention, or how and where he proposed to me. All this is beside the mark. I am not going to say a word about it, nor about our wedding tour to Switzerland and France. I shall begin at our home-coming. For this article is to be a faithful account of the *trials* of my bridal days, and who ever heard of them beginning on the wedding tour!

Well, we got home, and the first impressions were not inspiriting, there is no denying that fact. I had heard about London fogs, and, as I was to make that great city my home, I mentally determined that I should cheerfully put up with them when they came. But I did not expect one on the first day.

"My dear, there is a regular pea-soup fog on," said Charley, as we puffed and snorted into the station at Charing Cross. Such a change from Venice! Dear me! But then, of course, one's life cannot be one long honeymoon!

We got home somehow that night, very late and very cold, and found a bright English fire awaiting us, and also a trim English servant. She looked so demure and so elegant, with a white rosette pinned to her shoulder in honor of me, that I dreaded the moment when I should have to give her an order. I felt very much more like a visitor in her house than a mistress in my own, especially when she said:

"If you please, 'um, this is the dining-room, and shall I show you to your room, 'um, and please, 'um, cook says as when will you have supper served?"

And this was my home, which I had never seen before! But Charley had told me so much about it, and drawn pictures and plans of it on the backs of every envelope and on every stray scrap of paper during our wedding tour, that I felt quite familiar with it. Next morning Charley had to go off to town very early, because he had been playing truant to a disgraceful extent, he said, and really must not idle any more; so I was left alone to get acquainted with my new home. It was very nice, and very different from what I was accustomed to; a little toy house of red brick, with gables and angles and funny windows. Charley had said that he had the heavy baggage all unloaded, but that he had left the ornaments and knickknacks for me to add; and though there was quite a respectable amount of furniture in each room, yet everything looked new and shiny, and, it must be confessed, somewhat unhomelike.

My first trial took place, of course, in the kitchen. Not that my cook got drunk or stole the meat; she was a model servant in every way. But I did not know the names of anything, it seemed to me. The familiar pots and kettles, whose uses and names I understood very well in mamma's kitchen at home, had disappeared and given place to saucepans innumerable. The very dishes and plates had changed names, and glasses meant wine-glasses exclusively. In fact, I was almost tongue-tied with the dread of using a wrong word and hearing the cook say inquiringly, "Perhaps it's the jug you mean, 'um," when I had called it a pitcher! The dish-cloths were not dish-cloths, they had become *rubbers;* and rubbers were rubbers no longer, but had changed into goloshes! Nor did my perplexity cease in my own house; it haunted me when shopping, and even pursued me to the market. I wanted some coarse muslin for a rag bag, for I was going to be the neatest of housekeepers. I sought a large emporium wherein everything is sold, and asked for muslin, coarse and strong. I was shown delicate, filmy webs, suitable for a nymph's ball dress—if nymphs ever require ball-dresses, that is. I tried to explain. The bland shopman comprehended me not. Finally I said, tentatively, hoping he might understand, that I wanted some *cotton*, strong and coarse: he brought me some spools of No. 20 thread. At length I espied the very thing on a shelf.

"That's what I want," I said, exultingly.

"That, ma'am; why, that's *calico!*" was his scornful reply.

Somewhat disconcerted after this repulse, I went to make another purchase, and accosted one of those polite gentlemen at the counter, who inquired, after the manner of his race:

"What can I get for you this morning, madam?"

"I want an umbrella," said I.

"An umbrella, madam!"

"Yes," said I, in desperation; "if you call it an umbrella—I want something to keep the rain off my hat."

"Certainly, madam, certainly," he said, hurriedly, in an apprehensive sort of way, as he proceeded to get what I wanted. All the while he kept eying me with nervous, anxious glance, so that I feel convinced he thought me an escaped lunatic.

And yet we are supposed to speak the same language on both sides of the Atlantic! Oh, dear! I almost wish we did not, for then there would be dictionaries printed for our use, and we should not have that horrid feeling of being in a nightmare where things are the same and yet different in a way that is distracting.

"I shouldn't wonder if your bridal visitors began to put in an appearance soon," said Charley one morning about a week after our home-coming.

My heart sank within me, but I was afraid to confess my cowardice. I proceeded craftily. I asked Charley if he did not think he could come home a little earlier than usual, say four o'clock instead of six. No, Charley didn't think he could just at present; the fact was, he was busy, etc., etc., and so it ended in my being kissed and left alone to face the enemy. Yes, there was no other word for it; my first caller was an enemy whom I dreaded from the bottom of my cowardly heart. Suppose some one did come. What was I to say to them? I never used to lack for conversation at home, but then I knew everybody, or at least I knew about everybody, and I knew what they were thinking of, and so it was perfectly easy to talk, and very pleasant, too. But here in London I was completely at sea. I had not the faintest notion in what channel people's thoughts were running, any more than if I had dropped from the moon.

Good gracious, there's the bell! Somebody is coming! I am convinced that the bell-wire is, in some mysterious way, fastened to my heart, for it began beating violently the moment the bell rang.

The door opened, and Maria, that is, the trim maid, announced Mrs. Jessop, in her most dignified manner. My head swam, my eyes grew dark, but I stood up somehow and bowed to the advancing figure. Charley told me never to shake hands on meeting a stranger for the first time, but only after introduction on the leave-taking. Mrs Jessop stopped for one-half second, and then she laughed a bright, cheery laugh.

"Well, my dear, I hope I'm your first visitor," she said, and her words seemed like a summer breeze in their fresh joyousness.

"Yes, you are," I replied. I wanted to say more, but I was suddenly reminded by the full sound of her voice and accent that my own were so very different.

"That's right," resumed the Summer Breeze. "You see, I have known your husband a long time, and when he went off to America for his wife I said, Dear me! that poor thing will be frightfully lonely and miserable here in London at first, and I'll go and see her to make her feel at home."

I answered suitably, I hope, but I said with some warmth that I was not one bit lonely and miserable; whereupon the Summer Breeze laughed again.

"Oh, you young brides! You are so on the lookout for slights at your happiness. I didn't mean that. Now, tell me, were you not dreading your visitors? I am sure you were; you imagine that we are different from you Americans, and that you'll find us hard to get on with. Not a bit of it, if you are only not afraid of us." And so she rattled on most delightfully of this and the other. When she got up to go, saying that she had stayed much longer than she intended, she kissed me good-by and said she hoped to see much of me. I had no idea how the time had flown, and when Charley came back and I told him who had called he was pleased, remarking that everybody liked Mrs. Jessop.

Encouraged by this success, I awaited my next visitor with comparative tranquillity. The connection between the bell-wire and my heart was decidedly less vivid. I hardly minded when Maria announced Mrs. Kingston. But, oh! where was the genial Summer Breeze now! Its presence was sorely needed. Mrs. Kingston entered the room with slow and stately carriage, and froze me with the dignity of her bow. She had been anxious to make my acquaintance, she said, in a voice from the North Pole that almost made me shiver. Her eyes took in at a glance both me and everything in the room, and made me horribly wonder if my dress was on wrong side before or if the coal-box was standing on the piano. Mrs. Kingston smiled frequently in a mechanical sort of way; that is, she parted her well-cut lips and showed her fine teeth for an instant, then suddenly closed the lips tight just as if her mouth was a lime-light that was unexpectedly turned to dazzle the beholder and then instantaneously turned off again. There was not a bit of genial life in those lime-light smiles. Still, I was determined to be friendly, so I asked my visitor would she not take off her things?

I instantly knew I had said something wrong, for she gave me such a look of well-bred amazement that I felt almost turning to stone. I could understand now what it must be to be

> "Gorgonized from head to foot
> With a stony British stare."

No; thanks so much (lime-light smile). I was very kind, so *very* kind (another flash) but she wouldn't take off her hat, thanks (final dazzling flash).

Desperately I tried to collect my thoughts again. Mrs. Kingston asked was it not a great nuisance getting into a new house. No, I had not found it a nuisance. Another awful pause. I must make an effort to talk, or I should become a petrified mummy. I would begin a congenial subject, at all events. I mentioned the Queen. Mrs. Kingston had not seen this week's "Queen;" was there anything particularly good in it? She did not care for it much as a rule; the fashions were not the very latest; she got hers direct from Paris. I had not meant the newspaper. I was obliged to explain. I meant Queen Victoria. Oh, indeed! really, she hadn't understood; of course, yes! The lime-lights followed each other in such rapid succession that there was a perfect coruscation of them. I almost thought I saw a real smile in her eye this time. At last she got up to go away. I said I hoped she would come soon again. A quick look accompanied by a lime-light manifestation. I had done wrong again! I felt it, I knew it, but couldn't tell where. The door closed on her, and I breathed again. She must have been with me several hours, to judge by my feelings. I looked at my watch; just seven minutes since the bell rang. Well, they were the longest minutes I ever spent out of a dentist's operative room.

Charley came home. "Well, any visitors to-day, little wife?"

"Yes; Mrs. Kingston."

"Oh, she is a very fine lady indeed. What did you say to her?"

"I tried to talk about the Queen."

Charley burst into a roar of laughter.

"Oh, by Jove, you don't say so!" he observed at length. I remained silent until his unaccountable laughter should have spent itself, and then said:

"What is the matter with the Queen that I should not speak about her?"

With an effort Charley became grave.

"Why, you child, none but Americans ever talk about the Queen. We never mention her."

"Why not?" I queried.

"Oh, I can't tell you that; nobody ever does, and that is all I know about it. You may speak of the Princess of Wales if you care to, and you may say how sweet she looked the other day in the park, but don't mention anybody else belonging to the Royal Family, or you'll be laughed at. We don't pride ourselves on our loyalty nowadays in London. I remember a young fellow from Chicago told me he spent his last day in England in going to Windsor to see the Queen. When I asked him what on earth made him do such an absurd thing, he said he would not dare return to America without seeing the Queen, for every one would be sure to ask him had he done so."

"What shall I talk about then, and yet be safe? Westminster Abbey?"

"Bless you! no," replied Charley. "Don't mention the Abbey, nor the Tower, nor St. Paul's, nor the National Gallery, nor the British Museum. The chances are that none of your visitors have ever seen them since they were children and taken the rounds of the sights."

"What shall I talk about, then?" I cried, in despair.

"The weather," replied Charley, with conviction. "Abuse that under all circumstances, and you will be in the fashion."

"It is stupid to talk about the weather. I have always made a point of not doing so."

"My simple girl, you will *never* get on in English society without the weather. It can't be done, so don't attempt it."

I stood my ground bravely for three weeks or a month, during which time I received fifty-six visitors. I became an adept in English conversation; could talk for fifteen minutes without mentioning any of the forbidden topics. I am sorry that I had to fall back upon the weather oftener than I could have wished, but it was such truly amazing weather to me that I felt less ashamed of such backsliding than otherwise would have been the case.

"Now it is time for you to return the calls," said Charley, manifestly preparing to run away from a possible invitation to accompany me. However, I was magnanimous. I did not suggest that he should do so. I went cheerfully enough to my first call. It was half-past four in the afternoon. The lady of the house was very gracious, and looked the picture of comfort, with a book in her lap and her feet on the fender. Scarce had I taken my seat, far from the fire (I had learned now that no one is expected to remove any outdoor garment no matter how hot the room may be), when my hostess mysteriously rang the bell.

"Tea, if you please," she said to the servant who answered the summons, and in a few minutes a boiling kettle was brought in, and then a tray, and then cups and saucers, and thin bread and butter, and cakes of many shapes. Very daintily the lady made tea and put the cosey over the teapot, talking nicely all the time, while I wondered at her little airs and graces.

"No, thank you, not any tea for me," I said, in reply to her proffered cup. I thought she would have dropped the dainty china vehicle in her astonishment.

"Don't you take tea?"

"No, never," I replied.

"What *do* you drink, then? What *do* you take for breakfast? How *can* you live without tea?"

I was endeavoring to reply to all these queries, when the door opened—and Mrs. Kingston entered, accompanied, of course, by her lime-lights. No sooner was she seated and accommodated with a cup of tea than the marvelous announcement was made to her that I did not drink tea.

"How very extraordinary!" she exclaimed. "I wonder you can exist! I don't believe I could live through one day without tea. It is the only thing that I must have always."

This discourse was abundantly illuminated according to Mrs Kingston's peculiar patent. As the ladies drank their tea and thus expressed themselves, a horrible thought entered my brain. Perhaps I should have offered them tea when they came to see me! I got hot and then cold at the bare suspicion. Oh, that wicked Charley!—not to warn me that English ladies cannot live without tea! How was I to know?

It was true enough. Charley corroborated my worst fears. A hostess was expected to have tea for visitors, and there I had let fifty-six English ladies come to see me without ever having offered them a cup of that tea for which their souls were longing!

When I told Maria, in my most dignified voice, always to bring in tea for visitors, she melted from her usual reserve and almost smiled.

"Yes'um. I was halways in the 'abit of bringing tea to the drawing-room at five o'clock, um, but as 'ow you didn't horder it, 'um, I didn't make so bold as to bring it without horders, 'um."

I knew she despised me, but how could I help it? I had to bear it. Even Charley was unsympathetic; said he was very glad I had not given my visitors any tea; they took a great deal too much already; 'twould do them good to go without, etc. But I had not come to London to correct the evil practices of the inhabitants, so I always thereafter dispensed tea to all comers.

My next trial heralded its approach by a very thick envelope, written over in a big sprawling hand, containing an invitation to dinner.

Why do English ladies write such big, uncouth characters, I wonder! I asked Charley; he didn't know, unless to be distinguishable from the men, who write a very small and neat hand, as a rule. I had never been to a stately English dinner, so I looked forward to this event with curiosity slightly mixed with dread.

The repast was very grand, and the guests very fine. A grave but very handsome gentleman, whose name was quite unfamiliar to me, was appointed to take me in to dinner. I thought he was a clergyman; he looked like one and spoke like one, I imagined. I know now how to differentiate clergymen from their lay brethren in evening dress, but I didn't then. In a resigned sort of way my companion took the food that was offered to him, and dispatched it easily, without hurry or confusion. The table was a mass of silver, flowers, fruit, and glasses, very pretty indeed; ubiquitous waiters seemed always at one's elbow with a silver dish of something, so that we drifted on by numerous and almost imperceptible stages from fish to flesh and from flesh to pudding, where we arrived at about 10 P M. My supposed clergyman seemed interested in talking to one who did not know London. I happened to mention the theaters. He looked at me suddenly, and asked, I thought with a frown, did I like the theater. I was obliged to confess that I did; at the same time I said I had seen but few plays, being country bred. Ah! that was bad; he was sorry to hear me own to such a taste; it should be checked, not encouraged; this was a degenerate age, much given to lightness and theater-going. I was surprised; I said that not all clergymen were as severe against the stage as he was; I did not defend all plays. He should hope not (in a voice of deep and lugubrious solemnity). But still there were many plays whose tendency was good. Very few indeed, asserted my companion. He was singular in his abhorrence of the stage, I said, even for a Churchman. So much the worse!—in a hollow voice of deep sadness.

And so on, with more to the same purpose from me, but only to be met with melancholy negatives by my friend.

"How did you like your companion?" asked Charley, as we came home that night. "You were lucky to be assigned such a jolly man."

"Jolly!" I cried. "Oh, if you could have heard his homilies against the stage! He is the greatest—"

"What?" shouted Charley.

"I say he did nothing but abuse the stage and actors the whole time. Are all English clergymen so severe against the theater?"

"Oh, jumping Moses! but that is good!" was Charley's reply to my question. "Do you know who your *clergyman* is?"

"No."

"Why, that was Mr. Starr, the famous comic actor of the Gaiety."

It took me three days to appreciate the flavor of Mr. Starr's fun, and then I laughed. I hope I shall meet him again one day, that I may tell him so.

THE ELECT LADY.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD,

Author of "Annals of a Quiet Neighborhood," "Alec Forbes," "Robert Falconer," etc.

CHAPTER XXIV.—THE WOOER

ALEXA kept hoping that George would be satisfied she was not inclined toward him as she had been; and that, instead of bringing the matter to open issue, he would continue to come and go as the friend of her father. But George came to the conclusion that he ought to remain in doubt no longer, and one afternoon followed her into the garden. She had gone there with a certain half-scientific, half-religious book in her hand, from which she was storing her mind with arguments against what she supposed the opinions of Andrew. She had, however, little hope of his condescending to front them with counter argument. His voice returned ever to the ear of her mind in words like these: "If you are content to think so, you are in no condition to receive what I have to communicate. Why should I press water on a soul that is not thirsty? Let us wait for the drought of the desert, when life is a low fever, and the heart is dry; when the earth is like iron, and the heavens above it are as brass!"

She started at the sound of George's voice.

"What lovely weather!" he said.

Even lovers betake themselves to the weather as a medium—the side of nature which all understand. It was a good, old-fashioned, hot, heavy summer afternoon, one ill-chosen for love-making.

"Yes," answered Alexa, with a point of interrogation sub-audible, and held her book so that he might feel it on the point of being lifted again to eager eyes. But he was not more sensitive than sentimental.

"Please put your book down for a moment. I have not of late asked too much of your attention, Alexa!"

"You have been very kind, George," she answered.

"Kind in not asking much of your attention?"

"Yes—that, and giving my father so much of yours."

"I certainly have seen more of him than of you," returned George, hoping her words meant reproach. "But he has always been kind to me, and pleased to see me. You have not given me much encouragement!"

To begin love-making with complaint is not wise, and George felt that he had got into the wrong track; but Alexa took care that he should not get out of it easily. Not being simple, he always settled the best course to pursue, and often went wrong. The man who cares only for what is true and right is saved much thinking and planning. He generally sees but one way of doing a thing.

"I am glad to hear you say so, George. You have not mistaken me!"

"You were not so sharp with me when I went away, Alexa."

"No; then you were going away."

"Should you not show a fellow some kindness when he is come back?"

"Not when he does not seem content with having come back."

"I do not understand."

But Alexa gave no explanation.

"You would be kind to me again if I were going away again?"

"Perhaps."

"That is, if you were sure I was not coming back?"

"I did not *say* so."

"I can't make it out, Alexa. I used to think there could never be any misunderstanding between you and me. But something has crept in between us, and for the life of me I do not know what it is."

"There is one thing for which I am more obliged to you than I can tell, George—that you did not say anything before you went."

"I am awfully sorry for it now; but I thought you understood!"

"I did; and I am very glad, for I should have repented it long ago."

This was hardly logical, but George seemed to understand.

"You are cruel!" he said. "I should have made it the business of my life that you never did!"

Yet George knew of things he dared not tell that had taken place almost as soon as he was relieved from the sustaining and restraining human pressure in which he had grown up.

"I am certain I should," persisted Alexa.

"Why are you so certain?"

"Because I am so glad now to think I am free."

"Some one has been maligning me, Alexa. It is very hard not to know where the stab comes from."

"The testimony against you is from your own lips, George. I heard you talking to my father, and was aware of a tone I did not like. I listened more attentively, and became convinced that your ways of thinking had deteriorated. There seemed not a remnant left of the honor I then thought characterized you."

"Why, certainly, as an honest man, I cannot talk religion like your friend the farmer!"

"Do you mean that Andrew Ingram is not an honest man?" rejoined Alexa, with some heat.

"I mean that I am an honest man."

"I am doubtful of you."

"I can tell the quarter whence that doubt was blown."

"It would be of greater consequence to blow it away!—George Crawford, do you believe yourself an honest man?"

"As men go, yes."

"But not as men go, George?—as your mother in heaven would have the son of her pride?"

He was silent.

"Would the way you have made your money stand the scrutiny of—"

She had Andrew in her mind, and was on the point of saying "*Jesus Christ*," but felt she had no right, and hesitated.

"—of our friend Andrew?" supplemented George, with a spiteful laugh. "The only honest mode of making money he knows is the strain of his muscles—the farmer-way. He wouldn't keep up his corn for a better market—not he!"

"It so happens that I know he would not; for he and my father had a dispute on that very point, and I heard them. He said poor people were not to go hungry that he might get rich. He was not sent into the world to make money, he said, but to grow corn. The corn was grown, and he could get enough for it now to live by, and had no right and no desire to get more—and would not keep it up. The land was God's, not his, and the poor were God's children, and had their rights from him. He was sent to grow corn for them."

"And what did your father say to that wisdom?"

"That is no matter. Nor do I profess to understand Mr. Ingram. I only know," added Alexa, with a little laugh, "that he is consistent, for he has puzzled me all my life. I can, however, see a certain nobility in him that sets him apart from other men."

"And I can see that when I left I was needlessly modest. I thought *my* position too humble!"

"What am I to understand by that?"

"What you think I mean."

"I wish you a good-afternoon, Mr. Crawford!"

Alexa rose and left him.

George had indeed grown coarser! He turned where he stood with his hands in his pockets, and looked after her; then smiled to himself a nasty smile, and said, "At least I have made her angry, and that's something! What has a fellow like that to give her? Poet, indeed! What's that! He's not even the rustic gentleman! He's downright vulgar!—a clodhopper born and bred! But the lease, I understand, will soon be out, and Potlurg will never let *him* have it! *I* will see to that! The laird hates the canting scoundrel. I would rather pay him double the rent myself!"

His behavior now did not put Andrew's manners in the shade! Though he never said a word to flatter Alexa, spoke often in a way she did not at all like, persistently refused to enter into argument with her where most she desired it, yet his every tone, every movement toward her was full of respect. And however she strove against the idea, she felt him her superior, and had indeed begun to wish that she had never shown herself at a disadvantage by the assumption of superiority. It would be pleasant to know that it pained him to disapprove of her! For she began to feel that, as she disapproved of George, and could not like him, so the young farmer disapproved of her, and could not like her. It was a new and by no means agreeable thought. Andrew delighted in beautiful things: he did not see anything beautiful in her. Alexa was not conceited, but she knew she was handsome, and knew also that Andrew would never feel one heart-throb more because of any such beauty as hers. Had he not as good as told her she was one of the dead who would not come alive! It would be something to be loved by a man like that! But Alexa was too maidenly to think of making any man love her—and even if he loved her she could not marry a man in Andrew's position! She might stretch

a point or two were the lack but a point or two, but there was no stretching points to the marrying of a peasant, without education, who worked on his father's farm! The thing was ridiculous—of course she knew that!—the very idea too absurd to pass through her idlest thoughts! But she was not going to marry George! That was well settled! In a year or two he would be quite fat! And he always had his hands in his pockets! There was something about him *not* like a gentleman! He suggested an auctioneer, or a cheap jack!

She took her pony and went for a ride. When she came back, the pony looked elf-ridden.

But George had no intention of forsaking the house—yet, at least. He was bent on humbling his cousin, therefore continued his relations with her father, while he hurried on, as fast as consisted with good masonry, the building of a house on a small estate he had bought in the neighborhood, intending it to be such as must be an enticement to any lady. So long had he regarded everything through the veil of money that he could not think of Alexa even without thinking of Mammon as well. By this time also he was so much infected with the old man's passion for things curious and valuable that the idea of one day calling the laird's wonderful collection his own had a real part in his desire to become his daughter's husband. He *would not* accept her dismissal as final!

CHAPTER XXV.—THE HEART OF THE HEART.

The laird had been poorly for some weeks; and Alexa began to fear that he was failing. Nothing more had passed between him and Dawtie, but he knew that anxious eyes were often watching him, and the thought worried him not a little. If he would but take a start, thought Dawtie, and not lose all the good of this life! It was too late for him to rise very high; he could not now be a saint, but he might at least set a foot on the eternal stair that leads to the fullness of bliss. He would have a sore fight with all those imps of things before he ceased to love that which was not lovely and to covet that which was not good! But the man gained a precious benefit from this world who but began to repent before he left it! If only the laird would start up the hill before his body got quite to the bottom! Was there any way to approach him again with her petition that he would be good to himself, to God, good to the universe, that he would love what was worth loving, and cast away what was not? She had no light, and could do nothing!

Suddenly the old man failed quite—apparently from no cause but weakness. The unease of his mind, the haunting of the dread thought of having to part with the chalice, had induced it. He was in his closet one night late into the morning, and the next day did not get up to breakfast. He wanted a little rest, he said. In a day he would be well! But the hour to rise again, much anticipated, never came. He seemed very troubled at times, and very desirous of getting up, but never was able. It became necessary to sit with him at night. In fits of delirium he would make fierce endeavor to rise, insisting that he must go to his study. His closet he never mentioned; even in dreams was his secrecy dominant. Dawtie, who had her share in nursing him, kept hoping her opportunity would come. He did not seem to cherish any resentment against her. His illness would protect him, he thought, from further intrusion of her conscience upon his! She must know better than irritate a sick man with overofficiousness! Everybody could not be a saint! It was enough to be a Christian like other good and salvable Christians! It was enough for him if through the merits of his Saviour he gained admission to the heavenly kingdom at last! He never thought how, once in, he could bear to stay in; never thought how heaven could be to him other than the dullest place in the universe of God, more wearisome than the kingdom of darkness itself! And all the time the young woman with the Saviour-heart was watching by his bedside, ready to speak; but the Spirit gave her no utterance, and her silence soothed his fear of her.

One night he was more restless than usual. Waking from his troubled slumber, he called her—in the tone of one who had something important to communicate.

"Dawtie," he said, with feeble voice but glittering eye, "there is no one I can trust like you. I have been thinking of what you said that night ever since. Go to my closet, and bring me the cup."

Dawtie held a moment's debate whether it would be right; but she reflected that it made little difference whether the object of his passion was in his hand or in his chest, while it was all the same deep in his heart. Then his words seemed to imply that he wanted to take his farewell of it; and to refuse his request might only fan the evil love, and turn him from the good motion in his mind. She said, "Yes, sir," and stood waiting. He did not speak.

"I do not know where to find it," she said.

"I am going to tell you," he replied, but seemed to hesitate.

"I will not touch a single thing beside," said Dawtie.

He believed her, and at once proceeded.

"Take my bunch of keys from the hook behind me. There is the key of the closet door!—and there, the key of all the bunch that looks the commonest, but is in reality the most cunningly devised, is the key of the cabinet in which I keep it!"

Then he told her where, behind a little bookcase, which moved from the wall on hinges, she would find the cabinet, and in what part of it the cup, wrapped in a piece of silk that had once been a sleeve worn by Madame de Genlis—which did not make Dawtie much wiser.

She went, found the chalice, and brought it where the laird lay straining his ears and waiting for it as a man at the point of death might await the sacramental cup from absolving priest.

His hands trembled as he took it; for they were the hands of a lover—strange as that love was, which not merely looked for no return, but desired to give neither pleasure nor good to the thing loved! It was no love of the merely dead, but a love of the unliving! He pressed the thing to his bosom; then, as if rebuked by the presence of Dawtie, put it a little from him, and began to pore over every stone, every *repoussés* figure between, and every engraved ornament around the gems, each of which he knew, by shape, order, quality of color, better than ever face of wife or child. But soon his hands sank on the counterpane of silk patchwork, and he lay still, grasping tight the precious thing.

He woke with a start and a cry, to find it safe in both his hands.

"Ugh!" he said; "I thought some one had me by the throat! You didn't try to take the cup from me—did you, Dawtie?"

"No, sir," answered Dawtie; "I would not care to take it out of your hand, but I *should* be glad to take it out of your heart!"

"If they would only bury it with me!" he murmured, heedless of her words.

"Oh, sir! Would you have it burning your heart to all eternity? Give it up, sir, and take the treasure thief never stole."

"Yes, Dawtie, yes! That is the true treasure!"

"And to get it we must sell all that we have!"

"He gives and withholds as He sees fit."

"Then, when you go down into the blackness, longing for the cup you will never see more, you will complain of God that he would not give you strength to fling it from you?"

He hugged the chalice.

"Fling it from me!" he cried, fiercely. "Girl, who are you to torment me before my time!"

"Tell me, sir," persisted Dawtie, "why does the Apostle cry, 'Awake, thou that sleepest!' if they couldn't move?"

"No one *can* move without God?"

"Therefore, seeing every one can move, it must be God giving him the power to do what He requires of him; and we are fearfully to blame not using the strength God gives us!"

"I cannot bear the strain of thinking," gasped the laird.

"Then give up thinking, and do the thing!—Shall I take it for you?"

She put out her hand as she spoke.

"No! no!" he cried, grasping the cup tighter. "You shall not touch it! You would give it to the earl! I know you! Saints hate what is beautiful!"

"I like better to look at things in my Father's hand than in my own."

"You want to see my cup—it *is* my cup—in the hands of that spendthrift fool, Lord Borland!"

"It is in the Father's hand, whoever has it."

"Hold your tongue, Dawtie, or I will cry out and wake the house!"

"They will think you out of your mind, and come and take the cup from you. Do let me put it away; then you will go to sleep."

"I will not! I cannot trust you with it! You have destroyed my confidence in you! I *may* fall asleep, but if your hand come within a foot of the cup it will wake me! I know it will! I shall sleep with my heart in the cup, and the least touch will wake me!"

"I wish you would let Andrew Ingram come and see you, sir."

"What's the matter with *him*?'

"Nothing's the matter with him, sir; but he helps everybody to do what is right."

"Conceited rascal! Do you take me for a maniac, that you talk such foolery?"

His look was so wild, his old blue faded eyes gleamed with such a light of mingled fear and determination, that Dawtie was almost sorry she had spoken. With trembling hands he drew the cup within the bed clothes, and lay still. If the morning would but come, and bring George Crawford *He* would restore the cup to its place, or hide it where he should know it safe and not far from him!

Dawtie sat motionless, and the old man fell into another feverish doze. She dared not stir lest he should start awake to defend his idol. She sat like an image, moving only her eyes.

"What are you about, Dawtie?" he said at length. "You are after some mischief, you are so quiet!"

"I was telling God how good you would be if he could get you to give up your odds and ends, and take him instead."

"How dared you say such a thing, sitting there by my side! Are *you* to say to *Him* that any sinner would be good, if He would only do so and so with him! Tremble, girl, at the vengeance of the Almighty!"

"We are told to make prayers and intercessions for all men, and I was saying what I could for you."

The laird was silent, and the rest of the night passed quietly.

His first words in the morning were:

"Go and tell your mistress I want her."

When his daughter came, he told her to send for George Crawford. He was worse, he said, and wanted to see him.

Alexa thought it best to send Dawtie with the message by the next train. Dawtie did not relish the mission, for she had no faith in Crawford, and did not like his influence on her master. Not the less, when she reached his hotel, she insisted on seeing him and giving her message in person; which done, she made haste for the first train back: they could not do well without her! When she arrived, there was Mr. Crawford already on the platform! She set out as fast as she could, but she had not got further than half way when he overtook her in a fly, and insisted she should get in.

CHAPTER XXVI.—GEORGE CRAWFORD AND DAWTIE.

"What is the matter with your master?" he asked.

"God knows, sir."

"What is the use of telling me that? I want you to tell me what *you* know."

"I don't know anything, sir."

"What do you think, then?"

"I should think old age had something to do with it, sir."

"Likely enough, but you know more than that."

"I shouldn't wonder, sir, if he were troubled in his mind."

"What makes you think so?"

"It is reasonable to think so, sir. He knows he must die before long, and it is dreadful to leave everything you care for, and go where there is nothing you care for!"

"How do you know there is nothing he would care for?"

"What is there, sir, he would be likely to care for?"

"There is his wife! He was fond of her, I suppose! and you pious people fancy you will see each other again!'

"The thought of seeing her would give him little comfort, I am afraid, in parting with the things he has here. He believes a little, somehow—I can't understand how!"

"What does he believe?"

"He believes a little—he is not sure—that what a man soweth he shall also reap."

"How do you know what he is or is not sure of? It can't be a matter of interest to you!"

"Those that come of one Father must have an interest in one another!"

"How am I to tell we come of one Father—as you call him? I like to have a thing proved before I believe it. I know neither where I came from nor where I am going; how, then, can I know that we come from the same Father?"

"I don't know how you're to know it, sir. I take it for granted, and find it good. But there is one thing I am sure of."

"What is that?"

"That, if you were my master's friend, you would not rest till you got him to do what was right before he died!"

"I will not be father-confessor to any man. I have enough to do with myself! A good, worthy old man like the laird must know better than any other what he ought to do!"

"There is no doubt of that, sir."

"What do you want, then?"

"To get him to do it. That he knows is what makes it so miserable. If he did not know, he would not be to blame. He knows what it is and won't do it, and that makes him wretched—as it ought, thank God!"

"You're a nice Christian! Thank God for making a man miserable!—Well!"

"Yes," answered Dawtie.

George thought a little.

"What would you have me persuade him to?" he asked; for he might hear something it would be useful to know!

But Dawtie had no right and no inclination to tell him what she knew.

"I only wish you would persuade him to do what he knows he ought to do," she replied.

The Home.

A NEW DEPARTURE IN PHILANTHROPY.

I.

By Vida Dutton Scudder.

IN the midst of that modern discussion of social problems which grows monthly in extent and excitement, two classes are conspicuous.

The first is that of the theorists. They feel about with unremitting diligence for the thread which shall disentangle the complex web of political economy. They study the conditions of modern society, the action of economic laws; they point out evils; they suggest remedies. Their conclusions vary from extreme Socialism to a *laissez faire* faith in competition; but they all agree in approaching the social question from the purely intellectual side of observation and deduction.

Then there is, of course, the other class, perhaps destined to remain always, as now, predominant in numbers and influence—the class of the inert. It includes most cultivated people. They take a mild interest in reading about social problems, as they do in reading about Arctic flora or Egyptian inscriptions; but they feel no more personal responsibility toward the one than toward the others.

Between these two classes there stands a third—a small class, made up, for the most part, of extremely modest people. The theorists are usually content with their theories; even the radicals are absorbed in the contemplation of a remote Socialist Utopia, and acquiesce in present detail. And the indifferent and conventional world naturally quotes the catechism, and remains, with no qualms of conscience, in that state of life to which, as it assumes, it has been called.

The third class is, as we say, small and modest. Before the mathematically involved workings of the vast science of economics it stands helpless. But through the bewildering mists of speculation it seems to see faintly shining the fixed stars of a few primal truths and primal duties, and in the light of these it tries to walk.

What are these truths? First, that human society, made up of moral agents, must be governed by moral as well as by natural laws; that back of every social question there lies a moral question; and that responsibility holds from class to class as from man to man.

Then, that a society in which the freedom and joyous growth of the thousand is founded upon and insured by the cramped, pinched, and joyless stagnation of the million, is neither just nor righteous. That incapacity may indeed be the cause of the degraded life of the working people; but that for this incapacity, springing as it does from circumstances of inheritance and environment, society is, in ultimate analysis, responsible.

That, therefore, the favored thousand owe to the million, by every law of righteousness, something of what they have from the million received; and that this something, when we penetrate to realities, is neither advice, nor money, nor any material aid, but life and the joy thereof.

That one cannot give life without sharing life; that to help people one must know people; and that people are not to be known through organizations or institutions or formal occasional meetings in which the attempt is made in an evening or an hour to bridge the widest gulf that life can make, but are to be known by the natural method of all other acquaintanceship, which results, and must result, from actual community of life.

To summarize: these thinkers believe that the rich owe to the poor a duty which can be discharged by no gift of money, but only by the gift of their very lives; that in the moral elevation of the standards, desires, and powers of the working class lies the most fundamental solution of our social problems; that this elevation can come only by such free and friendly contact of the life of the poor with that of the rich as is impossible under the artificial separation between classes which so completely prevails in our large cities; and that, therefore, those to whom these truths have been made clear are summoned by no uncertain call to sacrifice in a measure the conditions of luxury to which they are accustomed, and to share the struggle and the life of the working people.

These are the truths—few and simple enough in comparison with elaborate theories concerning the wage-fund or the land or the nature of profits—which have been seen and believed by the class of which we speak. And to the men and women of this class these truths have become vital. They have entered, not only into the understanding, but into the heart, and have expressed themselves in action. The obvious practical result has been unflinchingly met. Those on whom these truths have taken hold, and whom circumstances have permitted, have gone to live among the poor—to share their life, to work with them, feel with them, meet them in daily intercourse. They look for o results, feeling that such effort and such life must, before it can broadly tell, become, not the sporadic action of few, but the deliberate choice of many. Yet are they assured that for themselves the road of duty is clear, and that by the silent witness of their life, though no results should follow, they are obedient to the inward call.

Some such enterprise is familiar to us all. We know it to be independent of sex, temperament, and creed. Men and women alike silently each year devote themselves to work of this order; it attracts the thoughtful economist as well as the simple Christian believer; in the faith in this new "method of friendship" the ethical philosopher and the high-church priest are one. Perhaps nowhere has an experiment of this sort been inaugurated with such wisdom, moderation, and earnestness as in the Universities' Settlements in East London; certainly nowhere have the new ideas been so elaborately and successfully applied; and a short account of this undertaking may fitly precede a brief study of the suggestions it may carry and the questions it may arouse.

The work of the Universities' Settlement is supported and carried on by graduates of Oxford and Cambridge. Thus it represents the finest and freshest culture of England, desiring to give of its fullness to those who need, and to supplement a theoretical education by some practical contact with the fundamental conditions of modern life. Toynbee Hall, where the movement finds its center, is a house in Whitechapel, the dreariest though not the most degraded quarter of London. Here come the young men, fresh from the universities or from their early professional life, to spend some period—three months, six months, or a year, or, in some cases, permanently to settle. The life is the club life—well ordered, attractive, harmonious. The idea of the men is to show their poorer neighbors such a life, and to bring them close to beauty and brightness. So the Hall is pretty, the rooms of the residents furnished according to their taste, and all the belongings such as young men of position and education would find at home. It is worth noting that, as stated in the Report, "the Universities' Settlement is entirely self-supporting," the residents paying board as in any up-town club.

What work is done by this set of intelligent and earnest young men? I cannot indicate it better than by quoting the interesting Report, issued in 1886, which contains extracts from letters of many of the residents and a fine account of the object and aims of the Settlement:

"Our experiment owes its origin," says the Report, "to the wish that men of some culture and some leisure, joined to public spirit and high aims, should take up their abode, for a time at least, in a neighborhood where, owing to the unfortunate separation of classes—the canker of all social organization in our great cities—men of such advantages are unnaturally scarce. They were to go there, *not on this or that special mission, but simply to share the life of the surrounding population*, to become good citizens of East London, giving freely and naturally to those around them of whatever was best in them, whether in mind or character, and learning in their turn, as they undoubtedly would learn, what their new neighbors, and the new conditions of life in which they found themselves, had to teach."

"The primary object of Toynbee Hall," says the Report again, "is, not to collect men together to do a certain piece of work, but rather to live a certain kind of life." This ought to be remembered as we think of the various enterprises which center at the Hall. These enterprises may be divided into several groups, but the object and spirit of all groups is the same—to bring together the life of the rich and the poor by the formation of personal friendship.

A good many charitable undertakings, such as the administration of the Fresh-Air Fund, are carried on by the Toynbee men. This, however, is the portion of the work on which least stress is laid. No new charity is inaugurated, and the old are assumed, partly because they afford an easy mode of access to the poor, but largely because they have been so ill administered in the past as too often to degrade instead of elevating.

More interesting and distinctive is the educational work, of which a vast amount centers at Toynbee. The classes held are much of the order of many with which we are familiar here; but the range appears to be greater. We have among us, fortunately, boys' clubs like the Whittington, devoted to wholesome sports; we have also instruction in the minor arts; I have yet to hear of such a class of workingmen as that of which the teacher writes: "The Hume and Herbert Spencer party is still flourishing, with a majority of the same members with whom it started. It is at present in the throes of a final grapple with Transfigured Realism, and hopes soon to emerge into the humaner sphere of the ethical speculation. The members are, without exception, of the lower middle or small shop keeping class." Political economy seems to be a favorite topic, and over Adam Smith or Marshall discussions are held, to which the workingmen bring, says the teacher, "a good practical knowledge and common sense. Between my ounce of theory and their pound of practice we have some very interesting talks. . . . They have done this year plenty of good, solid work which has filled me with admiration." In other classes, stirring books, such as "Alton Locke" or Ruskin's "Fors Clavigera," are read and talked over; lectures on art, concerts, and art exhibitions form a part of the regular programme of every year; and I find record of a cheap excursion to Flanders taken last year by nine workingmen with a friend for guide, and of a similar excursion to Florence projected for this Easter. Altogether, the educational side of Toynbee work seems to flourish. Perhaps the most significant fact is the purchase of a house, named Wadham House, near the Hall, where young workingmen and pupil-teachers who wish to attend the Toynbee classes can reside. "It is hoped," say the leaders, "that Wadham House may prove the nucleus of a residential East London university." The startling nature of this announcement is only equaled by its interest.

But the educational work, varied and interesting as it seems, is only a means to an end. This end is the social intercourse between the classes, without which true friendship is impossible. For this object the charities are administered and the classes are taught; for this object, more directly, the Hall is made the center of the social life of Whitechapel. The sneering remark that Toynbee endeavors to save the souls of men by "parties, picnics, and pianos," the Toynbee men cheerfully accept. They try hard to get the working people to visit them at the Hall, and to show them the graces of courtesy and clothes and pretty surroundings. Arnold's remark that "the cultivation of social life and manners is equal to a moral impulse" is one of their mottoes; and the success of their social gatherings is more cheering to them than any educational or charitable success which they might attain.

I think that any woman reading of the work done at Toynbee, especially of the social aspects, must be struck by one fact—that it is a little incongruous that such work should be exclusively in the hands of men. For it is work exactly of the order in which the most effective instruments are usually supposed to be womanly tact, sympathy, and devotion. These qualities are displayed to a wonderful degree by the men of Toynbee; but one cannot help feeling that the parties, devoid of ladies save for the wife of the Head, must sorely lack the feminine element, and that the individual knowledge of the working classes could be more easily gained by women than by men. Moreover, it is obvious that these young men cannot and do not reach to any extent the class for whom our sympathies are especially aroused—the thousands of miserable, underpaid working girls. Under these circumstances we learn with peculiar interest of a work analogous to that of Toynbee, started last summer by the women of Girton and Newnham. The undertaking is still very young; it will probably never be so wide or so elaborate as that of the men; but in one way this fact gives it additional interest, as it seems to partake more of the nature of such a private enterprise as would be possible to many a band of earnest young women. Indeed, the first plan was entirely individual. The work has sprung up from the devotion of a Newnham woman, Miss Gruner, who, with a friend, another college woman, had decided to take two or three rooms in a poor district of London for the sake of knowing more intimately the young women for whom she wished to work. Her plan, coming to the knowledge of the women's colleges, was enthusiastically welcomed. An association was formed for its support among the two Cambridge Colleges and the Oxford Halls; sufficient funds were raised to cover the rent of a small house in Southwark, and here Miss Gruner has established herself as head worker, with the help of four or five college women, who go and come like the residents of Toynbee.

Tabulated results of such work as this cannot, of course, be given. The very idea is that the contact of lives is of more value than any direct effort, and the effect of such contact cannot be measured by line or rule. The women of Southwark aim at present chiefly to reach and help the class of little pupil-teachers in the English Board Schools—unfortunate children, from twelve to eighteen, whose lives have been spent in a monotonous round of cramming useless information, after the Gradgrind ideal of these English schools, and who are expected, so soon as they have memorized a few crude facts, to impart these in turn to smaller victims. These girls the women of Southwark try to broaden and brighten. They teach them tennis; they take them to the National Gallery and tell them about the pictures; they hold magic-lantern entertainments for them, and have dancing and singing classes. Moreover, useful instruction of various kinds is given. A good deal of work is also done among the younger children in the schools, a number of whom are welcomed to the Settlement every Saturday morning, and taught to dress dolls, make scrap-books, etc. The women also, like the men, assume more or less of the charitable work of the district; but the object and end of all these

different employments is again found, not in the employments themselves, but in the means which they furnish to coming in natural and constant contact with the daily life of those whom it is wished to reach.

It is interesting to notice that most of those who have so far joined in the life of the Southwark Settlement have been, not young ladies of leisure, but professional women, often self-supporting, who have been able simply to live among the poor people as they would live anywhere, giving to social contact with their neighbors such hours only as were free from their own necessary work. Such a method limits, of course, on the surface the amount they could accomplish; but it seems more normal, sane, and healthful, and is, I think, deeply significant of the form which life among the poor, when once thoroughly inaugurated, must and should assume. Workers can best reach workers; and the normal form of social intercourse, which is that to which all contact of rich and poor should, according to modern notions, ultimately conform, should not, ostensibly at least, absorb the whole energy. The poor will always feel a certain remoteness between themselves and friends who, with whatever simple cordiality, obviously devote themselves, as their exclusive occupation, to doing good; but let men and women go to live among them as neighbors, carrying on their own regular duties and simply mingling with those around them in the hours of apparent recreation, and suspicion will be disarmed, a sense of the dignity and solidarity of all work encouraged, and the superstition, universal among the poor, that the rich people lead lives of idleness, will die a natural death. All this in the future; at present, the unremitting effort of a few devoted leaders is doubtless necessary, as at both Toynbee and Southwark; but it seems as if even now it were a healthful and progressive sign when young men and women, with their own lives to live and their own work to do, yet plan to live those lives and do that work side by side with those other workers who, with equal faithfulness, know none of the joy, but only the drudgery, of honest labor.

Surely such work as this which the young men and women of England are taking up is full of suggestiveness. We have here no sudden expression of quixotic enthusiasm, no unwise flood of philanthropic ardor. The spirit of the work is moderate and controlled. The aims are modest, the methods practical. The fundamental principle—that the upper and lower classes ought to know each other, and that in order to know people you have to live with them—would appear indisputable. And yet these enterprises have been subjected to the hottest fire of criticism. It is impossible to allude to them in a general company without hearing raised objection after objection. For some reason the work and its methods seem to excite the antagonism alike of the radical theorists and of the indifferent. What are some of the objections most commonly urged to this sort of work, and just what is their force? Let us spend a few moments next week in discussing these questions, and also in considering certain inferences and reflections inevitably suggested by the enterprises of which I have given this sketchy account.

BUDS OF THE CENTURY.

HAD our venerated grandmothers dreamed of their granddaughters as members of a woman's club, they would have decided it was a dream, due either to the inheritance of original sin or because they had eaten a peculiarly indigestible "tea." That such a reality would exist in the remotest future was beyond their wildest imaginings. That these same granddaughters could organize themselves into such a dangerous body and still retain their womanly gentleness, still be identified with the privacy and beauty of the home, still make devoted mothers, was an impossibility from their standpoint. Yet, if these same grandmothers had been gifted with the far-seeing eye of the prophets, they would have smiled at their own fears.

Women's clubs have proved their force and value in the development of the individual; they have given impulse to thought; have roused women from the rut of house and fancy work; have enlarged their views of life, because of the contact with other minds interested in other subjects, bringing outside light and interest to stir sluggish thought. But the women's clubs to-day have outgrown the first necessity of their youth, and now give a definiteness and purpose to their existence that justify them to even the prejudices of their opponents. They exist, happily, no longer for the exclusive benefit of the members, but seek to leave an impress on the life of the community of which the members form a part.

We know the value of an individual life lived with a definite purpose. When this energy is multiplied by fifty, by a hundred, think of the irresistible impulse! This force was felt one evening last week by a number of men and women, who, at the invitation of one of the oldest women's clubs in the country—a club that, during the last year, has undertaken the establishment of free kindergartens in the city which was its birthplace—to listen to a finished address on "Kindergarten and Neighborhood Guilds;" a subject that appeals alike to the home and the church. The evening was memorable. The principal speaker of the evening was a man whose name is identified with the broadest conception of man's duty to man; a man whose work and influence touch more hearts and more homes than perhaps any man of our day. He represents the most liberal school of thought, and interprets the word neighbor as Christ gives it to his followers, limited only by a man's need of brotherly kindness, brotherly devotion. The second speaker, a Roman Catholic priest, was simple and childlike. Here were the extremes of theological thought—both devoted to the elevation of the race through the education of the children. In the audience every creed, every shade of thought, was represented, and all looking to the solution of the same problem: "What is my duty to my neighbor? How shall I perform it?"

Quiet earnestness was the temper of members and guests. The scoffers who think that women organize clubs that they may hear their own voices in public would have been disappointed on this occasion: they listened, for there was something to hear, remember, apply.

The most conservative grandmother, were she cognisant of the doings of the hour, would not only have approved, but would have wondered if these same granddaughters would have had as much to do, as many obstacles to overcome, if she and the women of her day and generation had organized women's clubs that would have learned from Jew and Gentile, from bond or free, from Greek or barbarian, how best to meet the difficulties of the hour, prepare for the dangers of the future, in the training of their children, the management of their homes, the development of their own powers to keep them abreast of the times and its demands.

WHAT FIFTY DOLLARS WILL BUY.

By Julia H. Treat

SCARCELY an article has been written upon dress which does not presuppose some heirloom—a bit of lace, or grandmother's wedding dress. These hints presuppose nothing except some plain but whole under garments, a dress or two suitable for every-day wear, and the sundry other things which go to make up the wardrobe of a woman of very moderate means.

Be the time fall or spring, the first purchase advised would be a homespun dress. The material for this for a medium-sized person ought not to cost more than $3 which should include lining, the buttons being wooden molds covered. The whole suit might be made at home if one is an adept; but if not, reliable dressmakers can be procured for $1.50 a day, who can, with assistance, make the waist and cut the skirt in one day. An outside jacket of some one of the stuffs fashionable just now can be bought for $5 and is more economical than one of the same material as the dress, as it can be worn with other costumes. A bonnet frame covered with a piece of the dress, and trimmed with loops of ribbon harmonizing in color with the suit, ought not to cost more than $1 A pair of boots at $3 and gloves at $1 will complete this costume, which is suitable to wear at church, lectures, in making calls, and at afternoon teas.

A black surah satin should be the next purchase, a very fair quality of which is now offered at seventy-five cents per yard. Ten yards will make a modest dress, and, allowing $3 to the dressmaker, $1 50 for four jet ornaments for the waist, buttons, and lining, the cost will be about $11 50 A bonnet, made of pieces of the satin edged with jet, and trimmed with bows of satin and a jet ornament, can be put together for $1 50

This dress, with a little variation of lace about the neck, bright ribbons, or flowers, ought to be considered pretty enough for any occasion to which a woman in moderate circumstances would go.

Of the $50 $28 have now been expended, and with the money remaining, in making up an imaginary wardrobe, a number of necessary things must be considered. For instance, two sets of woolen underclothing, $3; two pairs of lisle thread and three pairs of cotton hose, $1 75; one pair of low shoes, $2; collars and cuffs, $1 20; one-half dozen handkerchiefs, $1; three pairs of gloves, $3; straw hat trimmed to accord with cloth suit, $1 25; sun umbrella, $1 50; two washable dresses, one of crinkled seersucker, the other gingham, $2 25; one Danish cloth, cream colored for a young lady, light gray or brown for an older one, with velvet collar and cuffs, $1 25. These should be of home manufacture.

There are many little accessories to a lady's toilette unmentioned in this article which seem positive necessities. These must be provided for by closer calculation, or by dispensing with something here named, with which one is supplied, as no one is supposed to be exactly in the condition of a new-born infant or a shipwrecked sailor.

For those living in a colder climate than the vicinity of New York City, it is possible that warmer clothing will have to be thought of. In that case an older lady might dispense with the satin dress the first year—for it can easily be seen that, if garments are properly taken care of, the second year will not be so difficult to plan for—and buy a fur-lined garment. A younger lady, to whom the satin seems a necessity, could have a dress of one of the suiting materials offered this spring for thirty-three cents per yard, and, with the difference between this and the homespun, added to the $5 which the outside jacket would cost, get a newmarket.

A slight margin has been left, moreover, for emergencies, and as these hints are based upon actual experience, it goes without the saying that what has been done once can be done again.

Emerson says that wealth, with other things, consists in possessing two suits of clothes. So let no woman dare to say she is not rich when it has been plainly shown that the purchasing power of $50 exceeds even the Emersonian standard.

SENTIMENTAL RELIGION.

"LET not thy right hand know what thy left hand doeth" is in danger of being forgotten. It is no longer enough that one should profess a love for Christ, accept him as the example of his life, but he must join some organization having a taking motto or name, and wear its symbol conspicuously. To be a follower of Christ no longer imposes sufficient obligation of duty to one's neighbor, though Christ left that far-reaching and glorious parable of the good Samaritan to teach us the universality of the brotherhood of man through a common Father.

Is there any special virtue in a symbol that it makes a woman more of a lady, that she should treat the young woman who waits upon her with any more consideration? Is it necessary to wear a symbol in order to see in one who serves, to earn her daily bread, a woman in need of a pleasant word, a kindly smile? Is it necessary to meet and hold meetings, reporting the merest acts of courtesy, which should be prompted and consummated with no thought of the subject, in order to live a helpful life? Is it necessary to wear a symbol in order to visit the sick, relieve the distressed, comfort the sorrowing? Is there a necessity for some other impulse, some other avenue to good work in the world, than the impulse given by Christ's words, Love the Lord with all thy heart, thy neighbor as thyself? Does the symbol have a virtue that reveals to the wearer any obligation that the love of man in the heart, because of the brotherhood of Christ, does not reveal? Have we been sleeping all these years, that we have had no heralding of simple acts of courtesy born of grace in the heart? no trumpeting of acts of benevolence because wealth was accepted as a trust of God's? no saluting those who fed the hungry, clothed the naked, visited the imprisoned, believing they were following the leading of Christ? all being done simply in his name, following his injunction, "Let not thy right hand know what thy left hand doeth." "When thou prayest, enter thou into a closet." "Thy Father, which seeth thee in secret, shall reward thee openly." He does, by putting the symbol of his presence in the face which carries its message of peace and good-will, by tuning the voice till its every sentence is a message of the song in the heart. The love of man and fellowship through Christ needs no other outward symbol of its presence.

THE VALUE OF THE UNDISTINGUISHED.

DO you not pity some people because they must live with themselves? So petty in their views of life; so fearful of losing an atom of their dignity that they nurse it as a feeble infant is nursed; so self-centered that happiness only comes when they can compel a recognition of their importance; so concentrated on the individual that they lose sight of his dependence on the mass, and refuse to recognize that it is the individual who depends on the many for his opportunities, his pleasures, his successes, not the many on the one; people who find their pleasure in the possession of material things, in the hope of material possessions. They are all like a man who paddles in a pool when he might sail on an ocean, a veritable discoverer of new truths, a revealer of hidden gems, enriching and enriched. A necessity of our social life is the man who is simply pleasant, neither gifted nor brilliant; simple and modest enough to know that his is a minor part in the world's drama, but filling it so admirably that the genius and the hobbyist, the society leader and the wallflower, alike find in him a companion for the moment. He is generous enough to forget himself in his fellow-men; unselfish enough to forget his own affairs and listen to his neighbor's eloquence. All the world vote him a good fellow, and he is a very necessity in these days when to do nothing is to be distinguished.

The "Atlantic Monthly" has discovered the blessing a pleasant person is. In a recent number, discoursing of him, it says:

"What a boon to all his friends and acquaintance a pleasant person is! It may be hard to define pleasant-

ness, but we find no difficulty in recognizing it when we meet with it. Pleasant people are not always by any means the most admirable of mankind, nor the most interesting; for it often happens that the qualities in a man which are worthiest of esteem are, for lack of other modifying elements, the very ones which make against his agreeableness as a companion; and a person who does not impress us as particularly pleasant may nevertheless interest us very much by the display of unusual mental or moral characteristics, or from a complexity of nature which seems to offer itself as an enigma we are curious to solve. Pleasant people may not even be the most truly lovable, but they are likable; we, perhaps, have no desire to make friends of them, in the deeper sense of friendship, but we are glad when we meet them, and enjoy ourselves while in their society. The tie thus formed, though slight, is a real one, and I believe that we should all do well to remember, in the interest of our closer friendships, the attractive and cohesive force of mere pleasantness. The highest virtues and offices of friendship we are not called on to exercise every day, and in familiar intercourse we have not less, but rather the more, need of making ourselves pleasant because of the times when our friends will have to answer our drafts on their patience and sympathy.

"If we question what it is that goes to constitute a man or woman pleasant, it appears to be a result of both temperament and character. It is hardly necessary to say that these are not the same thing, and yet they are not distinguished in common thought and speech as clearly as they might be. Without attempting any close analysis, we may, perhaps, say that temperament is a certain combination of elements given us at birth, while character is another set of powers and dispositions, slowly acquired and grown in us; for the first, nature is responsible, our parents and ourselves for the second.

"It seems easiest to describe a pleasant person by negatives, although assuredly his pleasantness affects us as a most positive quality. To begin with, such a person must not be too much 'shut up in his own individuality,' to use the phrase of an English writer. That is, he must not be very reserved and concentrated in his emotions and affections, but have a certain expansiveness of nature and openness of manner. He must not be too fastidious, but able to take people for what they are and what they are worth to him for the passing moment and the needs of the social hour. He must not be of too intense a nature, nor so preoccupied with the serious aspects and duties of life that he is unable to put them aside temporarily and lend himself to lighter thoughts and lighter people. One of the pleasantest men I ever met was one of the most hard working, devoted to a dozen good causes and public interests besides his personal and professional ones. None of these were made a bore to others, and his equable and kindly disposition, his readiness to enter into other persons' ideas, his interest in literature and art as well as weightier matters of politics and science, made him able to please and be pleased by men and women of the most diverse sorts. It has sometimes struck me forcibly with respect to such a man, How pleasant he must be to himself—how comfortable to live with every day!"

There are too many people who bore others with their hobbies, who recognize no person but the one, and these live within so narrow a circle that they bore themselves. The pleasant person is the one who lives in life's sunshine, who dissipates the shadow made by the man who fills his own world.

THE MOTE OR BEAM.—The near approach of the migratory season makes the following from a medical journal particularly valuable: "Nine persons out of every ten with a cinder or any foreign substance in the eye will instantly begin to rub the eye with one hand while hunting for their handkerchief with the other. They may, and sometimes do, remove the offending cinder, but more frequently they rub till the eye becomes inflamed, bind a handkerchief around the head, and go to bed. This is all wrong. The better way is not to rub the eye with the cinder in at all, but rub the other as vigorously as you like.

"A few years since I was riding on the engine of the fast express from Binghamton to Corning. The engineer, an old schoolmate of mine, threw open the front window, and I caught a cinder that gave me the most excruciating pain. I began to rub the eye with both hands. 'Let your eye alone and rub the other eye' (his from the engineer). I thought he was chaffing me, and worked the harder. "I know you doctors think you know it all, but if you will let that eye alone and rub the other one the cinder will be out in two minutes," persisted the engineer. I began to rub the other one, and soon I felt the cinder down near the inner canthus, and made ready to take it out. 'Let it alone and keep at the well eye,' shouted the doctor *pro tem*. I did so for a minute longer, and, looking in a small glass he gave me, I found the offender on my cheek. Since then I have tried it many times, and have advised many others, and I have never known it to fail in one instance (unless it was as sharp as a piece of steel, or something that cut into the ball and required an operation to remove it). Why it is so I do not know. But that it is so I do know, and that one may be saved much suffering if he will let the injured eye alone and rub the well eye. Try it."

Our Young Folks.

LU WILSON'S WATCH.

BY OSCAR FAY ADAMS.

A RAINY evening in February is rather a depressing experience for most people; but a knot of young men gathered in a store in a small Ohio village had somehow managed jointly to dispel any attack of low spirits to which they might have been subject singly. Two were engaged in a spirited game of checkers, and the rest were listening with much interest to stories which one after another would tell. A pleasant set of fellows they seemed to be, and all on terms of frank intimacy with each other. That all were men who had their own way to make in the world, and who were dependent on their own resources, was easy to be seen from their conversation and appearance. There were twenty-five of them in all, and collectively they were known as "The Tuesday Club." Once a week they met in the one hardware store of the village, "for the purpose of mutual improvement," as the constitution of their organization read, but practically for what they called "a good time," in the pursuit of which object they were usually successful. Games, debates, and humorous recitations were a regular feature of their meetings, and sometimes they had read formal essays on political topics. But this last had not been of frequent occurrence. Clouds of tobacco smoke generally floated over the heads of the assembly, but the constitution permitted nothing stronger than lemonade to be drunk; and as there were two saloons in full blast at the other end of the village, I am not so sure that this one evening a week removed from the temptation afforded by those saloons was not "for the mutual improvement" of these young fellows.

The hardware store had been chosen for the place of meeting because, as no one wanted to buy hardware of an evening, it was almost as private as any room especially devoted to their use would have been; and a still stronger reason for their choice lay in the fact that its use cost them nothing, for the proprietor, who was one of their number, had invited them to make it their head quarters.

On this particular evening the fun had been of an unusually infectious nature, and the hours had gone by quite unheeded by the members of the Tuesday Club.

One of the checker-players having been for the sixth time the winner, had at last discovered that "Old Time was still a-flying," and made an announcement to that effect.

"I say, fellows," he called out, "it is after eleven, you know."

"But we *don't* know," some one responded, gayly. "We have only your word for it, and that is of no account."

"Just say that again," said the checker player, going over to the last speaker and clutching him by the collar in mock anger.

"I'd like to please you, Jim," replied the helpless victim, "but I have a great objection to repeating myself."

"It's well you have," said the other, laughing, as he loosed his hold.

But some one else was now speaking.

"I say, Jim, a fellow who puts on so much style as you do ought to carry a gold watch, and not go round with an old silver turnip like the one you carry."

"That's so, Jim," joined in several others; "you are the club dude, and what you want is a gold watch to top off with."

"I generally 'top off' with a hat," retorted Jim, sternly literal.

"But you need watching all the same," observed Lu Wilson, the punster of the party. "*Gold* watching, perhaps I should explain," he added.

"We all need gold watching, *I* think," remarked the proprietor of the hardware store, a good-looking fellow of eight-and-twenty.

"Let's trot out all the watches in this crowd and see who carries the best one," suggested Will Spencer; and accordingly all the watches in the company were "trotted out" a moment later

"But here's only twenty-three turnips," said one of the club, "and there's twenty-five of us fellows; how is this?"

"I don't mind confessing that I'm a hollow sham," said Lu Wilson, with a laugh. "This chain which decorates my vest, as you will see by observing my graceful figure, leads to nothing, I am sorry to say. The last time I was hard up, I sacrificed my watch, but I could not find it in my heart to part with the chain, so I kept it as a reminder of—departed hours, as it were."

"Well, I'm hollow sham number two," said Bert Hadley, one of the youngest members of the club. "I can't afford to sport a watch and chain both, so I have begun with the chain."

"You've begun the wrong way," said Will Spencer, "but of course that's your own lookout."

"Fellows, I move we all get gold watches," said Lu Wilson, while the club were comparing the good points of their respective timekeepers.

"That's well for you to say," was the comment of some member to this remark.

"Precisely," assented Lu. "I'm glad my fitness to address the meeting is so promptly acknowledged; and now, if you will permit me, I will unfold my scheme," and the speaker paused.

"Go on with the unfolding," said Spencer; and Wilson proceeded.

"Well, then, fellows, I move we co-operate."

"How do you mean?" some one asked.

"In this way," explained Lu. "We could elect a treasurer, and each of us pay in a certain fixed amount every week, and then once in so often have a drawing for a watch. Richards, the jeweler, could manage the business for us. Run over to his shop, Bert, and ask him to come here a little while."

Upon Hadley's return with the jeweler a chorus of suggestions arose, which were at once brushed away by Richards when he understood what was wanted.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," he remarked. "I will furnish twenty-five gold watches at wholesale rate, fifty dollars apiece, and if each one in your club pays in one dollar every week there will be a watch for somebody every fortnight."

"We'll agree to that," assented the club, with one voice; and when Richards left the room the necessary arrangements for the business had been made, a treasurer had been appointed, and the first twenty-five dollars had been already contributed.

A little later the club dispersed, full of the new project.

"I don't see any reason why this thing shouldn't succeed," Wilson remarked to Bert Hadley, as they walked home together.

"Nor I," was the response. "But how did you happen to hit on the idea, Lu?"

"Oh, it came to me when I saw that lot of silver watches spread out on Dick Harding's counter. I thought then that there was a chance for our club to make a better show than that if we only managed the thing right."

Of the twenty-five young fellows composing the Tuesday Club, Lu Wilson was perhaps the most generally popular. He was rather under the middle size, was thoroughly good-natured, and always ready to oblige those about him. Some one had once said of him that he was "too handsome for a man," and this was the only charge that had ever been brought against him. He *was* handsome, it is true; but as he had never regarded the fact as in any sense an advantage, he naturally ran no risk of being vain. He was a clerk in the post-office here in his native town, and was poor, for although he had been in his present position nearly ten years, and he was now twenty-six, he had never been able to save anything from his salary. There were those in the village who wondered at this, for one might live on a small sum in that quiet town. But there were others who remembered that till Lu Wilson was twenty-one he had cared for an invalid father, and after his father's death he had often helped an older sister who was unhappily married. And there were friends of Lu's who could remember how often his money had been theirs when they were in pressing need of a few dollars. Sometimes these loans had been repaid, but more often they had not been, and Lu had never asked for their return. He had said, with a laugh, that the last time he was "hard up" he had sacrificed his watch; but he did not add, what was equally true, that the money it brought had been needed for the use of a friend, and not for himself.

"I hope you will have the luck to draw the first watch," Bert Hadley said to his friend as they parted that night.

But two weeks later, when Richards announced that the first watch could be had, as fifty dollars had been sent him by the treasurer of the Tuesday Club, Bert Hadley's was the name drawn from the box where the slips with the names of the twenty-five members had been placed. At the end of the next fortnight Will Spencer was the fortunate one, and at the next drawing Jim Palsted, the telegraph operator, secured the watch. As the weeks went by and the number of names from which one was to be taken every fortnight grew smaller, the interest in the scheme increased, but the greatest good-nature prevailed, and those who had longest to wait had no thought of grumbling.

So the weeks became months, and the seasons slid by until December came, and still Lu Wilson was without a watch.

"Your turn should have come first, Lu," said Dick Harding, one day. "It was all your idea, you know."

"That was nothing," was the answer. "Any one else could have thought of it just as well, and my friends are always welcome to any ideas of mine that are of use to them."

"Or *anything* you have," commented Harding to himself, for he knew Wilson's kindliness of heart.

When the twenty-fourth watch was to be drawn there were, of course, but two names in the box—Harry French's and Lu Wilson's.

"I hope you'll get the watch this time," said Harry. "I don't mind waiting two weeks more, as I have waited so long."

"*I* don't mind an extra two weeks," began Lu, and then Dick Harding, blindfolded, put his hand into the box which had held the names since the first drawing, and took out that of Harry French.

"I hoped you would get it this time," one after another said to Wilson, but the latter only laughed and said it was just as well.

"You see, time is no object for me," he added, in allusion to this fresh disappointment.

At the meeting of the Tuesday Club two weeks later Wilson was absent.

"How is it Lu isn't here?" asked Spencer. "He was to get his watch to-night, and I am sure he's waited long enough for it."

"Here comes Richards," said Plaisted, as the jeweler entered the store. "I suppose you've got number twenty-five with you to-night, haven't you?" he asked of Richards.

"If you mean the watch, I haven't," replied the jeweler; "and that's what I came to speak about. Wilson asked me to-day if I had any objection to keeping the watch and letting him have the forty-nine dollars he had already paid into the concern, and so I came to explain the matter and get the last payment from your treasurer."

"Here's your money, then," said Ralph Hodgman, the treasurer, handing Richards forty-nine dollars, adding, as the jeweler left them, "That's mighty queer of Lu Wilson, to back out of this thing at the last moment"

"Well, of course, he could do as he liked—take the watch or get back his money, as he was the last one," said Spencer; "but I do think it is odd."

"Anyway, it's his own matter," said Harding, wishing to prevent further comment on Wilson's action; "and he is quite capable of managing his business without us, I imagine."

But, though the topic was dropped from general discussion, none the less did each member wonder why Lu Wilson did not take his watch. There were two persons in the village besides Lu who would 'have explained had they not been held by promises not to do so.

Late in the autumn, but at least two months before the twenty fifth watch should have found an owner, the evening train west had left at the station, one Saturday night, a boy of twelve whose right foot had been crushed by the train a few miles back. Lu Wilson had gone to the station for the evening mail-bag, and to him the conductor explained the circumstance while the train was waiting.

"You see, the boy comes from nobody knows where," said the conductor. "I found him on the train at Akron, and he asked if I wouldn't let him ride free as far as Columbus I hadn't no business to say so, but I did say I'd see about it, he seemed so anxious, you know. Well, about half an hour ago he took a notion to go into another car, and how he did it I don't see, but he somehow managed to get his foot crushed between the platforms So there he is, you see. We've made up a little sum for him, and if you'll get a doctor to him and look after him to-night I shall feel a good deal easier in my mind about the boy."

Lu Wilson was very willing to undertake the charge thus laid upon him, and later that evening the boy was taken to Lu's own room at the village hotel, and after the doctor had made his visit and gone, the young man watched by the boy's bedside through the night.

"I can save the boy's foot, I think," the doctor said to Wilson the next morning, "but he'll be a cripple for life. Has he anybody belonging to him, do you suppose?"

"No, he hasn't a friend in the world, he told me an hour ago," responded Wilson.

"Then I don't see what'll become of him after the money the conductor gave him is gone," said the doctor, gloomily. "I'll give my services willingly, but after the boy gets round again, he must *live* you know."

"Well, I don't imagine he'll starve," said Lu, cheerfully.

The doctor gave the young man a quick glance, but made no remark, and in a moment more was beside his patient.

"Mr. Wilson," said the boy to his friend some weeks later, "the doctor says my foot is almost well, but that I shall have to go with a crutch. Is there enough left of that money that conductor gave me to get one with?"

"Oh, yes, plenty for that," said Lu.

"But that isn't all," continued the boy. "When I get the crutch I must go somewhere and earn my own living. You have been kinder to me than any one ever was before, but I can't stay to burden you any longer."

"You're *not* a burden, my dear boy," said the other, "and, besides, I like your company."

"You are good to say so, but I know *I am* a burden,' persisted the boy, "and I *must* go somewhere and earn my own living"

"What would you like to do for a living, Charlie?" for that was the name by which the boy said he had always been called.

"I think I could sell newspapers and things like that, if I had a chance," was the answer, which set Wilson to thinking.

The next day Lu met the doctor on the street.

"I want to ask a favor of you," he said to the physician, as he stopped in front of him.

"Well, what is it, Lu?" was the response.

"I want you to lend me fifty dollars"

"Certainly, if you don't mind telling me what it's for. I hope you are not going into speculation."

"No, nothing of that kind. I am only going to give Charlie a start in business, and I want to begin now. By the middle of January I shall know where to put my hand on just fifty dollars to repay you, if you will wait till then."

"Certainly, my dear fellow, and as much longer as you want. But what is this scheme? Let's hear all about it."

"Oh, it is merely this. I am interested in the boy and want to have him prosper, and I think I see a chance for him. We have always wanted a news-stand in this town, and I have persuaded Baker, at the hotel there, to give up a corner of his office for Charlie's benefit Fifty dollars will fit up the place in good style, and give the boy a good outfit in the way of magazines, papers, stationery, and so on, and I think he will be able to make a good thing out of the business. At any rate. I'm going to help him try it."

"He ought to succeed, I'm sure," said the doctor, "but I wish you would let me help, too. Let me give twenty-five of the fifty dollars."

"Oh, no, you have done quite enough by giving all your visits for nothing; and, besides, I like to do it; only you must oblige me by not speaking of this transaction to any one," and the other promised.

"If that fellow were a millionaire instead of a clerk on a small salary, I believe he would leave himself only just enough to live on, just as he does now," mused the doctor to himself as he walked on.

By the end of another week Charlie sat behind his news-stand, happy and contented. Besides himself, the doctor was the only one who knew of Wilson's hand in the matter; for Baker, the hotel-keeper, supposed, as did most of the village people, that the money handed the boy by the conductor had been the means of giving him this start in business. Every one knew that a purse had been made up on the train for Charlie, but nobody knew the exact amount except the doctor, Wilson, and the boy himself, and Wilson was quite content to have his share in the matter unsuspected. Of course his kindness in taking care of the boy was generally known, but only Bert Hadley and Dick Harding guessed how far it had gone, even after Richards had announced to the Tuesday Club that Wilson preferred to have the money instead of his watch.

"Here is your fifty dollars, doctor," said Lu Wilson, entering the physician's office the day after he had received the money from Richards, "and I am ever so much obliged for the loan."

"Don't mention it. I only wish you would have let me help you. I trust the boy is properly grateful for all you've done for him."

"He certainly is," said Lu, "and I've grown very fond of him, for he is a very interesting little fellow, and you would hardly believe how much he thinks of me."

"He certainly ought to think a great deal of you, under the circumstances," said the other, quickly.

"Oh, I don't know as that would follow! Most anybody would have done what little I have been able to do for him," and, with a laugh, Wilson went back to the post-office.

Not very much was said to Wilson at the meetings of the Tuesday Club in regard to his decision respecting the watch, and after a time the fact passed out of the minds of nearly all his companions. The winter slowly gave place to spring, and still Lu Wilson's watch pocket was empty. In the meantime Charlie had prospered at his new business, and had more than once wished to repay his friend in small sums for what had been done for him, but Wilson always made some excuse.

"Keep it, Charlie, for now, and pay me when you are a good deal better able than at present."

When spring came, the physician removed to Minneapolis, and there was only Charlie left to testify to Wilson's kindness in this particular instance. When the spring was well advanced, Wilson's health suddenly failed him, and there came a day when he was unable to go to his work at the post-office. Nor was he able to return on the following day; and after a few mornings more it became evident that he would never return. The new physician, when summoned, said that his patient must have been gradually losing strength for a long while, and that life could last at the most but a few weeks longer. The Tuesday Club were much cast down over this intelligence, and each one would gladly have done something for the handsome little fellow who was loved by them all. But Charlie would allow no one but himself to care for his friend, except in the hours when he was obliged to be at the news-stand. At such times Bert Hadley took his place at Wilson's bedside. The sister of Wilson had moved away from the village two years before, and there was no one of his own family to be with him. But no one could have cared for him more tenderly than Charlie or Hadley. Sometimes the members of the Tuesday Club would come one at a time and sit with Lu, and he would laugh and talk with them; but at last he wearied of this, and seemed to wish only Charlie and Hadley near him.

Once, when Hadley was alone with Lu, the latter said, slowly:

"You will look out for Charlie when I am gone, won't you, Bert?' and the other promised.

Then, one June day, a little after sunset, the end came.

"So one summer evening his ship set sail
And floated off in the twilight grim;
They heaped up the vessel with flowers pale,
And wept that they could not follow him."

It was not a long life, this one of Lu Wilson's. It had not held much of variety; it was rather barren of what we call events. As far as one could see, it was not a life of much enjoyment. First there had been the rather cramped boyhood, then for eleven years the monotonous clerkship with small prospect of better things Then, before existence had broadened into anything like fullness, the end had come.

Was that all life really brought him? I hardly think he was conscious of any serious lack in his life. His happiness came to him as he went quietly forward; and, to any healthy mind,

"The deed in the doing it savors of worth.'

But you would have had his friends find out what sacrifices had been his, and have somehow made up to him for those sacrifices? But then it did not occur to Lu Wilson that he was making any sacrifice, and I am quite sure that he wished for no other recompense than Charlie's loving tendance in those last days.

And there is something promised to those who are faithful over a few things.

QUEER NEIGHBORS.

YOU would be surprised if you should see them. Looking out of the window this morning, I can see several of them. The nearest neighbors live in one of the most beautiful trees in New York City. Its great spreading branches shade three yards, and it is the home of a great colony of birds. The sparrows feel that it is their special possession, and fight hard to keep all other birds—intruders, no doubt, they think them—away. A woodpecker, the other day, came to tell us it was spring, even if we still wore heavy cloaks and were glad to sit near a fire. His warning note of the coming rain brought me to the window; there he clung busily getting his lunch. "Peck, peck! tap, tap!" were not heard by me alone. There was a whir in the air, and a half-dozen sparrows made a charge on the woodpecker, who made a hard fight, but numbers were against him and he was compelled to flee. Then the sparrows held a jubilee, for they had fought and won the first battle of the year. Such queer little neighbors are these sparrows! They are so happy in each other's society, giving out the sweetest little love notes, and in a second the air is filled with little turbulent, shrieking, angry bundles of feathers. I sometimes think that while sitting on the limb enjoying the air, sunshine, and each other company, a chance movement brings two wings in collision, and, lo! a peck in retaliation, and then a battle. I wonder if little children ever are so foolish as this colony of sparrows!

A little further away are still more curious neighbors. They live in houses built on a roof; houses high enough for a man to stand up in perfectly straight. Such different neighbors from the sparrows! Tall, beautiful, majestic! They wear coats of beautiful fawn color, and are constant sources of delight because of their gentleness, their friendliness, their grace. Have you guessed what they are? Beautiful English mastiffs and St. Bernard dogs. There they live on the roof of a large stable having every comfort and care. They are never hungry or thirsty. As I write, the sun is shining on a large, low tub that the stableman has filled with fresh water after carefully washing the tub. How daintily they

drink!—their beautiful, clean, pink tongues lapping as though there was nothing they enjoyed so much as clear, cool water. They have strange companions. On the side of a tall building, not far away from the roof where our beautiful dogs live, is a large pigeon house, every apartment occupied by pigeons of Quaker gray, of fawn color, of pure white; pigeons with feathered legs, with ruffles of feathers round their necks. Any time you look out of the window you see dogs and pigeons in close companionship. Yesterday a beautiful St. Bernard was sunning himself on a bed of straw, and on his neck stood a snow-white pigeon dressing her feathers. The dog evidently enjoyed her companionship, for his beautiful tail rose and fell as if to say, "Dogs are all very well, but for really quiet enjoyment I prefer a pigeon." What a contrast to our neighbors, the sparrows, who, as I write, are shrieking out a protest against nothing apparently, for the tree is leafing so that it looks like a soft green veil, the air is soft and balmy and the sunshine radiant—everything happy but the foolish sparrows!

A PRIVATE FLOWER MISSION.

THE snow had gone from the yards, and close under the fences little spears of grass were putting up their cheerful heads, wishing all a "happy New Year," for this was their first opportunity, having been asleep at the proper time to offer their good wishes. With all their might the buds of the horse-chestnut in the yard were trying to burst their winter overcoats and join the blades of grass in their greetings. The sun and warm rain had been helping, and the birds were trying to encourage the buds in their efforts to grow. Percy and Elliot were standing in the window looking out into the large, pleasant yard that surrounded their home.

"I tell you," said Elliot, "I must have some flowers. I'm sure if we half try we can raise lots," and his brown eyes grew black as his imagination saw the yard blooming with gay-colored flowers.

"I don't know as we could have lots, because we must leave room for the clothes," said more practical Percy. "We might have a few by the fences."

"Well, lots will grow by the fences if we plant lots," and Elliot put his hand into the pocket of his knickerbockers and counted out the change. The two boys took down their banks and began shaking the money out of them. After counting up their money and finding they each had seventy cents to buy plants and seeds, they talked over what plants they would have. As they talked their plans enlarged, and it would have required much more land than was at their disposal to have carried them out.

The next step was to prepare the yard for the plants that the young gardeners were so sure would blossom abundantly. The ash-sieve was carried out into the yard and the earth carefully sifted; dirt was carried in from the street, and the gardening went on for some days without interruption. Plants drooped and wilted and caused great anxiety, but were so tenderly nursed that they held up their heads and promised to realize the highest hopes of the young gardeners. The rain and dew sprinkled them, and the sun drew life and color in them, and, at last, to the great joy of Percy and Elliot, buds appeared, and then flowers. Of course the first blossoms were given to mamma, but the plants bloomed so generously that it became a question what should be done with them; for these two little boys had been taught that all things in life were for use, and, above all, those things that were the direct bounty of God; so no blossoms were allowed to wither on the stem. A place must be found for them. I should have told you that Percy and Elliot's papa kept a family hotel, where there were a number of people living, most of whom had become interested in the garden. As I told you before, the plants bloomed most generously, and it became a question what should be done with the blossoms. You might think that they could put a large bouquet each morning on the table; but these two boys were true democrats, and believed in doing the greatest good to the greatest number. So these blossoms must circulate.

"I guess we must send these to the Flower Mission. I've heard people talking 'bout it," said Elliot.

"What is it? What do they do?" asked Percy.

"Why, you send the flowers, and then some people tie them in bunches and take them round to hospitals and poor folks," answered Elliot.

"Where does the fun come in?" asked Percy.

"There isn't any fun I s'pose," said Elliot. "You just try and think of the good the flowers do to folks that don't have any big yards."

"Well, I don't want to send flowers for the other fellows to give 'way; I want to give them away myself,' said Percy, decidedly.

This was a puzzle. Here were the flowers, but they did not know any ragged, poor folks, and those seemed to be the folks to whom the flowers should go if they followed all they heard or read of flower missions. They wanted to give the flowers themselves, and all the people whom they knew had flowers or were able to buy them. It became a serious question, and really burdened them.

As they were picking off dead leaves one day, Percy looked up and saw a dear old lady who had lived in the house for some time looking out of the window. Quickly pulling off a rosebud, he ran into the house, and gave it to her. She stooped and kissed him on the forehead, saying, "You dear boy! How sweet of you!" and Percy was surprised to see tears in her eyes. He went back slowly to the flowers, and there were wrinkles in his forehead, but a new light in his eyes.

"Elliot," he said, after a time, "let's us start our own flower mission."

"How!" exclaimed Elliot, springing up. "How?"

"You know we've been waiting to find some ragged people to give the flowers to. Now, I think people need not be ragged and poor and dirty to need flowers. You see, just now, when I took that bud in to Miss Davenport, her eyes became all watery. That's what they say about the ragged fellows. Yesterday morning, when Mr. Hecker stood in his window looking out, his eyes 'most said, 'Please give me a flower,' but I did not understand," and Percy's voice quivered at the thought of his oversight.

Elliot was still for a minute, and then he said, "Yes, Perse, we'll be our own flower mission."

How can I tell you of the summer! Across the street was a lady whose sad, pale face and black dress told of sorrow. One morning the bell rang, and a sweet-voiced boy asked for Mrs. Harroway. When she came into the parlor a little gentleman stood there, polo cap in hand, and holding a bunch of bright blossoms. "I thought perhaps you would enjoy some of our flowers, so Elliot and I made this bunch for you" Mrs. Harroway took them, and, bending down, kissed again and again the boy who brought back the memory of the one who would have been a man now had he lived.

In the family at home was a woman who had more frowns than smiles on her face; who lived a queer, lonely life, and who thought boys a nuisance. Morning after morning a flower or a bunch of flowers lay on her napkin. At first she seemed puzzled, but after a time she discovered where the gift came from, and a pleased, surprised smile came into her face; and after a time it stayed there, for the flowers every morning were a message of love and interest.

There was a young man there who was beginning to remain out nights, and had long since stopped going to church. One Sunday morning a tiny bunch of pansies lay beside his plate. He held them long in his hand, and then pinned them in his coat. They carried a message from the mother; and when the church bells rang, the flowers and the young man were on the way to church.

Percy and Elliot carried on their own flower mission all summer, and when the snow fell they began making plans for the next summer that would enable them to raise more plants than ever before. "And, I tell you, Elliot, it's all right to give things to missions, but there are people who need flowers if they aren't ragged and poor. I like our mission best." They never knew that the most fragrant blossoms in their garden were their own unconscious sweetness and affection, their own spirit of love for all men.

POOR SALESMEN.

IT was about eight o'clock one evening, and the car, with only a few passengers, was running merrily along. "Papers, evening papers!" sang out a shrill voice, and a figure darted across the back platform of the car. It would have been impossible to have stopped the seller if one had wanted to buy, he appeared and disappeared so quickly. Presently a bright, ragged boy, with a clear, rich voice, sang out, "'Evening Sun,' latest edition!" coming through the door and walking with a happy step to the front of the car. On the seat opposite the writer sat a tall, severe-looking lady, who was evidently disturbed by our young salesman's noise. As he was coming out, he stopped directly in front of her and said, "Paper? full account of the ball game," and waited. Such a look of horror passed over her face that our cheery young salesman woke up to the fact that he had made a mistake; that he had not carried his goods to the right market, or presented the side that would have made a customer. You see, he was a poor salesman. He was not familiar with the goods he was selling, and he could not present the features that would attract a customer. He jumped on the car, thinking of something else than the business in hand, and he did not stop to study his customers. The first young salesman, though noisy, meant business, for he screamed loud enough to have been heard a block away, but, in his desire to get a customer at a distance, he did not take time to secure the possible one at hand. Do not follow either of these methods

The Sabbath speaks of a Jesus risen, a grave conquered, a heaven open. It is tropical in its luxuriance, but all its leaves are prayers, and all its fragrant blossoms praise.—[Talmage.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

JESUS IN GETHSEMANE.[1]

By Lyman Abbott

REVERENTLY, as with unsandaled feet and uncovered head, we approach the most sacred spot on earth, the most sacred scene in human history. For what epoch in the individual's history is more sublimely and solemnly sacred than the hour when a soul, made solitary by its sorrow, cut off by the bitterness of a grief which no other heart can comprehend from all human fellowship, wrestles alone in the darkness with the invisible foe, and finds its succor and its strength in the sweet and strange surprise which comes in the morning's revelation; when it learns that the dark-robed angel of sorrow and of dread was God's messenger bringing the best but least comprehended gift of his love, the gift of love's travail? What more sublimely and solemnly sacred epoch in human history than that in which the Son of God, bearing not only the burdens of his own sorrowful life, not only the burdens of his disciples and his heart-broken mother, but the burdens of a sin-burdened and sorrow-stricken world of humanity, wrestles with the nameless implacable enemy, and vanquishes him by recognizing in him God's messenger, and surrendering himself to the coming sorrow because it is his Father's will? The nearest and truest of Christ's friends remain apart from him at this hour. It is not strange that we cannot come near. No one can hope to interpret Christ's Gethsemane; no one can hope by analysis to comprehend it. All we can hope to do is, by the light which this experience of our Lord and Master throws on life, to read more truly and interpret more perfectly our own Gethsemane.

No imaginary anguish was this, undergone as an example for us; no conflict between two wills—a divine and a human. Such ecclesiastical refinements surviving from the scholasticism of the Middle Ages are far from the pathetic simplicity of the Gospel narrative. We see this divine man going down into the valley of the shadow of death, as we also in our pilgrimage have to go down into this same valley; beset by the same dread, tormented by the same doubts, darkened by the same terrible distress and questionings. Only thus can we conceive the agony in the garden; only thus can we draw any inspiration or hope from it to sustain us in our own hours of lesser agony.

Jesus was in the prime of manhood; life was just opening for him; his soul was eager in his work, and conscious of rare capacity to perform it, and death hovered over him with dart in hand to strike him down. Life was as dear to him as it ever is to us, and from life with all its possibilities he must go through a doorway beset by innumerable unnatural horrors His prophetic vision saw the cruelty, the shame, the physical torment, the spiritual tortures, of the Passion close at hand To his own anguish was added that of others vicariously borne: his mother's grief, his disciples' dejection and desertion, the doom of his loved country, which he had vainly striven to avert, and the future perils, conflicts, and defeats of his church. Beyond all this there might have been some dim vision of a final millennial glory. But if we may judge anything of his experience from our own, in such an hour as this the darkness of the immediate present obscured, if it did not utterly hide, the glories of the remote future. To all this was added the torment inflicted by unloving hearts—the kiss of Judas, the denial of Peter, the desertion by the disciples, the cry of "Crucify him!" from the people whom he loved, and died to save, and to all this a prophetic anticipation of future betrayals, denials, crucifixions, through long ages yet to come. Add to this the questioning whether he were right in yielding himself to such a seemingly useless sacrifice. He laid down his own life—no man took it from him. He might easily have escaped; not yet had the glimmering torches of the soldiers begun to shine through the foliage of the trees; not yet had their tramp been heard through the silent streets of the sleeping city, nor down the declivity which led to the valley of the Kidron. Fly, sufferer, fly!—why not?—and wait a better time to do the work of saving the debased nation from its impending fate. Such an hour of human pain and weakness is the tempter's opportunity. Then, if ever, he comes with whispered suggestions of God's indifference or malevolence, or with whispered doubts whether there be a God at all, and the heavens seem brass above us, and prayer brings no response.

Such are some of the elements that enter into our own hours of spiritual agony. Into his entered another element which the Scriptures only dimly suggest, but which our spiritual experience cannot interpret; into this hour was concentrated the burden of the world's sin and the remorse which belonged to other hearts. To see as in the revelation of an instantaneous vision the dark deeds and darker thoughts of generations past and gen-

[1] International Sunday-School Lesson for May 20, 1888.—Matt. xxvi., 36-46.

erations yet to come; to turn from the setting sun of the past to the rising sun of the future, and alike in the night and the morning horizon of history see only written the deep damnation of a lost world; and then to feel the dark pall of this accursed load settling strangely down upon the soul—a soul whose divine purity trembled with unutterable horror at the lightest thought of sin—this, infinitely more than human experience, is incapable of any other interpretation than that which it receives from the superhuman agony of him who for our sakes endured it.

It was not a sign of human weakness that in such an hour as this Christ sought for human sympathy; this desire for fellowship in hours of darkness and of sorrow is one of the desires of love, and is strongest in the hearts in which love is the richest. It was strong in him. Thrice he rose from his knees and went to see if the three friends who had witnessed his glory on the Mount of Transfiguration were watching with him and praying with him in the hour of his wrestling with Satan and with death; and they were sleeping. Strange! and yet is it not always so? Does not every heart know its own bitterness? Does not every soul know its own burden? It is only the lighter sorrows that we easily share with others. What wife does not know some interior griefs which her husband cannot help her bear, no matter how strong and how loving he may be? What husband does not carry in his heart some cares and anxieties which he cannot, if he would, disclose to the wife at his side! Who has not sometimes lain awake, keeping back the tears, fighting down the fears, chaining and holding back the devouring doubts, while all else in the house—mother, father, child, friend—were quietly, serenely sleeping? We will take all the help we can from human hearts that love us, but after we have taken all that they can give there must still be hours when they will sleep, while we wait and watch and wrestle.

How long Christ's wrestling continued the disciples do not tell us, and perhaps did not even know. Sometimes with us the life is well nigh spent before we learn the truth which Christ learned in that midnight hour, making him strong through suffering that he might strengthen us: the truth that sorrow also comes from God; the truth that the cup which Pilate and Caiaphas and Herod may join together in mingling and presenting is "the cup which my Father giveth me;" the truth that sorrow springs not out of the ground, but is God's messenger of grace either to sanctify us or to ordain us that we may sanctify others. How long a break there was between the beginning and the consummation of Christ's prayer we do not know. Months and years sometimes intervene in our own praying before from the cry, "If it be possible, let this cup pass from me," we are able to rise into the prayer, "Not my will, but thine, be done." This is not the spirit of mere submission, yielding to the inevitable. Even now Christ could have asked his Father for twelve legions of angels, and they would have been given him, and the feeble forces who came to arrest him would have been scattered as chaff before the wind. Nay, he had but to summon the Galileans in Jerusalem, who within the week had received him with hosannas, and a mob to rescue would have responded which no Temple police could have withstood. But now he no longer desired that the cup should pass from him. A higher and holier desire filled his heart—a desire for strength to do and bear what his Father willed. "O God, in my trial hour, let not my will be done; I know not what is right; I am not strong to do the right. God is my wisdom, he knows; God is my strength, he shall give me power; let thy will be done in me, for me, by me!" This was the victory of his Gethsemane; this is the victory of ours; the only victory with which we should be content to end the struggle. This victory, once won, never can be lost again. In all the terrible experiences of the Passion Christ never wavered, hesitated, faltered, or showed signs of fear. He not only endured the cross but despised the shame. Blessed is he who, following Christ into Gethsemane, follows him out of it by the same door: the door of a supreme consecration to his Father's will; the door of a prayer which seeks not to change the divine will to the human, but the human will to the will divine; a spirit of prayer which ushers the soul out of the darkness of dread and doubt into the glorious experience of him who rejoices in tribulation, knowing that tribulation worketh patience, and patience experience, and experience a hope that can never make ashamed.

Only life can interpret life; but perhaps these words may help to evoke in some hearts an experience which will enable them better to appreciate what we can never fully understand, this mystic story of Christ's battle and Christ's victory.

These very feet of ours are purchased for Christ's service by the precious drops which fell from his own torn and pierced feet upon the cross. They are to be his errand runners. How can we let the world, the flesh, and the devil have the use of what has been purchased with such payment?—[F. R Havergal.

HOME TALKS ABOUT THE WORD.

THE master and pupils had reached a time of sorrow such as the world never saw! That Christ knew fully the coming events of the next few hours there is abundant evidence; that some deep and wonderful experience was to come to them the disciples knew; that the climax of the past months was at hand was certain. They disputed as to places of honor; they had professed vehemently their loyalty, but they dreamed not of the test that would be brought to bear on words and actions. The Master led them to familiar ground. Perhaps in this very place had they received many lessons drawn from the beauties about. "Behold the lilies of the field" may have been said to them within these very walls. It was Christ's religion to comfort the sorrowing, and we may rest assured that when the disciples in after years passed within sight of this sacred spot, with all the memory of that hour of parting, with the recollection of their desertion and cowardice, there was also the memory of some helpful word, some inspiring lesson. Sadly the disciples follow Christ into the Garden of Gethsemane; at the entrance he bids all but his own peculiar friends to wait; none but Peter, James, and John go with him, companions to the verge of the battle that Christ fought with his own soul. These must have been his confidential friends, for it was these three who witnessed the transfiguration; it was Peter who first declared, "Thou art Christ, the Son of the living God;" it was John who leaned upon his bosom at the last supper—John whom Jesus loved; these companions, who saw him glorified, he took to be his companions in suffering, showing us that we are not more Christlike as we shut ourselves from human sympathy and companionship, but as we lead our companions into the knowledge of the Father through our companionship, as we make ourselves links between the Father and those we love. While the words of comfort were still ringing in their ears, Christ led them forth to prepare for the final trial that would test their faith, crucify their love; yet in the great moment when the test to his own soul was come, he went to meet it alone. "Tarry ye here till I come," and he goes further into the Garden to live out for us the triumph that comes from perfect obedience to the will of the Father. How humanly he leaves them, yet how divinely! The air still vibrated with the prayer recorded in John xvii., "Glorify thyself in me," and "I have declared unto them thy name, and will declare it; that the love wherewith thou hast loved me may be in them, and I in them;" again, "Now my soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death; tarry ye here till I come." He asks this of Peter, who but a short time before had loudly proclaimed that he was ready to go to prison and to death with Christ, yet when the hour came he failed—he could not watch one hour. What a lesson to us! We feel so strong before the hour that tests our strength comes, but, like Peter, we may be weighed in the scales and found wanting at the supreme moment. We are set to watch, and are found sleeping. The two who felt equal to positions of highest honor in the new kingdom, able to be baptized with Christ's baptism, able to endure Christ's suffering, yet when he needed the comfort of their companionship most they slept; when he needed their presence most they fled.

After all the love, after years of companionship, Christ stood alone, and the power to endure, the power to finish his work, came from the Father. The power to say "Thy will be done" comes to us, as to him, not from those we love, but from Him who gave Christ as our hope, our example. From the manger to the cross Christ knew but one law—obedience. He governed his life by the will of the Father. Would there have been a Christ in Gethsemane, revealing God in man by surrendering every power to complete the world's redemption, if there had not been a boy in the Temple saying, "Wist ye not I must be about my Father's business?" Would there have been a Christ on the cross if there had not been a young man, conscious of the power within him, resisting the temptation to use it till it should be revealed and used for the good of man? Would there have been a Christ going out calmly to meet insult, suffering, death, saying, "The hour is at hand when the Son of man is betrayed into the hands of sinners," if there had not been a Christ who said, "I can of my own self do nothing; as I hear I judge; and my judgment is just, because I seek not mine own will, but the will of the Father which hath sent me." "For I came down from heaven, not to do mine own will, but the will of him that sent me." Christ completed his work, was able to say, "It is finished," because every day was lived to meet the last moment of his earthly life.

Gethsemane would have had no lesson of submission for us if Christ had not spent every hour in unconscious preparation for it.

When the hour of trial comes to us, we meet it as we have spent each day in obedience to the will of the Father whose children we are. If we have learned only to accept the blessings of joy, love, friendship, success, talents, as coming from our Father, and refuse to see that Gethsemane must precede the Ascension, that without Gethsemane there would have been no Easter, then was Christ suffering in vain, then is the lesson, "Not my will, but thine, be done," lost anew by rejecting him. "Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe on me through their word; that they may be one; as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us: that the world may believe thou hast sent me." Not in the transfiguration, with the voice from heaven saying, "This is my beloved Son," does the world turn for the proof of the sonship of Christ, but to Gethsemane and Calvary, when, with the power to refuse the suffering and sorrow, the Son knelt in human agony, praying, "If it be possible, let this cup pass from me," to stand in divine submission, "Thy will be done."

THE RELATION OF THE CHURCH TO AMUSEMENTS.

By the Rev F. H. Palmer[1]

"To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven. . . . A time to weep, and a time to laugh a time to mourn, and a time to dance."—Ecclesiastes iii, 1, 4.

THE more I study the Bible the more I am convinced that it is an absolutely common sense book I know of no better guide to a good and right and happy outward life, to say nothing now of religion and spiritual things, than is to be found in the teachings of this book. You must study it, and make sure of the true interpretation of its teachings. The Bible is no lazy man's book. You cannot solve the critical problems of your life by any superstitious, haphazard method of consulting it—by any opening it at random, and deciding what you ought to do by what is said in the first verse your eye happens to light upon. That is making a fetich of the Bible, and is essentially heathenish. You can prove anything you choose from the Bible in that way; as in the case of the man who justified himself in suicide by opening the Bible twice at random, and reading first, "And Judas went out and hanged himself," and, next, "Go thou and do likewise." There has been, first and last, a great deal of such trifling with the Bible; and I could point out persons in almost any community I am familiar with who have done incalculable harm, not only to themselves, but to others, by such a use and treatment of God's Word. But, rationally used and rightly treated, the Bible becomes a most remarkably helpful and wise guide in the practical affairs of life. There is something in it for all circumstances and every exigency. There are great principles set forth by it upon which a right life may be established. Its counsels will aid us in finding the path of duty; and by following its precepts we shall be led into the way of truth and of profit. To set forth those principles, to make clear the real teaching of the Bible, and to illustrate it by right lives and a fair example, is the duty of the Christian Church. So far as the church fails to do this she forfeits her privilege and fails in her mission.

It is not an unjust criticism to say that the church, as well as individuals, has sometimes failed of getting at the real teaching of the Bible, and has sometimes taken an attitude in relation to certain outward things that is not justified by a correct interpretation of God's Word. We need not impeach her motives. We do not underestimate or lose sight of the fact that she has on the whole been *the* receptacle, preserver, and interpreter of the divine revelation Still, she is not infallible. She has sometimes been so earnest in emphasizing one side of an important truth as to forget or ignore the other side; a natural error and an excusable one, but none the less an error, which should be corrected as soon as it is perceived.

A Fast Day sermon is supposed to set forth some of the sins of the day or time in which we live. I think one of the greatest sins of our age is the sin of *overwork*. The demands of modern life are simply tremendous. It seems as though our motto was: "Know everything; go everywhere; do as every one else does." There is no end to the demands made upon us. Society demands extravagance. Extravagance necessitates overwork in business, to make money enough to meet its demands. If this cannot be made honestly, it must be made dishonestly. After days of intense activity in business and professional life come nights of extravagant indulgence in amusements and dissipations, which are carried so far that they themselves become a business, and, instead of resting and refreshing and recuperating tired humanity, wear out the life, and bring on illness and premature old age There is an alarming increase in sudden deaths from heart disease and apoplexy. You cannot take up a daily paper but you will see the account of the sudden snapping off of some human life. And any physician could add harrowing details of weakness, and suffering, and failure of health, and destruction of happiness resulting from this same cause of overwork.

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It is a great moral, social, and physical evil, a glaring sin of the times in which we live.

Where shall we find a remedy? I reply, in a reassertion and reapplication of the calm, common-sense philosophy of life that is taught us in the Bible. In the midst of the awful rush and crushing pressure of modern life I seem to hear a voice saying, with solemn, restful calmness: "To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven. A time to be born, and a time to die; a time to plant, and a time to pluck that which is planted; a time to till, and a time to heal; a time to break down, and a time to build up; a time to weep, and a time to laugh; a time to mourn, and a time to dance." A *time* for everything, and everything in its proper time!

We almost fancy that the voice is the sound of the ticking of the old family clock upon the stairs, calmly, steadily ticking off the hours, never failing in the performance of its duty, accomplishing accurately, minutely, its real work, which it was intended to perform, never getting tired. It rests us just to pause and read such words from God's holy book.

The philosophy of life thus presented in our text is equally removed, on the one hand, from the excessive indulgence in business and amusement which characterizes modern times; and, on the other, from that oversomber and intemperately temperate abstinence from all worldly recreation which characterized our Puritan forefathers, and which led them to regard almost everything in the way of laughter and entertainment as at least suspicious, if not directly savoring of evil.

I think the antidote for the great sin of overwork, and the correction of the ascetic and too somber views of life entertained by the church of other days, is to be found in a correct interpretation of the spirit of God's Word in regard to the use of amusements, and in the breaking down of any barriers which the church may have unauthoritatively and unwisely set up before things that may be harmless in themselves. We shall thus emphasize the importance of every one's carefully adjusting the relations between his work and his play; and we shall expose the sin of overwork and show that it is just as really a sin as overplay. We shall also be led to discriminate in regard to amusements, and to see the necessity of moderation in the use of them. It is to bring out these thoughts, and to study their relations to some of the particular forms of recreation which are nowadays before us, and to which as Christians and church members we must adjust ourselves, that I have taken up this subject at the present time.

What, then, should be the relation of the church to amusements? That is the general question. More specifically. Is it wrong for a Christian to go to the theater, to play cards, to dance? These are the questions so frequently asked, so constantly recurring, that I want, if possible, not to answer for you, but to help you answer for yourselves.

I think I have already indicated somewhat clearly the answer which, as a student of the Bible, I must give to the general question of the relation of the church to amusements as such.

The legitimacy and value of recreation, its absolute necessity to the best good of man, is now everywhere recognized. Men need, must have, and will have diversion amusement. "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy" is a popular proverb because it is a universal experience. Not only must man's body have relief and rest from the strain of work, but particularly his mind and his soul need it. All work makes Jack a *dull* boy as well as a *sick* boy. It dulls his faculties, and makes him, therefore, incapable of appreciating God's truth or of doing manfully God's work. So clear and generally admitted is this truth that we need not stop longer to elaborate and prove it. The church nowadays believes that there is a time to laugh as well as a time to weep. The question is, rather, When, where, how? In other words, the attitude of the church to the general question of amusements is no longer that of hostility. It is that of a regulator and teacher of what shall be the character of the amusements, the amount of indulgence in them, and the rules of conduct which shall be observed to make them a real good to the individual and the race. It is well to bear these facts in mind as a help to a decision in the specific cases to which we shall shortly come.

Another great general principle, it seems to me, may be laid down, and should be carefully recognized, and that is that the church should not condemn and set itself in opposition to any particular kind of amusement, simply because it has sometimes, in some places, and by some individuals, been misused and become an occasion of evil. On that principle you can condemn anything—the church, for instance, or the preaching of the Gospel, or God's Word itself, "which some that are unleavened and unstable" have "wrested unto their own destruction." The legitimacy of any form of amusement should rather be determined by an examination of the thing itself, and by a careful decision of the question whether it contains that which is essentially harmful, or anything the decided *tendency* of which is to lead men astray. A further question will follow; viz, whether, if no positively evil tendency is discovered, any good and helpful one is present. It is possible that a given thing may be neutral, not doing positive harm, but still doing no good.

In that case I apprehend that we shall do well to condemn it, at least qualifiedly. There are amusements enough that convey a positive benefit, while they amuse, refresh, and entertain. Life is too real and serious to spend much of it in doing *nothing*. Let us choose profitable amusements, as intelligent and earnest men.

A still further principle is to be laid down; viz, that this question, like all others, cannot be settled wholly with relation to one's self alone. No man is an isolated being. He is part of society and of the race. He has relations to others, and others have rights which he is bound to consider and respect. A thing may conceivably be right and beneficial to a given man; but his indulgence in it may be injurious to his neighbor; and, if it is not a necessity to his well-being, it will therefore be wrong for him to indulge in it. Its effect on others must always enter into the calculations of the lawfulness of any given course of conduct which proposes itself to an individual man. We must be patient with these restrictions and limitations. It is a plain Christian duty to take them into account.

There is a reverse side, however, to this principle. That is, we are none of us justified in being needlessly scandalized and injured by another's indulgence in something that is not in itself wrong. "If meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no meat while the world standeth." That is my duty, clear and simple But "let not him which eateth not judge him that eateth, for God hath received him." If the eating of meat be not wrong, except because of my brother's morbid scruples, it is *his* duty to become more enlightened and to conquer his mistaken prejudice against meat. This is a truth equal to the other, but much less fully realized, much apter to be forgotten.

I think we are now prepared for the consideration of the more specific questions in relation to some of the leading forms of amusement in regard to which there is a wide difference of opinion in our day. It seems to me that we must each one solve his or her relation to those things largely by a careful application to them of the principles which I have laid down. Granting, in the beginning, the legitimacy of amusement in general, and our particular need of it, in relation to any given amusement we should ask ourselves, *first*, is there any harm in it? Secondly, is there any good in it? And, thirdly, will it evidently injure, or be very likely to injure, any other person if I engage in it? On the answer which you shall give, my dear hearers, to these questions, I call upon you, not only as Christians but as intelligent and common-sense people, to ground your opinions and regulate your conduct in relation to the amusements in which you shall indulge.

Submitting the theater first of all to these tests, I should decide that there is a legitimate place for it, and that it may become a means of real good in our modern life. I do not believe that there is any decidedly harmful tendency in the drama as such. On the contrary, I find every one admiring and highly commending the plays of Shakespeare and other first class dramas as literature. Why should the scenic representation of these plays be harmful when the reading of them is not? The best managers and actors are constantly improving the "tone" of the stage. The plays are purged of profanity and obscenity; low plays are eliminated, good plays put on the boards. This is a work that an intelligent and refined public patronage will greatly aid and hasten. The discriminating Christian will find much that is positively helpful to himself in giving the theater such patronage. The drama is like all art, beneficial to the mind and heart of man. Besides being a diversion and rest from the pressure of work, it cultivates the judgment, the reason, and the emotions. Especially it broadens our horizon and saves us from narrow views of life. It is practically impossible for the majority of men to travel to any extent. But living in one place, and doing our work from year to year, is very apt to put one into "ruts" of thought and of conduct. The theater will measurably make up for the lack of opportunity to travel. It is the best available preventive and cure for narrowness, and narrowness is the great hindrance to the moral and intellectual progress of the race.

Here, then, as it seems to me, is a common-sense attitude which the Christian may take in relation to the theater; viz, that of discrimination. He may recognize and approve good dramas, and patronize them; he should discountenance bad ones. There are good and there are bad plays, just as there are good and bad novels and paintings and poems. Any one who is familiar with the history of the drama from the earliest times knows that it has been, at some periods of the world's history, the pulpit and the great educator of the race. Men have always had the drama, and they always will. Sweeping condemnations will do no good. The church cannot, if it would, destroy the stage; and it ought not if it could. Its attitude should be that of intelligent, earnest, serious criticism. The individual believer should be left free to enjoy and profit by this means of instruction and amusement discriminatingly, and so far as he may feel that he can do it without seriously injuring the consciences of his fellow-men. On this principle a few, from their official relations or otherwise, may be disqualified. They may conclude that it will interfere with their best influence. If so, they should cheerfully seek their amusement elsewhere. The question is for each man to settle for himself carefully, honestly, prayerfully. When a man has settled it in this spirit, we are bound to respect his decision, and to be charitable toward him, though it may differ from the one which we have reached. Let us not forget this. It is as important not to constitute ourselves censorious judges of other men in relation to such questions as it is to solve them rightly for ourselves.

Passing now to the question of card-playing, it seems to me that we come to a form of amusement which is of very little use to any one except as a mere amusement, the indulgence in which will therefore best be reduced to a minimum, to say the least. I do not condemn it as absolutely wrong. I do not think it is worse than any other game Sometimes mere amusement, without any ulterior end in view, may be desirable and good. But, generally speaking, I believe it is possible to combine real amusement with mental and moral improvement. That is one of the great arguments in favor of the drama, as we have seen. Some games with cards may have a slight tendency to improve the mind and strengthen the judgment. I believe, however, that but little is obtained from the game aside from the mere diversion. It is a sedentary game also, and therefore not to be justified and praised for its physical effect, as in the case of lawn tennis, croquet, and other out-of-door games. I should say that an earnest Christian would but rarely feel inclined to play cards. There is so much that can be done with our time which will rest us equally and improve us more that we shall generally be led to choose some other form of rest from work. It has been my observation for many years that persons who play cards habitually are very generally persons of small intellectual powers and shallow natures. I should put the objection to this form of amusement rather on the ground of a waste of time than that of a positive sin. It is trivial rather than wrong.

But, thirdly, I find a much more serious objection to the dance. It is one about which there is great need of candid utterance as well as clear thinking, and yet it is a difficult and delicate matter to speak of it in public without offense. I think that dancing is both physically and morally injurious, especially morally. The objection is one which is applicable to what is called the "round dance," where the partners are clasped in each other's embrace. It does not apply to the square dance, which is nothing more than a harmless parlor game.

Now, I do not at all mean to say that every young man or young lady who has ever engaged in dancing the round dances has been consciously injured, either morally or physically, thereby. I make no sweeping statements. But I do believe that thousands have been so injured, and that there is a great danger involved in round dancing which is not by any means fully appreciated. It is an evil which grows out of the relations of the sexes. The "social purity" movement has been grandly inaugurated, and is coming into notice along with the temperance reform. I believe that there is as great a need of the one as of the other. I have the impression that if all the sin and misery caused by the evil, in its various forms, which is aimed at by the social purity movement could be brought to light, and should be compared with that wrought by intemperance, the former would be found to be equal to, if not greater than, the latter. And I do not speak carelessly when I say that the round dance bears about the same relation to the one as the social glass does to the other. Yet young ladies wearing the white ribbon may easily be found who frequent the ballroom, or often dance at private parties, without any realizing sense of the absolute inconsistency of their conduct with their decorations.

Some one may say that it is equally inconsistent to preach against dancing from a text which says, "There is a time to dance." But the answer will be that here is only one more illustration of the need which we pointed out at the outset, of interpreting the Bible rationally. The honest student of the Bible will not be long in discovering that the dance of the Hebrews and of the Scriptures was a *religious* ceremony, engaged in chiefly by women with women, sometimes by men with men, but that it was as utterly foreign to what we know as the "round dance" as virtue is foreign to vice.

Let dancing be wholly separated from its relation to

the sexes, let girls only dance with each other and men with men, and it would die to-morrow.

Hence, on the principles we have laid down, I must conclude that the church and the individual Christian should oppose the round dances as positively objectionable and tending manifestly and decidedly toward harm. I have frankly spoken what I think on these very practical questions. I have often been asked privately in regard to the Christian's duty in relation to them. I have thought much about them. I think they ought to be fairly and intelligently met by every thinking person. Let me say, in conclusion, that I heartily respect any honest and conscientious conclusion which any one else may reach upon these subjects. I do not judge and condemn my neighbor if he thinks differently and acts differently from myself in regard to these matters of personal conduct. Let us grant each other the full right of private judgment. We cannot solve these questions for another. Another cannot solve them for us. But we can agree to disagree, if necessary, and we can unite on the large basis of hatred of all evil and love for all good. Thus may we stand hand to hand in conflict with the powers alike of darkness, superstition, bigotry, and sin, until Christ's cause shall grandly triumph and truth and righteousness fill the lives of all.

"Then comes the statelier Eden back to men,
Then reign the world's great bridals chaste and calm,
Then springs the crowning race of humankind."

THE CHRISTIAN UNION'S SERMON NOTE-BOOK.

CONTRIBUTIONS INVITED.

[The object of this column is to give the reader, in terse and condensed form, the leading thoughts of selected sermons of the day. We hope they may attract the attention of thinking men who have little time for reading at much length; that students and Sunday-school scholars may find interest in looking up the references to the Scripture; and that all classes may find them inspiring and helpful. Last, but not least, we hope that these outlines, though resembling a finished sermon only as an artist's study or an etching does the finished painting, may be suggestive to preachers and teachers, who may find them seeds of fresh and fruitful thoughts.]

GOD SURPRISING US.

BY THE REV LYMAN ABBOTT[1]

Scripture Reading Psalm 139; *Text*, Genesis xxviii., 16.

Object To bring to the consciousness of my people the universal presence of God.

Subject God meeting us at unexpected times and places.

1. *Jacob's Experience.* He would not wait for God to fulfill his promise; tried to anticipate God; drove a hard bargain with his brother; cheated his father; was exiled from home by his own sin, and passed through a commingled experience of doubt, despair, and remorse. At last he falls asleep. The remembrance of his father's and his grandfather's piety mingles with his dreams. In his dreams he sees the ladder, the angels, the vision of mercy; no shadows, no reproaches.

Lesson. God meets us in our sins, and we know it not. If we are not conscious of sin, he comes as Nathan to David, with condemnation. If we are conscious, he comes as the angels to Jacob, with an evangel. So he came to Judas (John xiii., 26); to Peter (Luke xxii., 61); to Paul (Acts ix., 3, 4). Thus a mother comes to a sinful child, who in remorse has sobbed himself into a troubled sleep, is awakened, frightened by his mother's presence, then throws himself on her bosom and sobs out his confession.

2. *Moses's Experience.* Brought up at court as a king's son, he counts it his mission to deliver his people (Acts vii., 25); acts impetuously; flees from his mission into the desert; spends forty years learning patience. [Note.—Time spent in learning patience is never wasted.] To him comes God unexpectedly (Ex. iii., 3, 4), with recall to duty.

Lesson. When we have thrown away our opportunity, abandoned our mission, thought it too late to take up our appointed work, God meets us unexpectedly. [Note.—Moses's excuses (Ex iv., 1, 10, 13) are like our own.] The voice that calls us is the voice of God.

Illustration. Have we thus broken a thread in spinning, tie it together and start again the wheel of life. The rosebush cut away puts out new wood and new blossoms.

3. *Story of Elijah.* The John Knox of Hebrew history; his faith and courage; his encounter with the king (1 Kings xviii., 18); with the priests (Ibid. xviii., 22, etc); exceeds his commission; kills the priests without authority; reaction; the queen threatens his life; king and people are cowards; Elijah flees into the wilderness; nature echoes, in wind, earthquake, and fire, his tempestuous experience; but in them God is not; he is in the still, small voice, a voice of courage and of hope (1 Kings xix., 15–18); he comes unexpectedly, with a promise of a new king, and a future prophet, and a revelation of others besides Elijah who are faithful.

Lesson. When we have done our best and failed, God is still here and brings us a twofold message. There are other allies of right, and there is certain triumph for it. He is present in our discouragement; he bears our burdens as well as our sins. We are never so weak as he is strong, nor so ignorant as he is wise.

4. *The Story of Emmaus* (Luke xxiv., 13–32). Into the hour of a great darkness and an utter despair, when the only word of the disciples in the death of their Lord was, "We *had* thought this was he that should deliver Israel," Christ comes unexpectedly, communes with them unknown, is revealed to them in the healing of hearts.

Lesson. God's presence in a great sorrow; God's revelation of himself when in great sorrow we seek to show love to others. In the unknown God makes himself known; in our service to need he supplies all our need. When we minister to others he ministers to us, and by his great love in our little love surprises us.

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INQUIRING FRIENDS.

[Any subscriber sending an inquiry on any subject to The Christian Union, accompanied with a postage stamp, will receive a reply either through the columns of the paper or by personal letter. The answer will be given as promptly as practicable.]

Is it hypocrisy in one who is well spoken of, and respected by the church of which he is a member, and who is, he trusts, a Christian, not to speak of things done in the past, of which he is now heartily ashamed, and which he trusts God has forgiven? He winces every time he is praised, and only refrains from speaking out for the sake of friends, and because he thinks it might bring reproach on the name he bears. A. H.

In cases where another has a just claim upon us for the reparation of an offense or the redress of a wrong, the precept, "Confess your sins one to another" (Jas. v., 16), is to be followed. Otherwise, no one is bound to disclose to another that which is a matter between him and his God alone. Whether certain matters are or are not such as to require apology or reparation is a point on which a sensitive conscience will sometimes be helped by wise counsel sought and given confidentially. We have known cases in which a melancholic conscience could find relief only by making a confidant of some Christian friend, and obtaining from him that declaration of absolution which Christ has empowered his disciples to give through his Spirit, which is in them (see John xx., 22, 23).

Luke xxii., 31, 32: "Simon, behold, Satan asked to have you," etc. (New version.)

1. In this utterance does our Lord personify the power of temptation, or does he refer to something transpiring in the invisible world, in regard to Simon, analogous to that told in the first chapter of the Book of Job?

2. If Satan is an evil angel who arranged Peter's temptation, and who personally tempts others, may we not take his action in this case as evidence that he mistakes character and has no foreknowledge of future events? M. H. P.

1. The scene where Satan figures in the drama given in the Book of Job is not history. On the other hand, in the Gospel we cannot regard the statement, "Satan asked," as any less historical than the counter statement, "But I made supplication for thee." Nevertheless, we are not to conceive of Satan as making a request. The word used (*aiteo*) has reference rather to the *will* that seeks a thing than to the person sought of, somewhat as we use the word *want*: "Satan wanted to have you." 2. We should hesitate to say that Satan arranged Peter's temptation, or to admit more than that he took advantage of Peter's weakness. No conclusion can be drawn as to his foreknowledge. As to his "mistake," every finite being is fallible, and the more depraved the more fallible.

Will the helper of Inquiring Friends settle a friendly dispute with regard to the position held by people on the subject of suicide? Is it or is it not the popular opinion that suicide is a sin ranking below murder, and yet a great sin? May we also ask your own opinion on the subject? Do you agree with one of us in ranking suicide as a form of murder, only less reprehensible, as involving no wrong to another? or with the other, who argues that life is one's own, and so one has a right to end it at pleasure—we come into the world without our consent, and so have a right to cast away what we never accepted? We can agree that suicide is cowardice, but do not agree in saying that it is sin. G.

Popular opinion, though with less unanimity than once, regards suicide as a sinful act. We so think, and might quote Mme. de Staël: "Though there are many crimes of deeper dye than suicide, there is no other by which men appear so formally to renounce the protection of God." That life was given us without our consent is irrelevant. Whatever we happen to have the keeping of, whether voluntarily accepted or not, we are bound to treat and use according to its proper worth. In the majority of cases suicide involves grievous pain and wrong to others. Nor can any one who believes in God say that his life is wholly his own, even though he be without a relative or friend in the world. The act of suicide, even when rationally committed, is generally an act of supreme selfishness. The disposition of surviving friends to attribute suicide to mental aberration on any colorable ground indicates the prevailing view of its inconsistency with either moral or mental soundness.

Those who hold that punishment for sin in the next world is not necessarily "everlasting" base their belief on the fact that the word thus translated does not mean unending. Those who believe that those who pass out of this life unsaved can never enter heaven say that the same reasoning which sets aside the endlessness of punishment also destroys the endlessness of heaven, as the same words in the original apply to both. How do the believers in the hope of redemption in a future state for those who do not accept of salvation in this life establish their faith in a heaven without end while holding to limited punishment? W.

We hold no brief for those who doubt or deny the everlastingness of future punishments. We can only indicate points essential to a fair view of their position. They do not base their belief on the significance of the word translated "everlasting." Rather, they deny that that word is an adequate basis for the belief they oppose. In consistency, they regard that word as equally indecisive of the duration of heaven and of hell. The endlessness of heaven and the limited duration of hell they base on considerations partly ethical, partly philosophical, but mainly on what they regard as the Christian conception of God, as given in the New Testament.

Is there a political organization, in New York City or elsewhere, which has for distribution in cheap pamphlet form Mr. Lowell's late address on Independence in Politics? Are there organizations whose members may regularly receive such contributions to our political literature? Where may one most easily get, in better shape than the newspaper reports, and at cheapest price, such addresses as the following: 1. Mr. Grady's New York dinner speech on Lincoln; 2 Justice Miller's oration on the Constitution (at Philadelphia last September); 3. Mr. G. W. Curtis's oration on The Puritan; 4. Mr. Lowell on Tariff Reform (Boston Club, holiday week); 5. Mr. Lowell's Birmingham address on "Democracy"? J. A. W.

The "Evening Post" of April 16 contains Mr. Lowell's address on "The Independent in Politics." His address on "Democracy" is published with other essays by Houghton, Mifflin & Co; that on Tariff Reform might best be obtained by writing to the Secretary of the Boston Club. If you would write to the authors of the other addresses, asking where they can be obtained, you would probably receive a prompt answer. The Reform Club and the Commonwealth Club of this city both have as one of their objects the distribution of literature relating to Civil Service Reform, though the Reform Club devotes its attention more particularly to anti tariff agitation.

I was much pleased and instructed by a course of articles written by Mr Shearman on the tariff and its effects upon the wage-workers of the country. As an independent Republican, am much interested in Mr. Lowell's writings upon that subject. I am very anxious to get correct information as to the wages paid in Europe and the United States in the same lines of business "manufacturing." W. M.

Altogether the best book on the subject is "The Industrial Situation," by Consul J. Schoenhof. It is published by G. P. Putnam's Sons. Its statistics are reliable and significant. Chairman Mills's recent speech in Congress contained many statistics of the same sort; but citations from a party speech never carry much weight with unprejudiced people.

Does the Bible teach that salvation is limited to those who are within the church membership, not including the heathen world? *

By no means. See Acts x., 34, 35.

In replying recently to "C. K.," who asked whether superintendents of Sunday-schools were ever paid for their work, we forgot to mention the excellent work of the Sunday-school department of the School for Christian Workers in Springfield, Mass. This institution has trained several men who are now occupying positions as superintendents of Sunday schools on salaries, and still more who hold that position combined with that of pastor's lay-helper. The demands on the Springfield school for men to fill such positions are more than it can supply. A full account of the work may be obtained by writing to the Rev E. P. Armstrong, Springfield, Mass., who has charge of this department.

To whom shall I send for the reports of the Commissioner of Labor in New York, Connecticut, and Massachusetts; also a copy of James Russell Lowell's speech before the Reform Club? W. H. K.

Write to the Secretaries of the Bureaux of Labor Statistics at the State capitals of the respective States. See answer to "J. A. W." above.

E. E. A. will find the quotation No. 1 in the poem "Resignation," by Longfellow; No 2 in "Paradise and Peri," one of the poems of "Lalla Rookh," by Thomas Moore. L. S. S.

Will The Christian Union kindly settle a dispute between two of its country readers as to whether in ordinary correspondence it is either proper or general to commence writing a letter on the fourth page of a note-sheet instead of on the first, as was always formerly done? AMANUENSIS.

We certainly see no impropriety in it, though the old method is the more convenient. Such matters are largely questions of taste and fashion. We do not think that the practice you describe is general.

Can you give me the name of the author of the following lines?

"O Thou, too vast for thought to comprehend,
Who wast ere time, shall be when time is o'er,
Ages and worlds begin, grow old and end,
Systems and suns, Thy changeless throne before,
Commence and close their cycles—lost, I bend
To earth my prostrate soul, and shudder and adore."

These lines were quoted at the end of an article on astronomy in one of the newspapers of this city about fifteen years ago, since which time I have not seen them. Unless my memory is at fault, they were printed as above written. C. E. W.

I am much interested to learn all that is possible regarding the manufacture of tapestries, Flemish particularly. Can some one inform me what book is most desirable, and greatly oblige one of your old subscribers? I am interested in a set of tapestries that bear the name of "U. Lenyiers" in each corner, and would like to learn anything pertaining to that particular manufactory. C. M. C.

THE RELIGIOUS NEEDS OF AMERICANS IN BERLIN.

AMERICAN Christians not only have a foreign mission field brought to their very doors, but they have also a home mission field abroad that is in urgent need of attention and help. When one considers the number of Americans who annually go to Europe, it is astonishing that little or nothing is done for their spiritual welfare by our home churches. While the Church of England has a bishop who devotes all his time to the Continental work, and while the Free Church of Scotland has a number of churches and preaching stations, with a very few exceptions there are no American churches on the whole Continent. Even in important centers where Americans congregate they find no spiritual home which suggests that the churches of America feel concern for the interests of their members abroad. Nowhere is this neglect more keenly felt than in Berlin; and we are convinced that American Christians only need to understand the importance of that field in order to establish a church for their children and their church members who visit the capital of the German Empire.

Let the facts speak for themselves. During the winter of 1887-1888 there have been in the university of Berlin 163 American students. These are mostly graduates, a number of them have won prizes and scholarships; many of these have already entered the learned professions, and all are using the very highest advantages afforded by the times to fit themselves for the most prominent positions of influence when they return home. They are among the most earnest, most ambitious, and most promising students who usually come here; having the best educational advantages at home and abroad, we must look to these as the ones most likely to mold public opinion in their own country. Within the past few years American students have gone directly from the Berlin University to Yale, Harvard, Princeton, Boston University, and numerous other institutions to occupy positions of trust and of power. Besides these 163 American students in the University, there are 160 young American men and women devoting themselves to the study of music. They are found in the various conservatories, and many take private lessons from the most eminent teachers. Among them are numerous pupils of great promise whose position among the musicians of America is likely to be equally prominent with that of students of the Berlin University among the scholars of America.

Berlin has become so important an educational center that students and specialists are found taking private courses of instruction in various departments They come to learn the language, to study art, to work with some eminent specialist, or to enjoy the advantages of the superior libraries and of various learned institutions. Families are attracted there for the education of their children. Excellent schools for American young ladies have also been established by prominent American ladies. There are in the neighborhood of four hundred young Americans now pursuing study in Berlin. The number has been on a steady increase from year to year. The usual duration of their stay is one year, though many remain two years or more. An increasing number of tourists for health, business, or recreation visit Berlin. Thousands of Americans annually pass through the city. The total number of Americans there at any one time is estimated at seven hundred.

For more than twenty-five years the theological students and preachers of various denominations have united to keep up union services for their own countrymen and for the British who choose to worship with them. These American services have been held in the audience-room rented from the German Methodist Mission there. These union services have been a source of great joy and blessing to many of our countrymen abroad. With the growing of the American colony in Berlin, and the corresponding increase of work and responsibility, it was felt that the field demanded the care of a regularly appointed pastor. Accordingly, last summer, the Americans and British in attendance organized a church on the basis of the Sacred Scriptures, or, more specifically, on the doctrines of the Scriptures embodied in the Apostles' Creed. It is the basis of the Evangelical Alliance. To show how necessary it is that the services in Berlin should be on this common Christian basis for religious worship the following fact will give sufficient evidence. The members uniting to form this organization represented fifteen different denominations. The number of resident Americans in Berlin is exceedingly small. Hence, connection with this organization during the brief sojourn of its members does not sever membership with the home church. The pastor elected was Professor J. H. Stuckenberg, D D, who for almost eight years had been the chairman of the Committee on Preaching in the American Chapel, and who for years has devoted much time and labor to the spiritual interests of Americans in Berlin.

The audience-room, which seats 270, was filled every Sabbath morning during part of last winter. But since it belongs to the Methodist Mission, the Americans only have the use of it for one service a Sunday. For this reason Dr. Stuckenberg has for three years opened his own house on winter Sunday evenings to the American young people. They are most homesick then, most tempted then by German friends to go with them to the opera or theater, or to spend the time in beer drinking and in recreations not in harmony with American views of the Sabbath. During this last winter Dr. Stuckenberg's home has often been crowded Sunday evenings to its utmost capacity, so that at times he was obliged to refuse permission to some of the older people who wished to attend. Ought this so to be? A building for the American church in Berlin is a necessity. That building ought to contain, besides the audience-room, church parlors, a kitchen, a Christian intelligence office, and a reading-room.

An effort is now being made in America to raise the funds to purchase property and to build such a church in Berlin. No prominent growing field has been more neglected, no work needs it more. If "Continental" views and practices are deprecated when introduced into America, let us do something at the fountain-head to check their influence so far as deleterious. The best safeguard to our youth anywhere is a living Christian church.

A meeting in the interest of the American church in Berlin will be held in the Broadway Tabernacle on Monday evening, May 14, at eight o'clock. The Rev. Richard S. Storrs, D.D., Professor Philip Schaff, D D, and the Rev. J. M. Buckley will address the meeting, and the pastor, the Rev. W. M. Taylor, D D, has kindly consented to preside. All are invited.

* * *

STRUGGLING DAKOTA SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

THE Rev. W. B. D Gray, State Superintendent of the work of the Congregational Sunday-School Publishing Society in Dakota, writes us as follows:

At one place where late last fall a little church followed one of our mission Sunday-schools, its membership has nearly doubled, and a chapel is well under way. At another the revival will result in a church. In one country neighborhood the Sunday-school grew into a church which we organized last fall; during the winter its membership largely increased, a lot has been secured, stone for foundation delivered, and several hundred dollars subscribed toward a church building, the basement of which is to be used for an academy. In one of our new railroad towns the Sunday-school has nearly doubled, the church greatly revived, and a nice edifice nearing completion. In one country school over forty have accepted Christ. At another place fifty have professed conversion. In one town and surrounding country, where less than two years ago the only public gatherings were club dances and progressive euchre parties, a Sunday-school and a church have been organized, three revivals, six months apart, have occurred, and the church has now a membership equal to the entire population of the town. At the last communion forty-two were received into membership, thirty-eight coming upon profession of faith; since that time several more have applied for membership. The saloon has been closed, the card and dancing parties discontinued, and $900 subscribed toward a church building. These are some of the results which have grown out of the work in which we are engaged, and give ample evidence, not only of its importance, but of the large and immediate returns which come from it.

The work of the new year, which began April 1, opens very encouragingly. We have already organized five Sunday-schools and one church, and expect to organize several more before the month closes. Some of you may have heard Field Secretary Duncan tell about the Sunday-school he visited while in Dakota, which was held in a granary, or rather in a grain warehouse. Mr. Bell is now canvassing that field, and expects very soon to organize a church in connection with the school.

We propose to plant the Sunday-school in advance of or beside every saloon in Dakota, and, with the help of God, and you, dear friends, "we will fight it out on this line" until we have a "church on every hilltop, and a Sunday-school in every valley," with a board nailed across the door of every saloon, upon which is inscribed the legend, "Closed! Drink as you voted!"

It costs $25, on an average, to plant a mission Sunday-school and carry it through the first year, which is the critical period of its existence. The majority become self-supporting the second year, although a few need some aid for two or three years.

Where is there a grander opportunity to invest consecrated money? We commend it to you, not as our work but as God's, "and ourselves your servants for Jesus' sake."

TEN-TIMES-ONE-IS-TEN ITEMS.

"Look up and not down;
Look forward and not back;
Look out and not in;
Lend a hand."

GEORGIA.—On a recent visit at Atlanta, in Georgia, Dr. Hale met a large and intelligent body of the teachers in the *colored schools*. They took measures to form Look-up Legions and other Lend a Hand Clubs in different parts of Georgia. Teachers and others interested in this work may address the Rev. Mr. Kent, Atlanta, Georgia, or the central office, "Lend a Hand," 3 Hamilton Place, Boston.

C. T. L.—The largest and most effective series of "tens" is probably the Commercial Temperance League. This league, founded among commercial travelers, is establishing centers in all the principal cities. The correspondence with New York has become so large that it proves more convenient to refer correspondents outside of that State to the central office, Room 92, 3 Hamilton Place, Boston. Leaflets, circulars, and badges may be obtained at that office. New York societies may communicate with 189 Broadway, Room 2.

BLACKFRIARS' LEGION.—We have recently opened correspondence with the Blackfriars' Legion, 33 New Cut, London, England, which was formed under the help and auspices of the Rev. Mr. Oxford, of St. Luke's Church, Berwick, London.

SONG BOOK.—A song book containing fifty songs for the clubs is in preparation under the oversight of Mr. Wilbur. The managers hope to have it ready for use in the early autumn.

REPORTS.—All secretaries of clubs of whatever name are reminded that their reports, whether annual or quarterly, should be addressed to Mrs. B. Whitman, Lawrence Avenue, Dorchester, at least one month before the number of "Lend a Hand" in which they are to appear.

FOREIGN ITEMS.

The Church Association of the Metropolis of London has presented a memorial to the Bishop of London protesting against the erection of the new reredos in St. Paul's Cathedral. The memorialists state that a large crucifix and an image of the Madonna have been set up over the table of the Lord, and urge that such images are denounced by the homilies of the Church of England as being "lying images," and that their worship is distinctly Romish. They further state that the erection is especially obnoxious in the mother church of the diocese, and express an opinion that the private discretion of a small body like the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's should be subjected to correction, when a privileged position has been abused to introduce graven images in the noblest national temple of the diocese. The memorialists therefore pray that the Bishop will lay the matter before the Archbishop of Canterbury, with a view to obtain a judicial decision. Among those who have signed the memorial are the Marquis of Exeter, the Earl of Seafield, Lord Wolseley, Lord Grimthrope, Lord Claud Hamilton, Sir Arthur Blackwood, and the Rev. Gordon Calthrop.

It is stated that a nephew of the late King Cetewayo, after six years in Sweden in theological and other studies, has gone back to carry on mission work in his native land.

A Japanese correspondent writes to The Christian Union: "Sunday, March 25, was another red-letter day in Kyoto. Twenty-five young men and eight young ladies, students in our *Doshisha* schools, publicly confessed Christ as their Saviour. This, with six young ladies baptized in January and forty-three young men baptized in December, makes eighty-two accessions from the school during the current school year. Ten were received into one of the city churches on the same day. One of the young men joining from the school is a son of one of the most famous men in Japan. The Osaka Church will dedicate a very large and commodious church April 5."

Sir Andrew Barclay Walker, formerly Mayor of Liverpool, has offered to give £250,000 toward building a cathedral in that city.

The English Church Missionary Society has just executed a provisional agreement for the purchase of central premises in Rome, at a cost of $50,000. A Lancashire lady has promised $10,000 of the amount.

At a recent meeting of the English colony in Paris on the eighth anniversary of the "Auxiliary Committee for the Evangelization of Paris," Professor Yeatman emphatically denied that France was a center of hopeless irreligion or materialism. He regarded it, on the contrary, as a field of great promise. As a first evidence of Christian progress, he dwelt on the fact that the country now enjoyed religious liberty as the undisputed birthright of every citizen. Moreover, among the poor, there was earnest desire to hear the simple message of the Gospel. The mission services were being multiplied, the Sunday-schools were more powerful in molding the lives of the young, and the devoted missionary was full of faith that the seed sown would yet ripen into an abundant harvest.

CHURCH GLEANINGS.

MIDDLE STATES.

—The programme for the annual meeting of the General Congregational Association of this State, to be held in the First Church of Albany, N. Y., next week, includes, in addition to the regular report, necrology, sketches, etc., the annual missionary sermon by the Rev. W. M. Taylor, D D., an essay on "The Spiritual Expansion of Christendom," by the Rev. E. A. Lawrence, of Marblehead, Mass., and papers on "The Mission of the Church in the Solution of Social Problems," by the Rev. E B. Furbish, and on "Young People's Societies of Christian Endeavor," by the Rev F. S. Fitch, of Buffalo.

—The sixty-third annual meeting of the American Tract Society was announced for Wednesday, May 9, in the Madison Square Presbyterian Church of this city. The work and influence of the Society will be presented in a

sermon by the Rev. George W. Knox, missionary from Japan, in the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, corner Fifty-fifth Street, on Sunday afternoon, May 13, at 4 o'clock P. M.

—Cambridge University, England, has appointed Bishop Doane, of Albany, N. Y., select preacher for the commencement exercises in June.

—The corner-stone of Barnes Hall, the building given to the Cornell Christian Association by the late A. S. Barnes, has been laid. The hall will be the finest college association building in this country, and will be one of the handsomest buildings on the campus. The stone is inscribed, "For the promotion of God's truth among men, this building is erected by Alfred Smith Barnes."

—The new rooms of the Brooklyn City Mission and Tract Society and of the Woman's Auxiliary, in the Johnston Building, Brooklyn, were formally opened last week. Addresses were made by President R. H. Porter, the Rev. Dr. Cuyler, ex-Mayor Low, the Rev. Dr. J. C. Allin, of the Hanson Place Baptist Church; the Rev. Dr. Kelly, of St. John's M. E. Church; the Rev. Dr. Braislin, of the Washington Avenue Baptist Church, and S. S. Marplee, of the Executive Committee. Letters of regret were read from the Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott and the Rev. Charles Cuthbert Hall.

—The new school and clergy house of the Mission Church of the Holy Cross of this city was blessed by Bishop Potter on Thursday of last week. After the services Father Huntington explained the objects of the mission. The mission and guild, he said, was founded by a young woman who was known as Sister Helen Margaret. Her work was begun eleven years ago, and at her death she left her fortune to carry it on. It was with this money, and also some contributed by members of the parish, that the new house was built. The church work is under the charge of Fathers Huntington and Allen.

—Forty-six new members were received into Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, last Sunday morning by Mr. Abbott.

—The First Bohemian Presbyterian Church was dedicated in this city last Sunday. It is in Seventy-fourth Street, between First and Second Avenues. Addresses were made by the Rev. Drs. M. R. Vincent, Crosby, Parkhurst, Paxton, Chapin, Alexander, and by the pastor, the Rev. Vincent Pisecek.

—The New York Presbyterian Church (Seventh Avenue and 128th Street) proposes to build a fine edifice. At last Sunday's morning service, the fifty-seventh anniversary of the founding of the church, the pastor, Mr. Page, called for a necessary subscription of $2,000, and, to his gratification, before night over $10,000 was pledged.

—Mayor Chapin, of Brooklyn, has appointed the Rev. R. S. Storrs, D.D., of the Church of the Pilgrims, a Park Commissioner, to succeed Robert Van Vleck, resigned.

—Farewell exercises were held in the ancient Sands Street Methodist Church building, at the end of the Brooklyn Bridge, last Sunday night. Many of the older church members related experiences connected with this church and its predecessor.

—The trustees of the proposed Protestant Episcopal Cathedral in this city held a meeting on Friday of last week at which a report from the committee on architects' plans was received and approved. A circular to American and foreign architects, inviting sketches of plans for the cathedral, will be issued this month. In June, perhaps, a prospectus will be sent out setting forth the work already done by the trustees, describing the probable designs for the great building, and asking for further subscriptions to the cathedral fund.

—The corner-stone of the Union Reformed Church in High Bridge, in this city, was laid with interesting ceremonies last Sunday.

—The Young Men's Christian Association of this city has among other recent innovations, organized a "savings fund" for men or boys who receive small wages. They can deposit at any time small sums which will be returned with a bank-book when they amount to $1, and this can be deposited in any bank. Any sum above five cents will be received in this way on Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday evenings at the Young Men's Institute, No. 234 Bowery.

—Commencement exercises in Union Theological Seminary take place this week. Princeton and Auburn also hold their anniversaries this week.

NEW ENGLAND

—The Rev. Increase N. Tarbox, D.D., the historiographer of the Historico-Genealogical Society, died in Newton, Mass., on May 3, aged seventy-three. He was born in East Windsor, Conn., and graduated from Yale in 1839. He held a seven years' pastorate in Framingham Center, and while there was elected Secretary of the American Educational Society, and relinquished his pastorate to assume that position. In 1884 he resigned on account of advancing years and to devote more time to literature. He has been a frequent contributor to magazines, both religious and secular, was at one time associate editor of the "Congregationalist," and has been historiographer of the Historico-Genealogical Society for a long time.

—The tenth annual meeting of the Woman's American Baptist Home Missionary Society of Massachusetts was held at Worcester last week. The object of the Society is the evangelization and education of women and children among the colored people, Indians, and immigrants. Mrs. Thomas Nickerson, of Newton, presided. The yearly receipts were $30,748, an increase of $7,175 over the previous year.

—Sunday of last week was the fortieth anniversary of the pastorate of the Rev. A. A. Miner, of the Columbus Avenue Universalist Church of Boston, Mass., and the occasion was observed by the church with felicitous exercises.

—Professor William R. Harper, of Yale, will hold six summer schools for the study of Hebrew this year—at Newton Center, Mass.; at Philadelphia, Pa.; at the University of Virginia; at Chicago, Ill.; and twice at Chautauqua, N. Y.

—The Congregational Society of South Norwalk, Conn., has decided to erect a new building, at an expense of about $50,000.

—The Union Evangelical Society of Peterboro', N. H., lately celebrated the thirteenth anniversary of the change from the Presbyterian to the Congregational form of church government. The church has existed since 1749

—The Dwight Place Congregational Church of New Haven, Conn., the Rev. J. E. Twitchell, D.D., pastor, celebrated its semi-centennial April 22. The present membership is 569. The improvements in the church edifice are to be commenced in a short time.

—Toward a fund of $50,000 for a new building for the Young Men's Christian Association of Bridgeport, Conn., Dr. J. De Ver Warner has bought a lot for $20,000, and given $6,000. Other Bridgeport citizens have subscribed liberally.

WEST AND SOUTH.

—As was stated in this column last week, the Episcopal Diocesan Convention at Charleston, S. C., has been divided on the race question. The past week several resolutions were introduced intended to adjust the matter. The seceders from the last Convention held a meeting at the same place and time, which was attended by fifteen lay delegates and four clergymen. The main conference adopted resolutions declaring that the entire separation of the races is necessary, and providing for the appointment of a commission to consult with the colored congregations with a view to effect complete separation into two organizations under the Bishop of the diocese. The negro churches, of course, repudiated this, and the convention adjourned without reaching any satisfactory result in the matter. A dispatch to the New York papers says that the situation has become very serious, and at present a split in the church seems imminent. Out of nine churches in Charleston only two are in the Convention. The delegates refuse to accept the Porter compromise, and the colored churches also refuse to go into a separate organization. The seceders do not even recognize the Convention that recently adjourned, although it was attended by a majority of the delegates. In an address to the laity the Bishop says: "In this contest over the privileges of our order, which has been so bitterly waged for a long time, we have good reason to believe that you have no real objection to the privilege claimed, but that the reason of your stubborn opposition is that, as a consequence of the exercise of this privilege, persons of color are admitted to seats in our convention. Now, as a matter of fact, we agree with you perfectly that the association of persons of color in our legislation is very objectionable, and to be avoided if possible; and therefore, while insisting on our clerical privileges, we will do all in our power to obviate this consequence of it to which you so strenuously object, and which we ourselves deplore. We believe that the colored churchmen themselves concur in this view, and, while we cannot compel them to form a separate organization, we will invite them to do so, and we believe they will comply."

—Professor Bumstead, of Atlanta University, has secured $11,000 of the $16,000 required to make good $8,000 withdrawn by the Legislature of Georgia and $8,000 for current expenses. John G. Whittier wrote to Professor Bumstead: "I heartily approve the refusal of the officers of the Atlanta University to yield to the demands of the State of Georgia, which required on their part the abandonment of the principle of equal rights and privileges, irrespective of color, upon which the institution was founded. Whether the State of Georgia can afford to requite in this way the large liberality of the people of the North, who have built up this noble institution for the education of our colored youth, is a question for her to solve, but for the college itself there was no other course possible than the one it has taken."

—The Rev. Malcolm McG. Dana has resigned the pastorate of Plymouth Congregational Church, Minneapolis, Minn., to accept his call from the Kirk Street Church in Lowell, Mass., of which we spoke last week. Of his work in Minneapolis one of the city papers says: "He has accomplished what would satisfy ordinary man, but no approximate estimate of his toil can be had from his successes, though they are almost innumerable. He has not only worked for the religious upbuilding of his own church and denomination, but for the institutions of the State as well, and he has been the central figure in all movements inaugurated in this city and State during the last ten years, looking to progress and reform. He founded the State Board of Correction and Charities, and has been its Vice-President since its organization. He has also taken a deep interest in works of charities, and on that account, aside from his prominence as a divine, was chosen one of the Vice-Presidents of the relief societies of St. Paul, the success of which is largely attributed to his efforts."

—Arrangements for the national convention of Christian Endeavor Societies which will be held in Chicago from the 5th to the 8th of July are rapidly maturing. Dr. James H. Brooke, of St. Louis, will preach the sermon. Addresses will be given by Dr. John H. Barrows, Bishop Fallows, the Rev. Arthur Mitchell, the Rev. Wayland Hoyt, Miss Frances E. Willard, and many others.

—The three great societies of the Baptist Church will hold their anniversary meeting in Washington, D. C., next week. These societies are the American Baptists' Home Missionary Society, the American Baptists' Union, having charge of foreign missions, and the American Baptists' Publication Society. Reports of work done will be received, and the plan of work for the ensuing year will be decided upon. Delegates will be present from every State and Territory in the Union, representing over 30,000 churches and nearly as many ministers. The number of delegates who will be present will be between 2,000 and 3,000, including prominent pastors and laymen in the church, besides a number of foreign missionaries.

MINISTERIAL PERSONALS.

CONGREGATIONAL.

—Henry M. Grant, of the Central Church of Middleboro', Mass., has resigned.

—The church in Winchester, Mass., has requested its pastor, the Rev. Charles R. Seymour, to withdraw his resignation, but this he declines to do, and probably will close his labors there on May 6

—J. R. Lewis, of Deerfield, N. Y., has accepted a call to the church in Bergen, N. Y.

—Lawrence Phelps, of Gardner, Mass., has received a call from the Second Church in Bennington, Vt.

—C. E. Derebey has accepted a call to the church in West Brooksfield, Mass.

—E. S. Huntress has accepted a call to the First Church of Ware Center, Mass.

—J. E. Bushnell, of Fairfield, Conn., accepts a call to the Presbyterian church in Rye, N. Y.

—B. S. Adams, of Westford, Vt., has resigned.

—A. L. Gillet, of Grand Forks, Dak., has accepted the position of Instructor in Apologetics at the Hartford Theological School.

—J. G. Smith, of Oberlin Seminary, has received a call to Wauseon, O.

—G. H. Woodhull accepts a call to Chase, Kan.

—N. D. Panshear accepts a call to Unionville, O.

—J. C. Crawford was installed as pastor of the church at Nickerson, Kan., on April 19.

—G. E. Allen, of North Reading, Mass., has been dismissed by a council from the Congregational fellowship, as he desires to join the Episcopal Church.

—W. J. Gray accepts a call to Fort Scott, Kan.

—G. A. Rockwood, of Oregon City, Ore., has resigned.

PRESBYTERIAN.

—T. E. Calvert accepts a call to Fredonia, N. Y.

—I. I. Gorby accepts a call to Union City, Ind.

—C. E. Schaible, of Paw Paw, Ill., has accepted a call to Lincoln

—R. K. Wharton has been installed as pastor of the church at Lapeer, Mich.

—S. S. Cryer was installed as pastor of the Third Church of Cincinnati, O., on April 22.

—John McNaughton, associate pastor of the Reformed church of Newburg, N. Y., has received a call from the First Presbyterian Church of Morristown, N. J.

—Albert R. Raymond, the oldest preacher in the Presbytery of Lackawanna, died at Salem Wayne County, Pa., on Thursday of last week. He was eighty-two years old, and a graduate of Union College. He had preached at Salem since 1844.

EPISCOPAL.

—John Henry Hobart Brown, first bishop of Fond du Lac, Wis., died in that city on May 2, at the age of fifty-seven. He was consecrated as Bishop in 1875. At one time he was rector of the Church of the Good Angels (now Emmanuel) in Brooklyn, N. Y., which he organized

—S. H. Watkins, of St. Andrew's Church, Meriden, Conn., has resigned to accept the rectorship of the Church of the Ascension, New Haven, Conn.

—Canon W. L. Robbins has been chosen Dean of All Saints' Cathedral, Albany, N. Y. He will be installed next autumn.

—Kenneth McKenzie, Jr., assistant rector of the Holy Trinity of this city, accepts a call to St. Thomas's Church, New Windsor, N. Y.

OTHER CHURCHES.

—Dr. Vassar, of the South Baptist Church of this city, has accepted a call to the First Church of Kansas City, Mo.

—F. W. Farr, of the Baptist church of Biddeford, Me., has resigned.

—S. J. Hunter, pastor of the Centenary Methodist Church of Hamilton, Ontario, Can., who died on April 30, was one of the most prominent ministers of his denomination in the Dominion, and had filled many important stations.

—N. B. Thompson, of the Twenty-fifth Street Free Baptist Church of this city, has resigned.

MOUNT HOLYOKE ALUMNÆ.

The third annual meeting of the Mount Holyoke Alumnæ Association for New York, Brooklyn, and Vicinity took place on Saturday April 14, in the parlors of the Hotel Brunswick, New York City.

The election of officers for the ensuing year occupied the early part of the day, and was followed by an unusually interesting literary programme.

A paper by Miss Helen M. Pratt, on "Industrial Schools," their incipiency and outgrowth, showed the exceeding value to the world at large of this system of practical object teaching in all its branches, from the infant classes, who obtain their first idea of a globe from the ball of clay molded by their own hands, up to the most complete and intricate machinery perfected by trained and skilled labor.

A "Letter from Mount Holyoke," narrating home life at the Seminary for the past six months, succeeded, and was followed by a humorous paper by Miss Stella Conkling, entitled "The Mirage in Every Day Life," in which the writer displayed remarkable agility in eluding and playing about her subject, giving her hearers a sense of happy bewilderment quite suggestive of the visionary dreams indicated by her title.

An hour or more was given up to the lunch for which the Brunswick is famous, and to social intercourse, and the remainder of the day was devoted to the reading and discussion of a paper prepared by Miss Pauline W. Halbert, in answer to one already issued, and which discussed matters of vital interest to the Seminary in its present attitude of preparing to add a completely equipped college department to the work she has been doing so well for fifty years as a seminary.

In all respects this meeting was most satisfactory; not only in its literary features, but as a delightful social family gathering. Miss Mary A. Brigham, of Brooklyn, was chosen President; Mrs. T. W. Cleaveland, Recording Secretary; Miss Mary Titcomb, Corresponding Secretary; and Miss Emma L. Reed, Treasurer.

Books and Authors.

BANKER, POET, AND GOSSIP.[1]

Few readers of our time have perused Samuel Rogers's "Pleasures of Memory;" fewer still have ever heard of his "Human Life" or his "Voyage of Columbus." Yet his name is "familiar as a household word" to all of us. His famous breakfasts, his witty, satirical, and often ill-natured "table talk;" his patronage of art, his friendship with brilliant writers and men of distinction—all these have saved from extinction the writer of what was, after all, essentially commonplace poetry. He had, it is true, the honor of declining the poet-laureateship; but had he accepted, it cannot be thought that the somewhat singular roll of laureate-poets would have been greatly ennobled thereby. The more than nine-tenths of a century included between the dates of his birth and his death was, however, full of interest; and his personal relations with the time and its celebrities furnish ample material for an entertaining and instructive book. The present work really brings the story of Samuel Rogers's life only to the beginning of that half-century through which he was so prominent a figure; yet even the first forty years of his experience are far from being devoid of interest, and their record decidedly whets the reader's appetite for the volumes that are to follow. Among the contradictions given to some generally entertained ideas about Rogers is the statement that it was only in his early days that he was in any true sense a "banker-poet," as when he published his volume of poems he was only the youngest member in the banking partnership, with scarcely the most distant prospect of ever being anything else. We select a few passages for quotation:

AS A BOY.

There was a children's ball at his father's house, at which many older people were present. Samuel Rogers—then about thirteen—was dancing a minuet with a pretty little girl, and at the moment when he should have put on his hat and given both hands to his partner, he threw the hat among the young ladies who were sitting on the benches, creating much surprise and confusion. "This strange feat," he said to Mr. Dyce, "was occasioned by my suddenly recollecting a story of some gallant youth who had signalized himself in the same way." He probably told this story because it showed an unregulated and childish form of the desire for distinction which was an important element of his character as a young man.

JOHN WESLEY.

When I was a young man in the banking house, and my father lived at Newington, I used every day in going into the city to pass by a certain place. One day, in returning, I saw a number of respectable persons of both sexes assembled here, all well dressed in mourning, and with very serious look and behavior. The door of the house was open, and they entered it in pairs. I thought that, without impropriety, I might join them; so we all walked upstairs, and came to a drawing-room in the midst of which was a table; on this table lay the body of a person dressed in a clergyman's robes, with bands, and his gray hair shading his face on either side. He was of small stature, and his countenance looked like wax. We all moved round the table, some of the party much affected, with our eyes fixed on the venerable figure that lay before us; and as we moved on, others came up and succeeded in like manner. After we had gone the round of the table in our lingering procession we descended as we came. The person that lay before us was the celebrated John Wesley, and at the earnest request of his congregation they were permitted to take this pathetic and affectionate farewell of their beloved pastor.

ADAM SMITH'S CHARACTER.

He had, says Mackenzie, as reported in Rogers's diary, twice Dr. Johnson's learning—who only knew one language well, the Latin—though he had none of his affectation of it. He was one of the mildest and most amiable of men, a good son, an affectionate brother, and a sincere friend. The last time we met was at a club which was held every Sunday evening at his own house (I had once the pleasure to see you there, sir). He was very cheerful, but we persuaded him not to sup with us, and he said, about half-past nine, as he left the room: "I love your company, gentlemen, but I believe I must leave you—to go to another world." He died a few hours after. Before I came that evening he had burned, with the assistance of Dr. Black, sixteen volumes in manuscript on Jurisprudence—the sum of one course of his Lectures at Glasgow, as was the "Wealth of Nations" of another; but these had not received his last corrections, and from what he had seen he had formed a mean opinion of posthumous publications in general. With a most retentive memory, the conversation was solid beyond that of any man. I have often told him after half an hour's conversation—"Sir, you have said enough to make a book." Dr. Blair by these means introduced many of Adam Smith's thoughts on jurisprudence into his lectures, but when I told him of it—"He is very welcome," said he; "there is enough left."

ASCETICISM AND ATHEISM.

In the diary Rogers relates that a guest told him that the Jesuits at Macao, when they took their siesta after dinner, held an ivory ball in their hands and a brass basin between their feet; the instant the ball dropped the noise wakened them; they then knew they had slept, and held one wink of sleep to be sufficient refreshment. When a European visited a great man at Canton he often walked in his waistcoat—a servant carrying behind him his coat, hat, and sword; and that was considered a visit of ceremony.——In another passage in the diary Mr. Rogers repeats the following anecdote related at his table by Dr. Priestley: "When I was dining at Paris, fifteen years ago, at Turgot's table, M. de Chatellerx—author of 'Travels Through America'—in answer to an inquiry, said that the two gentlemen opposite to me were the Bishop of Aix and the Archbishop of Toulouse; 'but,' said he, 'they are no more believers than you or I.' I assured him I was a believer, but he would not believe me; and Le Roi, the philosopher, said that I was the only man of sense he knew that was a Christian. A young man of family called upon me, and said, with tears of joy in his eyes, that he heard I was a believer. 'Yes,' said I, 'but I am a great heretic, not such a believer as you' 'Still,' said he, 'you are a believer.'"

ODDS AND ENDS.

When a collection for the poor players was proposed, all but Garrick attended the meeting. "He did set out," says Foote, "but as he turned the corner of the Adelphi he met the ghost of a shilling"——Burke often complained of the discord and intractability of our language.——Sheridan of Pitt: His is a brain that never works but when his tongue is set a-going, like some machines that are set in motion by a pendulum or some such thing.——When Wilkes's windows were broken he smiled, and said, "Some of my journeymen set up for themselves."——Mrs. Warburton, provoked by the Bishop's silence, once threw a book at his head: "If you won't answer me, you will answer a book."——Plant nettles on the grave of a satirist—stinging nettles.——Dr. Franklin's receipt for a verdict in your favor: "Have reason on your side, procure an eloquent attorney to state it, an impartial judge to try it; and then, *if you have great luck*, you may gain your cause."

[1] *The Early Life of Samuel Rogers.* By P. W. Clayden. (Boston: Roberts Brothers.)

PROUDHON'S PHILOSOPHY.[1]

This volume is numbered as Volume IV of Proudhon's works, the first of which, "What is Property?" was published some few years ago, and at the time noticed in our columns. The second and third volumes have not yet been published in English. The complete works, the publisher announces, will comprise about fifty volumes. The books are sold only by subscription. To the theologian, not to say to the Christian, it is a somewhat interesting fact that Proudhon declares that what he calls "the hypothesis of God" is necessary to enable him to proceed intelligibly. "I need," he says, "the hypothesis of God, not only to give a meaning to history, but also to legitimate the reforms to be effected in the name of science in the State." We are far from basing our belief in God upon authority of any kind, nor should we think of calling upon Mr. Proudhon as our witness if we were inclined to base that belief upon authority. But the fact that the most radical advocate of socialistic reform finds it necessary to assume the existence of God as the basis of social reform is one of significance, certainly to be pondered by those who have erroneously imagined that there is any necessary or even any natural affiliation between Socialism and atheism. The truth is, on the contrary, that Socialism, which is only an attempt, often blind and mistaken, to formulate the brotherhood of man, has no possible basis except that afforded by the Fatherhood of God. The fundamental postulate of M. Proudhon in his socialistic discussion is that embodied in his famous aphorism that property is theft, an aphorism enlarged and interpreted in the following sentence: "As an illustrious minister recently confessed before the English Parliament, and as we shall soon show, the increase of misery in the present state of society is parallel and equal to the increase of wealth." If we understand his purpose aright in this work, it is to justify the statement in the above quotation; to show that "wherever labor has not been socialized—that is, wherever value is not synthetically determined—there is irregularity and dishonesty in exchange; a war of stratagems and ambuscades; an impediment to production, circulation, and consumption; unproductive labor; insecurity; spoliation; insolidarity; want; luxury: but at the same time an effort of the genius of society to obtain justice, and a constant tendency toward association and order." This attempted demonstration he arranges under five heads: The Division of Labor, Machinery, Competition, Monopoly, and Taxation. Some of M. Proudhon's ideas which were very radical when he uttered them have been justified since, as his declaration that monopoly is the inevitable end of competition. There is no question that M. Proudhon is one of the sources from which modern Socialists have consciously or unconsciously drawn many of their ideas. He was one of the first to frame the modern socialistic indictment of society, and he does this distinctly from the standpoint of the law, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. The student of modern socialistic thought needs, therefore, to know something at least of the thought of Proudhon; but the ordinary reader finds all that is of value in his thinking sifted out for him and put in more effective and more useful forms by later writers.

[1] *System of Economical Contradictions, or the Philosophy of Misery.* By P. J. Proudhon. Vol. I. Translated from the French by Benjamin R. Tucker. (Boston: B. R. Tucker.)

THE MAKERS OF VENICE.[1]

Readers of that charming book "The Makers of Florence" anticipated a peculiar pleasure when they read the announcement of a companion volume from the same hand dealing with the "Makers of Venice." Mrs. Oliphant has given another example of her extraordinary fertility and versatility. Her novels flow forth in a continuous stream, many of them displaying a high degree of dramatic power, strong command of situations, and a fine literary quality. This rapid production of fiction has been interrupted at times by excursions into fields more serious, or at least more distinctly historical, in character. In dealing with the themes which history or literature supplies, Mrs. Oliphant has disclosed, in our judgment, her very best qualities. The "Makers of Florence" is, from the literary point of view, a charming piece of work, accurate, trustworthy, full of intellectual sympathy and personal charm. The "Makers of Venice" is a fit companion volume in all respects. It presents at once a less inviting and a more brilliant theme. Florence has played a great part in the world's history, and has been the mother of more distinguished men than any other city except Athens. The wonderful interest of her story lies in the variety of character and achievement which belongs to these men. The story of Florence is the story of her great citizens. These puissant and illustrious characters stand out against the background of Florentine life. Venice, on the other hand, obscures and absorbs her children; their personality seemed somehow to escape under the subtle touch of this enchantress of the seas; and for this very reason, while the story loses something of human quality, it gains a new kind of brilliancy; something cold and, at times, unhuman, but of almost overpowering splendor.

Mrs. Oliphant describes her new book as "a little gallery of Venice," and she has followed in this volume the method which she pursued in the "Makers of Florence;" the method, that is, of making us understand Venetian life and history by telling us the story of the histories of her most distinguished and influential citizens. She gives us, instead of the unbroken narrative of history, a series of brilliant portraits, a group of romantic and thrilling stories skillfully joined together into a consistent whole. Beginning with the great ruling families, she recites the adventurous and stormy lives of the Doges from the days of Orseolo to the decline and end of the Ducal power. She describes and characterizes the great soldiers, sailors, and traders who carried the rule of Venice to the far seas, and made her a power of world-wide repute. Turning away from these material builders of the wonderful city, Mrs. Oliphant gives us a full and picturesque account of Marco Polo, of Petrarch's brief but interesting connection with Venice, and of the other literary men who belong to its history. The most brilliant chapter in the story is that which deals with Venetian art and with those wonderful painters whose opulence of color and imagination seem part of the very city itself. In all these different portraits and stories the real life of Venice is somehow made very clear and splendid, and while distinguished men seem to be moving across the stage in long procession, the impression which remains when they have all passed is not so much their greatness as the splendor of the city to which they dedicated their genius.

[1] *The Makers of Venice.* By Mrs. Oliphant. (New York: Macmillan & Co. $3.)

THE NEW EDITION OF BROWNING.

Readers of Robert Browning have been much interested in the announcement of the publication in England of the new and complete edition of the poet's voluminous work arranged and revised by himself. This edition is to be contained in thirteen volumes, to be issued monthly, and the first has made its appearance, bearing the imprint of Macmillan & Co. (New York), and containing "Pauline" and "Sordello." The arrangement of the poems is to follow the order of their publication. In his preface Mr. Browning acknowledges the repugnance with which he retains "Pauline" in this final edition of his completed work. His readers have long been aware of his feeling toward this poem, although as a whole it is not probable that they share it, at least in its intensity. The poem has been subjected to some revision, chiefly in the removal of solecisms, the mending of the meter, and the strengthening of the phraseology. The date of the writing of each poem will be given, and the edition when complete will give us the entire body of the poet's work as arranged and revised by himself. The first volume answers all the requirements of such a work from the typographical point of view. It is of convenient size, printed from a large, clear type, with good margins, on an excellent quality of paper, and bound substantially in excellent taste. The volumes are to be sold in this country at $1 50.

Hortus Inclusus: Messages from the Wood to the Garden, Sent in Happy Days to the Sister Ladies of the Thwaite, Coniston, by their Thankful Friend, John Ruskin, LL.D. (New York: John Wiley & Sons.) This volume is made up of letters written by Mr. Ruskin to two ladies living not far from his own home, near Lake Coniston, for many years most dear and intimate friends. They are selected from a large mass of letters, "the fruit," says the editor, "of the most beautiful friendship I have ever been permitted to witness." What principle governed the selection it is hard to imagine, and equally hard to say what sufficiently good end is secured by their publication. The better acquaintance with the writer is something, to be sure; but whether the admirers of Mr. Ruskin will be altogether glad of this particular addition to their knowledge admits of question. Why should so devoted a friend as the editor, or selector rather, have chosen out of such a number of letters those which show us chiefly the feminine side of the writer's nature? We are glad to know Mr. Ruskin better, on almost any terms, and it is pleasant to be admitted to the confidences of such a friendship, even the lighter ones. But surely something more worthy of it could have been given without profaning the inner sanctuary. It is actually irritating to have so much restlessness and dissatisfaction without adequate discernible cause spread before one; additionally irritating because one feels that the impression given is exaggerated. There is no more of complaint about things in general than might be found in the writing of any thoughtful and sensitive person full of activity and constantly running athwart the customs and pet notions of the day, certainly no more than one expects to find in Mr. Ruskin's pages, only here it is unrelieved and unbalanced by the steadiness and truth which give dignity to the complaint. Sprinkled in among graver letters, these girlish and interjectional epistles about trivial affairs might do very well. Relieved against them, they would even be useful. There are many delightful bits in them as they are. But taken by themselves, they give out snatches and fragments which cannot be combined into a whole, and leave one wondering more than ever what sort of a man the writer is. They do, however, indicate how much the man has suffered from his boyhood. "Everything right and good they did for me," says he of his parents, "except only that they never put me through any trials to harden me or give me decision of character, or make me feel how much they did for me. But that error was a fearful one, and cost them and me Heaven only knows how much." And they also show the man's pure purpose and fellowship with beauty in the world and in character, and the ceaseless activity of a life which has more happiness than is here confessed, and also more sorrow than is here told. After all, we feel in these letters the wholesomeness of Mr Ruskin's nature. We resent their superficial trivialities. We wish for more of his serious thought; but his play is often delightful play, and the stones and flowers and feathers and birds and the minor happenings of his own life here chronicled are never separated from a deep and true purpose, which one cannot touch even through the distance of print without being benefited.

Tax the Area. By Kemper Bocock. (New York: John W. Lovell Co. 20 cents.) This book is another indication of the enrichment of our economic literature which has taken place and will take place in consequence of the writings of Mr. George. Not that the book itself is especially valuable, but it contains much vigorous thinking, all of which has been stimulated by the reading of "Progress and Poverty." Mr. Bocock takes the position that in case the people at large do create the value of land and property then they have a right to it, and it is robbery for the present owners to withhold, and not for the people to claim, it. But he makes the point quite strongly that the people at large do not create the unearned increment, but that most of it is due to the improvements made by individual capitalists and corporations. This point was first made, we believe, in The Christian Union, though in our own columns we laid a special stress upon the fact that the taxes paid by individual owners from year to year have in great part occasioned and paid for the rise in value of their lands. Mr. Bocock, like Mr. George, takes the position that the taxation of the improvements on land (houses, railroads, etc.) prevents these improvements, and therefore that the tax should fall as heavily on vacant lots as upon those with houses upon them. The practical injustice of this has often been brought out. Its theoretical fallacy is that capital is saved and invested just as carefully when the net profits to the owner are six per cent. as when they are seven per cent. So that a tax which diminishes net profits will not prevent the accumulation and investment of property.

A Critical History of Sunday Legislation from 321 *to* 1888. By A. H. Lewis, D D (New York: D. Appleton & Co.) This volume will hardly supplant the much fuller and more elaborate history of the Sabbath, including Sabbath legislation, by Cox, which has long been the recognized authority upon this subject. It can hardly be said to be written in a purely historical spirit. The object of the author, very frankly avowed in the preface, is to show that our Sunday legislation grew out of an epoch in which the Church was supreme in the State, and the attempt of Puritan rulers was to embody in civil enactment the laws of God. We do not see, however, that this aim has affected the fairness of our author's report. The fact is indubitable, though his implied conclusion that Sunday legislation is inconsistent with the American separation of Church and State by no means follows. The book is a valuable book of reference, and we do not know where else to find anything like so good a statement of later Sunday legislation. The laws on this subject in all the States of the Union are summarized. It will perhaps be a surprise to some of our readers to know that there are two States—namely, Arizona and California—which have no Sunday law, while Louisiana has only recently (June, 1886) enacted one. It is worthy of note, though our author does not note that fact, that the Louisiana Sunday law was not enacted as the result of any Puritan sentiment.

Aids to Common Worship: Services of Holy Scripture from the Revised Version, in the Readings and Renderings Preferred by the American Revisers. The object of this volume, which has been prepared by the Rev. Richard G. Green, is to promote a liturgical service in the non-liturgical churches. We incline to think that it will impress the non-liturgical minister as somewhat too complicated. We entirely sympathize with the growing desire to increase the element of worship in the services of the sanctuary; and we hope that the same tendency which has substituted congregational for choir singing, and has introduced so universally congregational hymn and tune books into our churches, will be followed by one providing in a similar way for congregational participation in prayer and Scripture reading. But we are sure that this introduction must be gradual, and the liturgical services so introduced must at first be simple in their nature. There may, however, be some churches that are even now ready for so churchly a volume as this, and any minister desiring to introduce a liturgical element in the church service will certainly find great help from this volume. The table of daily Scripture lessons for the purpose of promoting a methodical study of the Bible in its entirety is a notably valuable feature. (New York: Century Co. $2.)

The Story of the Psalms. By Henry van Dyke, D.D. (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.) It requires a poet to interpret a poet, and a spiritual poet to interpret spiritual poetry. The difficulty with most commentaries on the Psalms is that they are written in a scholastic spirit, and that the interior truth is almost lost sight of in critical detail. The transparency is examined, but the light within it is put out. The poet is subjected to a kind of vivisection, and the spirit which looks through the eyes and gives its value to the poet is, if not slain, at least wholly forgotten in the proceeding. Dr. van Dyke's "Story of the Psalms" is a poet's interpretation of poetry, and is made up of sermons or addresses—at least so we judge—delivered to his own congregation. He has spent no time in critical discussion. From 150 psalms he has selected eighteen, and each one for some specific characteristic; then, not without some analysis of the Psalm, he has brought out its essential and spiritual lesson. His book appears to us admirable, not only as an illustration of a wise way in which to treat the Scripture, and so usefully suggestive to preacher and teacher, but also as a book for Sunday reading for thoughtful and devout souls. To all such we cordially commend it.

THE MAGAZINES.

The interest of the *New Princeton Review* for May is largely literary. Three notable critical essays deserve careful reading. John Safford Fiske has an extremely brilliant and incisive article on Balzac, nearly, if not quite, equal in acumen to the essay on Hugo by the same writer printed recently. These two papers are certainly enough to prove that Mr. Fiske rightly holds a place in the first rank o our literary critics. Mr. W. C Brownell's paper on "The French Provincial Spirit" is easy and agreeable in style, and groups many apt illustrative facts. The third distinctly literary article is that on "Pastoral Elegies," by Charles G D. Roberts, a careful and discriminating piece of work. "A Political Frankenstein" is the phrase used by Mr. Eugene Schuyler to describe Bulgaria in its relation to the Powers which created it and which intended it to be a sort of automaton without a will of its own. Mr. Schuyler, who, of course, writes with the fullest personal knowledge of Eastern questions, thinks there is now no question that hereafter in the international arrangements for the principality the will of Bulgaria must first be consulted. A study of "Ethics and Economics," as related to economical and moral problems of the day, by Washington Gladden; the relation of "An Episode in Central American History" (the story of General Barrios), and a strong story, or character sketch, by Annie T. Slosson, make up the contents of the number.

With the opening of the new volume, which begins with its May issue, *The Century* begins the important series of papers on "Siberia and the Exile System," by George Kennan, already preluded, as our readers know, by papers describing the condition of the Russian political prison and the state of the Russian law as regards political offenses. Mr. Kennan explains that his opportunities in examining the actual condition of things in Siberia were in great measure due to the fact that he was honestly inclined to the belief that the system had been grossly misrepresented by Stepniak and Krapotkin, and that the result of his investigations would be largely to clear the Russian authorities from slander. This prepossession was known to the Russian authorities, who naturally thought Mr. Kennan would not seek to find facts which did not accord with his already expressed belief. The result was that they allowed him to come and go freely. He now proposes to give in detail the facts that caused him to change his opinion in the matter completely. This first article is chiefly descriptive, and is admirably illustrated by Mr. George A. Frost, who was sent out together with Mr. Kennan by the Century Company to aid in preparing these articles. In other ways the magazine is even better than usual. To mention two or three only of the most attractive features, we find Matthew Arnold's address on Milton delivered in St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, last February, at the unveiling of the Childs Memorial Window; Mr. Henry James's first installment of a novelette, "The Liar;" Mr. W. F. Fox's curious inquiry into "The Chances of Being Hit in Battle," and Mr. Roosevelt's stirring account of "Sheriff's Work on a Ranch," all of marked attractiveness.

The current number of the *Political Science Quarterly* (Ginn & Co., New York) opens with an article by President Francis A. Walker on the "Basis of Taxation," in reply to Mr. Spahr's position that the just principle of taxation is "the equal taxation of all property and the non taxation of wages." President Walker maintains that the exclusive taxation of property would prevent savings. He says that in the early history of our country it did not have this effect because the people were naturally frugal, but to-day they are naturally extravagant, so that the system which answered then will not answer now. Mr Spahr's natural answer to this objection would be that the capital of the country has never increased so rapidly as it is increasing now, and has never been so well able to support the burden of taxation. The second article in the "Quarterly" is an interesting history of the tariff of 1828, by Professor S. W. Taussig, of Harvard. This act was very justly called "the tariff of abominations." It was framed by its enemies, who inserted obnoxious provisions in order that it might be defeated, but it was passed in spite of them all. Professor Richmond M. Smith contributes a valuable monograph on the control of immigration. Nowhere have the facts bearing on the question been brought out in such scientific form. The remaining articles are, "The Michigan Salt Association," by Professor J. W. Jenks; "Nominations in New York City," by A. C. Bernheim, Ph D; "Laband's German Public Laws," by Professor John W. Burgess; and "State Statute and Common Law," by Professor Munroe Smith. Professor Smith holds that the victories of codification in all the European States are no argument for its establishment here. "The movements," he says, "are not analogous, but are diametrically opposed. In Europe the purpose of codification is to obtain common national law. In this country the effect of State codification is to destroy our national common law."

The Quarterly Journal of Economics, published for Harvard University, also opens with an article by President Walker on the "Source of Business Profits." In it he redemonstrates in capital style the absolute falsity of the wage-fund theory, which was believed by all economists for about forty years. This article is followed by an interesting examination of "Ground Rents in Philadelphia," by Edward P. Atkinson and Boies Penrose. Professor Taussig continues his study of our tariff history, taking up the period between 1830 and 1860. Professor Taussig is now the best authority on this topic. In addition to his scholarship, he has fair-mindedness and an interesting style. One of the most valuable features of this Quarterly is the Notes and Memoranda. In the current issue Osborne Howes, Jr., discusses "Government Monopoly *versus* Private Competition," and takes the position that our post office department, in spite of our uncivilized civil service, has been better and more economically managed than our railroads or telegraph companies. Frederick B Hawley attacks Mr. Atkinson's argument that labor in America at present receives ninety per cent of our national income. His argument is somewhat similar to that made in The Christian Union, and his conclusion is also similar. He believes that labor receives not more than sixty-five per cent., and that the remaining thirty five goes to capitalists in the form of rent and net profits.

LITERARY NOTES.

—"Sandra Belloni" has just been added by Roberts Brothers (Boston) to their new and cheaper edition of the novels of George Meredith.

—Messrs. Cupples & Hurd (Boston) have put into a single tastefully printed volume, in paper, Matthew Arnold's three articles on America and his review of General Grant's "Personal Memoirs."

—Frederick A Stokes & Brother will publish immediately "The Age of Cleveland, compiled largely from contemporary journals and other original sources, and edited for the benefit of posterity," by Harold Fulton Ralphdon.

—It is said that the expiration of the copyright on many of Carlyle's works is to result in the republication of many magazine articles which he would never allow to be reprinted, but which have been unearthed in the library of the British Museum.

—"The Forum" has outgrown its former quarters and removed to 253 Fifth Avenue. The demand for its May issue was the largest in its history, and its growth is assured no less by its admirable literary direction than by its energetic business management.

—Walter Besant has gone to Italy for rest. Few literary men in London, it is said, work harder than he. His custom is to take to the desk at eight in the morning and remain there for several hours. Like Anthony Trollope, he never waits for the mood to take him, but turns out his "copy" with systematic regularity.

—The authorized biography of W. E. Forster, the English statesman, which has been written by Mr. Wemyss Reid, will be published in London early in May. It comprises two volumes. That portion of the work which relates to Mr. Forster's career as Irish Secretary is described as exceptionally full and interesting.

—The Christian Union is very glad to welcome under its roof at 30 Lafayette Place the well-known publishing house of Fords, Howard & Hulbert, who have been at 27 Park Place for the last eighteen years, and who were for a number of years the publishers of The Christian Union. Messrs. Fords, Howard & Hulbert have followed the excellent example of The Christian Union in removing to one of the quietest and most central localities in the city, and their appearance in Lafayette Place is an important addition to the increasing publishing interests which center in this locality.

TEMPERANCE NEWS.

THE ANTI-SALOON REPUBLICANS.

The National Anti-Saloon Republican Convention was held in this city on Wednesday and Thursday of last week. The Convention assembled in one of the rooms in the Cooper Union. There were present a little over a hundred men and half a dozen women. One of the Secretaries stated to the writer that most of the States were represented, but a Prohibitionist present said that a quarter of the Convention were Third Party men and that most of the remainder were residents of New York or delegates to the Methodist Conference who had dropped in.

Yet, in spite of the fact that the Convention was lacking in numbers, it was not lacking in spirit. In talking with the delegates it was obvious that the only thing that discouraged them was that the leaders of the party held back, though, as was asserted, four-fifths of the rank and file were heartily in favor of making the Republican party an anti-saloon organization. The opening address was made by Albert Griffin, the Chairman of the National Committee. He read a number of letters from "men of Presidential caliber" approving of his movement. Before reading these Mr Griffin dwelt at length upon the conservatism which such men must preserve in their public utterances. After this introduction the audience was rather pleased than otherwise by the straightforwardness of some of the declarations which he read. They at least showed an advance from the letters written by the same men a year ago. Joseph R Hawley wrote: "I cordially sympathize with your efforts." William M Evarts: "I hope that your efforts to enlist the Republican party against liquor saloon politics will be successful." Senator Sherman indorsed the position already taken by the Republican party in Ohio—viz, high license and local option. Senator Harrison said that there had been a time when the Republican party of Indiana had dalliance with the liquor interest, but this came to an end a year ago, and would not be renewed. Ex-Secretary Windham wrote: "Courage means victory, cowardice defeat." Mr. Griffin followed the reading of these letters with an earnest address which was heartily applauded. He reviewed the great services of the Republican party in tearing away the great mantle of slavery etc, etc., expressed his belief in the principle of protecting home industries, and closed by declaring his still stronger devotion to the principle of protecting the homes themselves.

The morning session closed with speeches by General Morgan, of Rhode Island, the temporary chairman, and General Stewart L. Woodford, of New York. The latter's speech was hardly radical enough to suit the majority of the Convention. In the afternoon ex-Governor Perham, of Maine, who had been selected as the permanent chairman, made an address advocating prohibition for Maine and high license for New York. A son of the murdered Haddock, of Iowa, followed with a short address. Several other speeches were made, among which the most notable was that of Mrs. J. Ellen Foster, of Iowa. She was received enthusiastically, and again and again called forth prolonged applause. She urged the adoption of a national platform so clear and emphatic that no liquor-seller or man controlled by him could be beguiled to vote the ticket under the promise that his business will not suffer through Republican administration. Yet she declared that it would not be wise to advocate any specific form of temperance legislation, whether license or local option or prohibition. She urged as a paramount duty of Congress to repeal the taxes on alcoholic liquors. She denounced these taxes as intrenching "a base monopoly, an infamous oligarchy, a compact with lies, a league with hell."

On Thursday the resolutions which were adopted declared the saloon "a public enemy which ought to be abolished," and asked the National Republican Convention to incorporate in its platform an anti-saloon plank which shall be as clear and emphatic as the English language can make it. Among those who made addresses on Thursday was the Rev. Edward Everett Hale, of Boston.

SCOTT ACT REPEAL IN CANADA.

By the Rev. E. Barrass, M.A.

The friends of the liquor traffic are jubilant at what took place in the Dominion on April 19. The Scott Act was repealed in seven counties in the province of Ontario.

The day in question occurred at a season of the year when the roads in places were almost impassable, so that the electors could not readily reach the polls. The temperance people worked courageously, but there is reason to believe that those interested in "the traffic" were unscrupulous in their methods. This was to be expected.

Local option—and the Scott Act is nothing but a local option law—is always difficult to enforce, inasmuch as counties under license law can flood prohibited counties with liquor. Temperance people did not ask the Government for such a law as is known by the name of the Scott Act; they regarded it as a mere sop for the time being. The Act is a child of the Dominion Government, but the Governments of the Provinces have to provide machinery for its enforcement. There is not always a harmony of feeling between these Governments. The Provincial Governments have been slow in appointing officers to execute the provisions of the Act, when those appointed have, in some instances only, done their duty.

For instance, the Act says that the first violation shall be visited with a penalty of $50, the second $100, and the third imprisonment for two months. Only in a few instances has the third penalty been inflicted, though several persons have been brought to justice more than three times. In several instances, when the liquor-seller has been convicted the second and even the third time, the penalty inflicted has only been that which is ordered for the first offense. In a county well known to the writer, a constable went to execute a warrant against a tavern-keeper; "mine host" kindly gave the functionary of the law a "soft" drink, but the poor fellow lost his senses, and some of the warrants which he was sent to execute were found in his possession when he was restored to consciousness.

Several temperance people have become so disquieted with the manner in which the two political parties of the country have treated the temperance question that a "Third Party" has been inaugurated, whose platform is prohibition pure and simple. Some think that this is a mistake, and they argue that even temperance people have not always done their duty, inasmuch as, while about seventy counties have gone strongly in favor of the Scott Act, not one-quarter of these have elected members to Parliament who are thorough temperance men.

I am also glad to inform your readers that the Ontario Government has ordered a new temperance text-book to be studied in the public schools.

THE WEEK.

The local option bill was brought before the New York Assembly last week, and failed to pass by a single vote. It will be brought up again this week, when it is hoped that the presence of one or two more Republicans will carry through the measure to which the party pledged itself in its last platform. One Democrat voted in favor of the bill. In the debate the chief argument against the measure was that the town, and not the county, is the natural excise division, and that county prohibition results in continual difficulties between city and county authorities. The opponents of the measure said that under the present law it was possible for the temperance people to vote for no-license excise commissioners, and that this was local option enough.

On Friday last Governor Hill gave a hearing on the high license question. The liquor men urged that the law oppressively discriminated against the poorer saloon-keepers. Among the advocates of high license were several well-known Democrats, among them the Rev. Dr. Charles H. Hall, of Brooklyn.

The new liquor law in New Jersey went into effect May 1. In Jersey City it is said 350 grocerymen who had run bars in connection with their grocery business were compelled to close. In Hoboken there were about a hundred. In all the cities the saloon-keepers have so far been very careful not to allow any person under eighteen years of age to enter their saloons, since such action under the new law would make them the keepers of disorderly houses. In some cities the liquor men have tried to get permission to pay their license fees in monthly installments pending the decision of the court as to the constitutionality of the law; but this effort has failed.

The Prohibition State Convention held in Harrisburg, Pa., on Wednesday of last week, was enlivened by the discussion of a new problem, namely, that of immigration. The sentiment against unrestricted immigration was exceedingly marked, but it was decided to pass no resolutions regarding it. The platform finally adopted contained planks enough. Among other things it declared in favor of electing United States Senators by the direct vote of the people, settling all international differences by arbitration and all labor troubles by the courts, and giving suffrage to women.

The Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in their address to the General Conference now in session, declare that the only proper attitude toward the liquor traffic for Christians is that of relentless hostility, and congratulate themselves that their people "hold no second place in the pending struggles for prohibition." This paragraph in the address concludes: "The liquor traffic can never be legalized without sin. No temporary device for regulating it can become a substitute for prohibition. License, high or low, is vicious in principle and powerless as a remedy."

The W. C. T. U. Notes state that an ordinance is now under consideration by the City Council of Chicago which provides that before a license shall be granted for a saloon the written consent of a majority of the property owners in the block shall be obtained.

Only 389 saloons were licensed in Allegheny County, Pa., out of 3 000 which had been open under the new high license law.

MUSIC AND ART.

A musical prodigy is described by the London "World" in this fashion: "Otto Hegner, son of a German of Baden-Baden, who married and then remained with his family at Basel, Switzerland, is a greater pianist than little Hofmann; his programmes contain much more difficult pieces; he plays fugues with the irreproachable clearness of Von Bülow; he played Mendelssohn's 'Rondo Capriccio' with a grace and elegance very near perfection; his technique is remarkable for purity, evenness, and brilliancy; his expression is evidently not one drilled into him, but the outcome of his own feeling; he is less cunning than little Hofmann, who, notwithstanding his tender age, calculates his little comedies very well, whereas little Hegner laughs, jumps, and fidgets like a child; the moment he is applauded for even part of a piece he jumps down and bows to the audience. He plays a great number of pieces unhesitatingly by heart. He has one of the prettiest *pianos* I ever heard on the instrument, for which he may be indebted to the excellent Steinway; and, in fact, the only thing partly missing is the power, which, although his tone production is vigorous, especially at the end, yet the formation of his fingers seems not so full, so cushion like, as that of little Hofmann. I have not heard any of little Hegner's compositions, so I have no idea what they may be; but certain it is he plays like a musician, and to watch his foot so carefully avoiding to leave the pedal where it could be injurious is in itself an amusement."

In Theodore Child's recent article in "Harper's Weekly" on pictures in the Paris Salon by American artists, mention is made of the contributions of two Bostonians: Mr Walter Gay sends an "Atelier de Couture" and the "Bénéficié." These pictures are both exceedingly interesting as studies of the problems of cross and reflected light, and of the soft vibrating luminousness of calm interiors—problems which occupied the old Dutch masters, and which are still the joy of modern masters like Liebermann and Kuehl, for instance. It must ever be the despair of the writer to be unable by words to record the impression that such work as this makes upon the appreciative mind, or to analyze with even approximate verity the infinite delicacy of the grays as they pass from the depths of airy transparent shadow to the softness of *demi-teinte* and the complete intensity of full light. The large picture of the "Bénéficié" is a very exquisite piece of work in these respects, and the "Atelier de Couture," represented in our illustration, is not less remarkable. There is no American artist in Paris whose æsthetic development has been more marked and more interesting during the past five years than Mr. Walter Gay's. Considering the regrettable situation in which American artists are placed at the Salon exhibition, owing to the existence of the thirty-three per cent. tax on works of art imported into the United States—a situation which practically excludes them from all recompenses—I take pleasure in repeating the words of M Bonnat: "If Gay were a Frenchman, he would have had his medal and been *hors concours* long ago"—Mr. Childe Hassam's picture is called "Fleurs du Printemps." On a spring evening, just before the blue haze of twilight is rising above the horizon and clothing in mystery the ancient contours of Notre Dame and the Pantheon and the wide sweep of urban panorama that one sees from the heights of Montmartre, two sisters, on the terrace roof of their Parisian home, are musing over the spring of nature and the spring of their own young lives. On this terrace they have their garden seat, and their brilliant culture of azaleas and gladioli, whose red and rose-colored flowers light up the foreground of the picture. To the right, and beyond over the parapet, we see a quaint vista of red chimney pots and house roofs. The two girls are dressed in white, and the whole picture is very light in tone, luminous, and full of amusing and delicate effects of color.

An exhibition of work in pastel is now open at the Wunderlich gallery in this city. Messrs. Blum and W. M. Chase contribute several drawings, and Messrs. Beckwith, Bolton Jones, Bashfield, Francis Jones, and W. L. Palmer have work at the Wunderlich gallery.

The Prize Fund exhibition was opened last week with a private view on Thursday. About 350 of the pictures sent in have been accepted. There will be but one "prize picture," and this will go to the Metropolitan Museum.

FACT AND RUMOR.

The cruel and murderous saying, "The only good Indian is a dead Indian," has been amended by Dr. William M. Taylor so as to make it read, "The only good Indian is a Christian Indian."

The day the Emperor died there were sent off from the Berlin telegraph office 29 878 messages, aggregating 799 926 words. On the following day this record was beaten with 36 615 messages, aggregating 1,115 551 words.

A fond mother called the other day upon President Patton, of Princeton, and asked anxiously if her son would be well taken care of at college. Said Dr. Patton: "Madam, we guarantee satisfaction, or return the boy."—[Harper's Weekly.

The declaration of Bishop Foster to the Vermont Conference "that he would as soon pray for a plague to come into his church as for an evangelist," reminded us of the emphatic declaration of Bishop Fowler to the Maine Conference: "Preach santification, but not cranktification."—[Boston Zion's Herald.

An American gentleman who was recently visiting in England thought he would try an experiment to test the credulity of Englishmen in regard to the United States. So one day, when he was with a number of fairly intelligent Englishmen, he gravely told them that on various street corners of Chicago there are peculiar machines run by intricate clock work on which is inscribed the legend: "Drop ten silver dollars in the slot and get a divorce." Half of his auditors believed the story, and the other half accepted it in its main features, but criticised certain details.

A great many correspondents of out-of-town papers have been telling how stately and dignified Bishop Potter looks as he walks down Broadway, dressed like any other gentleman, except that he "wears the purple silk apron which is a badge of his office." Of course, Bishop Potter wears no purple apron either on the street or in church, and his office possesses no such badge. What probably gave rise to the mistake is the fact that the Bishop goes down to his office in Lafayette Place every morning carrying a small purple bag, such as lawyers carry, which is generally filled with documents, papers, and devotional books.—[N. Y. Tribune.

Man-eating tigers have become so numerous along a certain road in Malacca that a panic has seized foot travelers, and they will not go along it unless they can do so in company with a string of carts. The number of people killed by tigers in Sungei Ujong during the last half-dozen years must be enormous, for as many as three men a day have been taken off along the twenty-four miles of the principal road. One brute has for the last five months taken his two or three men a week regularly, and another has done the same at another place for three months, while at five or six other spots on the road men are frequently taken off.

INCENDIARY RATS.—According to "Fire and Water," Fire Marshal Whitcomb, of Boston, has been recently experimenting with rats and matches, shut up together in a cage, in order to ascertain whether they were likely to cause fires or not. In the absence of other known causes, frequent fires have been ascribed to their agency, while at the same time many underwriters affected to scoff at the idea. The question may, however, now be considered as settled. The very first night that Marshal Whitcomb's rats were left alone with the matches, four fires were caused, and not a day passed while the experiment was being tried that fires were not set in this way. The rats were well fed, but they seemed to find something in the phosphorus that they liked. It was noticed that only the phosphorus ends were gnawed, and in nearly every instance the matches were dragged away from the spot where they had been laid.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

THE DIRECT TAX BILL.

To the Editors of The Christian Union:

You invite a statement of "reasons for distributing millions of surplus among certain States in the Union;" in short, for the passage of the bill providing for repaying the States which paid the war tax imposed in 1861.

It would seem to be a sufficient reason that a part of the States only paid that tax, and that it remains a charge against the other part from which there has been and seems likely to be no serious attempt made to collect. Why not, in common fairness, insist that the amount thus charged shall be paid at once, or that the amount actually collected shall be repaid out of the alleged surplus in the Treasury?

An incidental benefit of such repayment would be that these millions would be distributed among the people from whom they have been withheld through the vicious, hoarding policy of the present Administration. It would be idle to say, however, that the Administration has hitherto had no power to otherwise disburse the so-called Treasury surplus.

Witness the President's failure to sign a bill appropriating millions for great public improvements, although the amount so appropriated was but a small part of the amount recommended by the trained engineers in the service of the Government.

Witness also the action of the Administration in refusing for months to buy any part of the hundreds of millions of outstanding Government bonds, and then admitting that the law all the while justified their purchase, by proceeding to purchase them without any authority whatever in addition to that furnished by long existing law. If there was no legal authority for the purchase of Government bonds prior to the President's last annual message, the Secretary of the Treasury deserved impeachment for making such purchases then. If there has been all the time such authority of law, the Administration surely deserves censure for not having further exercised its powers in that direction during these many months, until recently. It seems rather to have preferred to increase the Treasury accumulation, with a view to force tariff legislation, under the menace of a large Treasury surplus. A suspicious circumstance in connection with the opposition to repaying the direct tax is that it proceeds mainly from Representatives of those States which failed to pay the tax. But doubtless the principal opposition arose from the fact that the disbursement of these millions might to some extent interfere with the onslaught upon protection and the propagation of free trade, which was a fundamental idea of the Confederacy and is to-day receiving its principal aid in Congress from the men who were pillars of that now happily defunct organization. With a balance of trade already against us to the amount of millions a month—a fact which exists in spite of the recent foolish assertion of Mr. W. P. C. Breckinridge, of the Ways and Means Committee, that "we cannot send away cargoes because we cannot bring back cargoes to this protection-cursed country," would The Christian Union have another tariff reduction which could but result in the outflow of many millions more? Fortunately, there is no such alternative presented as the necessary hoarding of millions of surplus or the radical reduction of tariff upon foreign products corresponding to those which furnish employment to millions in this country. If there were, will The Christian Union tell its readers whether, in its opinion, it would be better to temporarily hoard some millions of the people's money in the Treasury, or to send twice as much out of the country to pay for that which, under a tariff for revenue, so devised as to be *surely protective* might well be produced here?

Will The Christian Union further tell its readers whether it would, in its opinion, conceding it to be well to somewhat reduce revenue, be better to remove the direct tax upon the tobacco produced here, or to abolish or radically reduce the duty upon woolen goods and steel rails, for instance, produced abroad, if, through such abolition or reduction, great woolen and rail manufacturing establishments in this country might be closed and thousands of operatives deprived of employment?

Surely, largely increased importations of foreign goods would be attended with large exportation of gold or an indebtedness to foreign countries which sooner or later would demand a large gold exportation. With equal certainty, any considerable monetary contraction would unsettle every business industry in the country and lead to bankruptcy, if not anarchy.

It is useless to tell intelligent Americans that protectionists want cheap whisky and tobacco and dear clothing for the masses. They know that to-day the clothing made from American cloth and worn by the laboring masses is as cheap in New York as is a similar quality in London, and that American steel rails are many dollars a ton less than they would be in the absence of many American rail mills which would never have been built had there been no protective tariff. In view of well known facts, they believe that the passage of the Mills bill would result in closing these mills.

H. R.

New Haven, Conn.

A WORD ON THE SECOND COMING OF CHRIST.

To the Editors of The Christian Union:

I have long been a subscriber to your most excellent Christian Union, and about the only thing that prevents it from giving perfect satisfaction is that every once in a while you bring out the doctrine of the judgment day and the second coming of Christ. Many besides myself were surprised to see, in the issue of April 5, p. 433, your statement upon this question. After saying that you agree with many critics in the interpreting of Matt. xxiv. as teaching the second coming of Christ and the end of the world, you add that the only objection to this view is verse 34: "This generation shall not pass away till all these things be fulfilled." It seems to me you might just as well say that the only objection to Universalism is the text, "God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world, but that the world might be saved through him;" or, "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me."

But your weakest point is where you say, "I think it clear that the Greek word there rendered generation properly signifies *race*, and refers to the Jewish people, who have miraculously preserved their race identity in spite of their dispersion, and whose identity, I believe, will be preserved until the second coming of our Lord.' Now, this Greek word rendered "generation" is *genea*, from *genomai* and in Bagster's Lexicon there is not the slightest authority for translating it "race." It there signifies just what the revisers decided upon; viz., *generation*, and this is enough to stamp the doctrine of the second coming of Christ and the end of the world as false and unscriptural. But if you wish for further proof, please recall another expression of Christ bearing upon the question of his coming: "Verily I say unto you, there be some standing here which shall not taste of death [shall not die] till they see the Son of man coming in his kingdom." (Matt. xvi., Mark ix., Luke ix.) And, besides all this, the expression "end of the world" should be end of the *age* or *dispensation*, as the Greek word translated *world* is not "κόσμος," but "αἰῶνος." In the light of these facts, is it not time to revise our ideas so as to cause the religion of Christ to appeal to the intelligence of every community in a way that it does not under the old method? G. W. J.

[Our statement that the Greek word *genea* in Matt. xxiv., 34 signifies, not a generation, but a race or people, was not made without due consideration. The authority for it our correspondent will find in Dean Alford's note on this verse, where he shows, we think conclusively, that the Scripture use of the word often carries with it the significance which we impute to it, as it certainly does in classical Greek. See Liddell and Scott. In the prophecy in Matt. xvi., 28 "There be some standing here which shall not taste of death till they see the Son of man coming in his kingdom," the latter phrase is not equivalent to "coming in his glory." The phrase "coming of the Son of man," wherever used in the New Testament prophetically, signifies the disclosure of Jesus as the Messiah, but not always his final coming to judge the world. We cannot in a paragraph discuss more fully the large subject of New Testament prophecy. We can only say briefly that, in our judgment, the New Testament teaches that, as the Old Testament dispensation was preparatory to a New Testament dispensation, so, again, the New Testament dispensation is the preparation for a third, in which Christ will be still more fully manifested, and in such wise that the unspiritual as well as the spiritual will recognize his Messiahship.—Eds. C. U.]

A PLEA FOR COMPETITION.

The growing power of trusts and monopolies has been a subject of much recent discussion. Corporations combine, and individual business men combine, to suspend the operation of the natural laws of supply and demand. Free, open competition is not allowed to establish prices, but these are fixed by the fiat of the combination. While the combination is new and flourishing, higher prices are realized than competition would have allowed, and the public feel that they are wronged. This sense of wrong is based on the belief that the natural laws of business should not be interfered with, that the public is of right entitled to the prices and benefits of every kind that competition would give it. Now, when laboring men combine to suspend the law of supply and demand, and, instead of allowing competition to fix wages, attempt to do it by fiat, do they not do equal violence to the laws that should govern prices, whether of labor or of commodities?

A man is entitled to an equivalent for the service he renders to the community, and no more. If he receives more, to that extent he is pauperized. What possible method is there of determining the measure of that equivalent but that of free competition? Arbitrate? What is to be the basis of the arbitration? One party desires to receive more, the other does not wish to concede the demand; upon what is the decision to be based?

Once depart from the principle of allowing competition to decide it, and everything is hopelessly at sea.

The competitive plan for fixing each one's place in the industrial scale, if allowed free play, does injustice to none. If employers are enjoying too large a share of the profits of industry, there is always a large class of employees near enough the top to see this, and to avail themselves of it by stepping across the line and becoming themselves employers.

They thus immediately increase the demand for labor and enhance its market value, and thus matters are equalized. As surely as fiat money would upset the financial world, just so surely do fiat prices for commodities and fiat prices for labor demoralize business interests and the interests of all.

Let us do away with trusts and combinations to control the prices of the necessaries of life, but let us be consistent and allow the artificial values, including that for labor, all to go together. Then half the friction now experienced would be removed, the jerk and jar impeding the progress of the whole of industry would be gone, and we should be much nearer than now to having an industrial democracy in which each one would easily find his proper place. T.

AMPLER ORDINATION.

To the Editors of The Christian Union:

Mr. Waterman's article on Co-operative Ordination is very interesting, and well worthy of consideration, though, like most of the propositions of union emanating from Dr. Muhlenberg, rather fanciful in its details. But the spirit of Dr. Muhlenberg is working powerfully for this great end, especially in Berkshire, and no man ever lived who was less set on his own methods. As I have heard him describe himself, he was really a Lutheran in an Episcopalian form, which should have led, as it did lead in him, to a large comprehensiveness.

Dr. Muhlenberg valued the Historic Episcopate for what it actually is, a succession not divine, but ancient and apparently apostolic. Then why should we ask the Episcopalians to give it up? It is not the only true ordination, and for a long time was not imagined to be so, as we see by the fact that up nearly to the fourth century the Bishop of Alexandria, then the second in the church, received no other consecration than at the hands of his own presbyters. But having, as I believe Augustine somewhere says, "become valid by the custom of the Church," it does not seem arrogant to describe it as "an ampler ordination." All acknowledge it, and many millions of excellent Christians and sound Protestants now scruple to give a full acknowledgment to any other.

What I should like to know is this: If any one of us, being wholly unconcerned as respects himself, but willing to obtain a more widely acknowledged presbyterate, should consent to accept this "ampler ordination," without joining the Protestant Episcopal sect (which might prove only an exchange of miseries), is there any Protestant Episcopal bishop who would be ready to give it? *Fiat experimentum*, etc.

Charles C. Starbuck

Andover, Mass.

HELP YANKTON COLLEGE!

By the kindness of friends in New York, Yankton College has the offer of a telescope worth $15 000, provided $1 500 can be raised by the 1st of July next. The friends who have given thus far prefer to remain unknown, but would be glad to have some one give enough to secure the instrument and put it in a suitable observatory, and allow the use of his name.

But as we cannot be sure of this, and as the time is too short for private appeal, we lay the matter before our friends in this public manner, hoping it may elicit a response either from churches or individuals. Either of the undersigned will answer inquiries and receive gifts for this purpose.

The telescope is a dialectic refractor with equatorial mountings. Its length is nearly twenty feet. It has a double crown object glass eighteen inches in diameter, sixteen inches clear aperture. The "finder" is three feet eight inches long, with an object glass of four inches in diameter. The instrument also has a ring micrometer, two sun glasses, two prisms, a clock, etc.

Joseph Ward President Yankton College.
D. F. Bradley, Pastor Congregational Church.

Yankton, Dakota.

Since the labors of the Rev. B. Fay Mills in Providence, evangelistic services have been continued in the Union Congregational Church by its pastor, the Rev. J. H. McIlvaine. As the result of these services 125 were received to the membership of the church at the last communion, and many more will unite at the next opportunity.

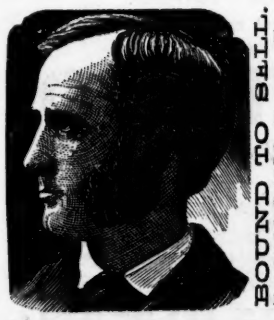
Something that Should Go on Record.

IN THE SHOP of Messrs. Kelley & Co. 38 and 40 Pearl Street, Newark, N. J., may be seen the largest Van body ever built in New Jersey. Its dimensions are: Length, 15 feet 5 inches; height, 7 feet 6 inches; width, 5 feet 7 inches.

ITS SURFACE is entirely free of moulding, cornice, bracket, or obstruction of any kind. On this immense surface Mr. John H. Naylor, Kelley & Co.'s foreman painter, with a three-inch half-elastic bristle brush, flowed a full coat of our "H. H. No 50" Flatting Varnish, without making a lap, streak, or brush-mark anywhere.

MANY NEWARK PAINTERS have seen the job, and all unhesitatingly say it beats all previous records. Only one man, Mr. Naylor, applied the Varnish. Usually, when quick Rubbing Varnish is applied on a very large van body, two men are required to lay it on, to avoid brush-marks and laps.

LAWSON VALENTINE CO., Hunter's Point, N. Y.



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Cards of not more than one-half inch will be inserted in this column, for subscribers only, for fifty cents.

For Sale. Seaside Cottage.—Built for subscriber by Palliser & Palliser, Architects, of New York City. Five rooms, ample closets, etc., in first story; six chambers and eight closets in second story; commodious attic, space for three or four more rooms. Good well. Stable. Fine tennis lawn. Two fine bathing houses on beach. About three acres land in turf Located at Eastern Point, mouth New London Harbor, opposite Pequot House, five minutes, walk from new and elegant Fort Griswold House To Boston in three hours, New York in four hours, by express trains. Always cool and breezy Land and water view unsurpassed. Address the owner, W. A. Aiken, 157 Washington Street, Norwich, Conn.

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Nantucket Cottages to Rent, at Sacchacha; daily communication with Nantucket town. Fully furnished One six rooms, open fireplaces $150, from July 1. One seven rooms, $200 from June 15. Directly on the beach Superb view. Grand place for children. Address W. M F. Round, Nantucket, Mass.

Governess, Companion, or Chaperon.—An English lady desires position as governess, companion, or chaperon to young ladies. Holds certificate from University of Oxford; speak French fluently; can also teach German and music. Address Mrs. Eden, 132 Bank Street, Newark, N. J.

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Where to Stop in New York.—Ladies desirous of visiting New York for shopping or sight seeing, not wishing to stop at a hotel, can find comfortable rooms and good board at a reasonable price at 326 West Thirty-third Street. Convenient to several car lines.

German Language.—A Hanoverian lady, teacher in a college, wishes a position during the summer months to teach the German language in a Christian family. For particulars address A. R., Christian Union Office.

Situation Wanted.—An educated young lady desires situation in an office, New York City or out of town. Address E. M. S., 509 East 118th Street New York City.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

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LOOSENESS OF DICTION.

This looseness of diction leads to an inexcusable license in the invention of new words. To save time and trouble anything lying near at hand is snatched up and somehow is dovetailed into its place. In truth, nothing is easier than this process if once you can persuade yourself that any word may be forced to serve in any capacity, and that, by a slight alteration of the termination, or even without this, nouns and verbs, substantives and adjectives, may change places in a moment. But this amiable reciprocity of the parts of speech is bewildering. We seem to be going back, as if by a cyclic tendency, to a Polynesian poverty in our vocabulary. A word known as a noun appears suddenly transformed into a verb. "Money was loaned freely," we read in a daily paper. Why not "Money was lent?" "The rebels raided the village." "Our correspondent interviewed the great man." To "prospect" means to view the prospect; to "progress" stands for making progress. The geologist writes of "deposits which have been faulted out of sight." By way of compensation, verbs are made to do the work of nouns. A clever contributor to our magazines writes of the "welter of opinions;" nor are the newspapers slow to follow such a precedent. "A find of considerable interest was made by the explorers." "Oxford scored two wins" against the sister university. "Exhibit" is used for a thing exhibited or for the exhibition itself. With equal facility verbs neuter becomes active if required. "I must fail them"—that is, mark them as having failed—writes an inspector of schools in his report. "Difficulties which we do not blink," writes a reviewer. Some one speaks of "emigrating a family," in the sense of assisting them to emigrate; just as Rarey, the famous horse breaker, used to "gentle" a refractory horse. A clever person is "talented." To suit the exigencies of the moment a verb assumes a meaning diametrically opposite to its own. A newspaper relates how Mr. A. "offered to hire [not to "hire out"] his hay drier to the corporation." Adjectives becomes substantives, and vice versa. People resident in a place are "residenters." Hymn writers are too often guilty of a disregard of the language; almost any doggerel is sometimes allowed to pass muster in a hymn, which should be the best expression of the noblest thoughts. Really, in our unbridled license we are scarcely surpassed by the young lady from Boston, who said that her brother "sculpted," and that she could "warble a few warbs and tap the ivories."—[National Review.

SUPERSTITIONS OF THE NEGRO.

Screech-owls, with their quivering, harrowing cries portend death; but they are very sensitive little creatures to all counter charms put upon them from within the house over which they croon their dolorous monologue. Just "jam de shevel inter de fire, en time hit git red hot, dey'l hesh dere shiverin'!" or sprinkle salt on the blaze, or turn a pair of shoes up on the floor with soles against the walls; perhaps this faint semblance to a laid-out corpse will pacify the hungry spirit.

In making a journey, if a rabbit or any four-footed beast run across the path, it portends evil to the traveler. Whether he be riding or walking, he must get down to the ground and make a cross there ere he dare move on. Turn back on any journey you are making if a screech-owl cries above you. However, an old hooting-owl may foretell either good or bad fortune, according as its three hoots are given on the right or left hand. This is an unfailing sign (to its faithful believers) if one goes at night either 'coon or 'possum hunting. Three hoots to the left will send any hunter home hopeless from the chase, while three hoots on the right will bring him success. Starting to visit a neighbor, if the right foot trip while walking, know that the visit is expected with pleasure; but if the left foot trip, turn back or be an unwelcome guest. But before turning back, sit first on the ground; no prudent person will turn square back on his track without taking this precaution. And in taking a stroll, never turn until you have reached a turn of the road or the corner of a fence.—[Cosmopolitan.

IN MEMORIAM.

MRS. CHARLOTTE A. JOHNSON.

Eighty-one beautiful years! We say it to ourselves as we think of one who has so lately responded to the message: "The Master is come, and calleth for thee." A life full of promise in its beginning, of calm steadfastness as it pursued its way, of beauty and beneficence in its close. A character with many sides, and yet no one developed at the expense of another.

Perhaps the quiet strength of this life has made its deepest impress on those who loved her. Though entering most fully into the gladness and joy of living, yet, when called out of the sunshine and into the shadows, her brave heart faltered not, her quiet face showed no signs of alarm, but, with her hand in her Master's, she went fearlessly onward.

Her affections were deep and wide-embracing. To those in the large home circle of children and children's children she gave a love rich and unstinted. Each member felt he had his own peculiar place in her heart. But her love did not exhaust itself there. To the ever-increasing company who sought her friendship, drawn by her beauty of character and person, she extended a hearty welcome. Nor were her sympathies confined to those who claimed her through the ties of kinship or as personal friends. She felt that all God's children called for her loving interest, and this interest bore beautiful fruit in frequent and abundant charities.

One more grace of character must not be omitted, for it so pervaded the whole life; and that was her true and deep humility. Though constantly compelled to listen to words of appreciation and even of admiration, these never disturbed her rare lowliness of spirit. She would listen to all these words with a half smile of disbelief, or waive them aside with a characteristic gesture. She looked not at herself with man's eyes, but rather in the pure light of her Saviour's requirements.

The last years of her life were singularly joyous and serene, and in sharing that joy with others her own blessedness was increased. Calmly and sweetly she passed through the dark valley of physical weakness and pain, and, but a few hours after the Feast of the Resurrection had been celebrated, her freed spirit took its flight.

Thou bowedst down thy head with friends on earth,
To raise it with the saints in paradise.

THE WEST SHORE AND THE CATSKILL MOUNTAINS.

The statement that the railroads are the pioneers in the development of the country was never more truly exemplified than by the growth of the Catskill region since the opening of the West Shore Railroad. The wonderful progress made by the Catskills is most surprising. Before the opening of the West Shore, the number of tourists to this healthful mountain resort never exceeded fifty thousand people in any one season; but since the West Shore opened up, with its splendid service, lessening the time between New York and the Mountains from three to four hours, with drawing-room cars running right into the heart of the mountains, the increase in the travel has been marvelous, and it is estimated that not less than two hundred thousand people summered in the Catskills last season. "Summer Homes," a handsomely illustrated book which is published by the West Shore for free distribution, gives a great deal of valuable information regarding the Catskills that cannot be found in any similar publication, including a list of over 2,500 summer homes, their location, etc. This book will be ready for distribution about May 15th, and can be had at any West Shore ticket office.

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Be bright yourself, and try this modern way of washing and cleaning.

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All water is filled with impurities during the rainy season.

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Opens October 3. Address Hon. E. H. Bennett, Dean. 10 Ashburton Place, Boston, Mass.

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The Boy's Suits at $5

we have advertised this season are not the only inexpensive garments we have worthy of attention. At $6 00, $6 50 $7 00, and $8 00 we are showing a very attractive line.

We mention the $5 00 Suits particularly—because they are especially good value, and to show that we do not confine our assortment to **High-Class Novelties and Fine Dress Goods** (although they are special features of our establishment), but that the

is the best place to fit out children with all grades that are desirable, including everything from **Hats to Shoes.**

CAUTION Dealers in other cities are advertising that they keep Clothing of our manufacture. This in many cases is the fact, as we sell to other dealers at wholesale; but purchasers will please note *that all goods made by us have our well known trade mark* on label or hanger, and guarantee card on sleeve.

Catalogues furnished and mail orders carefully filled.

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Entirely relieved by an *invisible* device which is the same to the ears as glasses to the eyes. Worn for months without removal. Successful where every other remedy has failed. A triumph of the 19th century. For sale only by H. A. WALES, Bridgeport, Conn

FINANCIAL.

The Bank of England discount rate is left unchanged, and remains at two per cent., with money at one and three-eighths to one and one-half per cent in the open London market, though slightly stiffer for sixty-day discounts. An advance in sterling bills this week brought the quotation of exchange to nearly the specie shipping point. Yet it must be remembered that at this season each year there is almost always more or less of a gold export movement, this season thus far constituting an exception, for reasons given in previous issues in this column. We have mentioned, formerly, the success of the English refunding scheme, which is now working a reduction of interest on the English consol. We spoke of this movement as serving to stimulate investments of English funds in our railway bonds. Another influence is now at work in this same direction which is drawing large sums here, at home, into our bond and stock markets, and that is, the rapid purchases of Government bonds by the Treasury Department; during the past two weeks, since the renewal of these purchases, the Treasury has purchased nearly eleven million dollars of these bonds from the hands of the investment public, and has thus left an investment void to be filled by other securities. This process has just begun; we may look for these purchases to go on, in a greater or less degree, for the next twelve months or more. If the Government should use, say, $250 000 000 during the next year or eighteen months in this way, it can readily be seen that the investment demand would make very large inroads in our available investments, which, taken together with the continual increase in the foreign demand for our better class of securities, would tend to produce a scarcity in gilt-edged railway debentures, and would probably absorb a vast volume of medium and comparatively low-priced securities. It is on account of these prospects that we predict a general demand for all classes of speculative as well as investment bonds and shares, for an upper-class demand gradually works down through the whole mass and tends to lift the great common bulk before it runs its course.

A default on the first mortgage of the International and Great Northern Railway bonds was determined on by the management of this road on the 1st of May; but this road, which is connected with the Missouri Pacific system, through the Illinois, Kansas & Texas road, to which it is leased, is of such importance to both the Iron Mountain and the Missouri, Kansas & Texas Company (which two latter are liable to come into antagonism with each other) that the Missouri, Kansas & Texas bondholders and stockholders concluded to buy the coupons and thus lay the foundation for a foreclosure suit and a receivership in their interest. This step immediately had the effect to force the Missouri Pacific and Iron Mountain Railway management which has control of the International Company, to advertise the regular payment by the International Company of the coupons, otherwise these latter companies would lose their hold on the road. In this way the Gould interest retain a present control over the property. The advertisement did not come out for three days after the date on which the coupons were due, showing that it was forced from unwilling hands. The annual report of the Lake Shore Railway Co. makes an exhibit equal to dividends earned of eight per cent. for the year ending December 31, 1887. The dividends paid were, in the aggregate, only four per cent., and the surplus of the company is over $2,000,000 for the year. The statement of the Michigan Central exhibits earnings for the year of over six per cent. The dividend paid was four per cent., leaving a surplus of $483,122, and a balance to the credit of income, etc., aggregating nearly $2,000,000. The report of earnings on thirty-one railways for the fourth week of April exhibits an increase over last year, same week, of 7 24-100 per cent., but this report includes a decrease on the St. Paul road of about $65,000, occasioned by the fact that the week of this year had one day less than that of 1887.

The stock market for the week is somewhat lower than a week ago. A reaction has taken place, and is still going one though apparently it has nearly expended itself. Prices are irregular, some stock, not having declined at all, while others are down from two to three per cent. The setback is not serious, and constitutes a healthy feature in an advancing market. The bond list, as a rule, is higher than a week ago for investments and speculations both.

The bank statement is again are markably good one, and is as follows:

Loans, increase	$1,991,700
Specie, increase	3,913,500
Legal tenders, increase	7,900
Deposits, increase	7,471,400
Reserve, increase	2,053,550

This brings the city banks' surplus reserve up to nearly $18,250,000. Money ranges one and a half to two per cent. on call and very plentiful.

WALL STREET.

A LIST OF ALUM BAKING POWDERS.

The following are the names of some of the baking powders published by the public authorities as being made from alum:

Kenton,	Davis',
Silver Star,	Davis' "O. K."
Forest City,	A & P.
One Spoon,	Henkle,
Patapsco,	Ne Plus Ultra,
Empire,	Can't Be Beat,
Gold,	Eureka,
Veteran,	International,
Cook's Favorite,	Puritan,
Sun Flower,	Albany Favorite,
Jersey,	Golden Sheaf,
Buckeye,	Burnett's Perfect,
Peerless,	State,
Crown,	Silver King,
Wheeler's,	Welcome,
Carleton,	Old Colony,
Gem,	Crystal,
Scioto,	Centennial,
Zipp's Grape Crystal,	Gem,
Geo. Washington,	Windsor,
Fleur de Lis,	Sovereign,
Feather Weight,	Daisy.

There are doubtless many other brands of alum baking powder besides those so far examined and named by the authorities. Most of the baking powders sold in bulk, by weight, and all sold with a gift or present, are said to be of this description.

Prof. H. A. Mott, United States Government Chemist, says: "In my opinion the use of alum as a constituent of a baking powder should be prohibited by law"

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Capital, - - - $1,000,000.00
7 Per Cent. Guaranteed Mortgages
6 Per Cent. Gold Debentures.

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CAPITAL PAID IN (CASH) - 1,000,000
6 PER CENT. DEBENTURES and GUARANTEED FARM MORTGAGES. Interest payable semi annually at any of our offices. Our mortgages are upon improved FARMS ONLY. We loan no money on the unduly stimulated property o the towns and cities. Also
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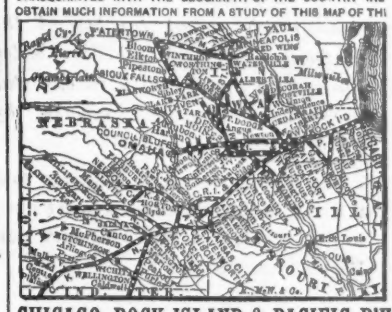
Connecticut General
Life Insurance
Company.
23d ANNUAL STATEMENT,
JANUARY 1st, 1888
(Condensed.)

Receipts in Year 1887,	$296,061 08
Disbursements "	204,412 98
Assets, Jan'y 1st, 1888,	$1,716,606 23
Liabilities, " "	1,296,365 36
Surplus to Policy-Holders by Conn. and Mass. Standard,	$420,240 87

Of which $181,001.44 is a special reserve due to Savings Endowment policies.
T. W. RUSSELL, Pres't.
F. V HUDSON, Sec'y.

A MAN
UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THE COUNTRY WILL OBTAIN MUCH INFORMATION FROM A STUDY OF THIS MAP OF THE


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And get their Investors' Guide free, and read the profitable experience of the patrons of this House.

THE PUBLISHER'S DESK.

Not only strike while the iron is hot, but make it hot by striking.—Oliver Cromwell.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MAY 10, 1888.

"THE REPUBLIC IS OPPORTUNITY."

The fact that these words have been widely printed does not prevent our reprinting them. They were spoken by Melville W. Fuller at the meeting of the Iroquois Club in Chicago only a few days before Mr. Fuller was nominated Chief Justice, and thus illustrated in his own career his own maxim, "The Republic is opportunity." The subject of his address was Stephen A. Douglas, and his brief sketch of Mr. Douglas's career typifies so strikingly the possibilities of American life that it deserves attention. It might be urged that the career is not extraordinary. Yet it is this very fact which gives to it its significance:

The Republic is opportunity. Fifty-five years ago a penniless youth of twenty entered the town of Winchester, to use his own language, on foot, with his coat upon his arm, without an acquaintance within a thousand miles, and without knowing where he could get money to pay a week's board. In the twenty eight years that followed, schoolmaster, lawyer, State's Attorney member of the Legislature Land Office Register, Secretary of State Judge of the Supreme Court four years member of Congress eleven years United States Senator the beloved leader of hundreds of thousands of devoted followers he died amid the mingled lamentations of friend and foe, in possession of a fame which passed far beyond the confines of his country. What better illustration that equality in opportunity enables every man to make "by force his merit known"?

Nearly a century ago Napoleon said that the Republic means "a career open to all talents." In great measure our Republic has meant this.

WE THOUGHT YOU WOULD LIKE TO KNOW.

It's Moving Day!

But we are still at No. Thirty.

Not all of us, though.

Friends, if you belong to that comparatively small and entirely unreasonable portion of the reading public who are not content merely to take the best religious newspaper in the world, but must, in addition to your careful perusal of The Christian Union, also read those repositories of the inconsequential, the great daily newspapers of the metropolis, you are doubtless aware that the latter are much given to "blowing" about the mechanical improvements that are introduced into their publication offices from time to time. One day they will tell of the astonishing telegraphic contrivances they have had put in, made necessary that they may give more and later news than any other journal. Another day an inside page will be filled with a description and illustrations of their "new mammoth lightning press, the only one of its kind and the last of the breed," which their growing circulation, already the largest in the world, has compelled them to procure.

The music which these worldly journals make in tooting their own trumpets is very distressing to a modest paper like—Excuse us! We were going to say that we cannot boast about our mechanical facilities like our daily contemporaries: Because, in the first place, we're too modest to do it; second, we're too truthful to do it; third, we don't need to do it, because the C. U. is a weekly publication, and doesn't require facilities for rushing out a midnight extra with a "full account of de horrible slorter."

BUT, ALL THE SAME THE PRINTERS HAVE A NEW COMPOSING ROOM.

We think we can say this, in all its simplicity of unadorned Saxon, without departing in any wise from the principles above laid down. And we think our readers will be glad to know it. Reader!—grave or gay, lively or severe—do you ever stop to think, when you are perusing the printed page, that the letters which convey the writer's thought to your mind have been imprinted from metal types which were, each and every one, placed in position by a human being?—a creature who in general outline bears considerable resemblance to your own most estimable self? 'Tis true! An individual, like yourself, with eyes and ears (but particularly eyes) nerves and *medulla oblongata*, the capacity to suffer and to enjoy, and sometimes even with a degree of æsthetic sensibility!

EACH OF THESE, YOUR FELLOW CREATURES, WHO ENABLE YOU TO READ THESE WORDS IN THE CHRISTIAN UNION HAS NOW A PLACE FOR HIMSELF BY AN UNOBSTRUCTED WINDOW FROM WHICH HE CAN SEE A LIBERAL STRETCH OF GOD'S BLUE HEAVEN.

You may know nothing of the requisites of a good composing-room; if so, the above sentence will not appear to you worthy of the small caps in which it is printed. But the next time you meet a printer, ask him what is the first and fundamental requirement in a room that is to be used as a printing office, and then you will understand it better!

With the beautiful light which our printers now enjoy, they do say that they will never again make the Home editor say "The bosses of the democratic party" for "The lovers of domestic purity;" nor the Spectator speak of the "Seasick Hotel" when he tried to write "Seaside Hotel;" nor the Temperance editor give utterance to the refreshing sentiment "Rum is elegant with straws after frost" instead of his illustrative rhapsody to the effect that "Rome is eloquent with stories of the past." And the Proof-reader closes one weary lynx-eye as he murmurs, "Amen and Amen."

Now, we might go on and enumerate nine hundred and ninety-nine points about the new printing office which please us and would please you if you were a newspaper man. But we won't; we will conclude as we began:

WE THOUGHT YOU WOULD LIKE TO KNOW.

P.S.—No, we won't conclude that way, but this: As soon as we get things settled in the new place, the Printers will help The Desk to address you through new types.

[The Desk wants the printer who wrote the above to sign his name to it; but he would prefer to subscribe himself with the modesty characteristic of th craft, Yours truly,

ONE OF THE TYPOS.]

TURKISH PROVERBS.

Don't cut your donkey's tail in public; some will say, "It is too long," others, "It is too short."

(The difficulties of equality)—I am master and you are master: who will groom the horse?

Justice is half religion.

There is no ass but brays.

The knife's wound heals: the tongue's, never

Who seeks a faultless friend rests friendless

Neighbor's right, God's right.

He who has many vineyards has many care

A big head, a big ache.

The heart's testimony is stronger than a thousand witnesses. M. E. K

VERSAILLES, Ky.

THE FENCE QUESTION.

BARS AND FENCES.

When, the other day, we stood in front of the lion in Central Park, we were very glad that there were good strong bars between us and him. We should have objected very strenuously to any one who proposed to take down the bars. When, last summer, we stood on one side of a high, strong, stone fence, and a great Alderney bull, pawing the earth, and every now and then giving an ominous bellow, stood on the other side, we should have objected equally strenuously to any one who proposed to take down the fence or bars. The fences are needed where there are wild beasts and vicious bulls. In short, a bar or fence is a symbol of barbarism; it is something to make intercourse difficult, and it is necessary when separation is essential to protection. If a community has such elements of essential barbarism in it that free interchange is not safe, a fence is necessary. But we should like to have any one tell us what else it is to have. The unbroken lines that unite us in a common brotherhood many of the most beautiful places in Newton, Mass., are witness to the perfect fraternity and good fellowship of those who live in the homes. There are no wild beasts and no bulls, and therefore no need of bars and fences.

We have no space to do more than suggest this idea, which has in it many applications. A bar or a fence is always a sign of some kind of wild beast or dangerous bull, unless, indeed, the fence is allowed to remain after the wild beast has been taken and the bull thoroughly domesticated.

DOWN WITH THE FENCES.

I vote against front fences at once, and after a while will down with division fences.

P. S.—My front fence has been down for three years. J. L. H.

EAST ORANGE, N. J.

I vote for fences every time as far as the farm is concerned. They are the only protection there is to crops of any kind from cattle and horses. A shiftless farmer may be known by his poor fences. Where would the hay crop of New England be but for the fences? I vote for no fences around such city parks and village lawns as can be protected without fences.

WASHINGTON, D. C. N. F.

Quoting from March 8:

"Now The Christian Union joins in the wo thy crusade for the leveling of this 'sick man' of our lawns, villages, and farms. Who will join us?"

For our lawns and villages we would vote No fencing, early and late!

Farmers unavoidably fence their pastures from their meadows and cultivated fields.

A. N. C.

PLAINVILLE, Conn., and ROCK LEDGE, Fla.

I have been for years, and shall continue to be, an unwavering opponent of those needless, unsightly, and expensive objects called "fences," believing that their removal from the most of our country would be wise, beneficial, and economical. A. H. V.,

Farmer and Fruit Grower.

MONE, Bedford County, Virginia.

My vote is No Fences.

Yours, J. S. B.

ORANGE, Mass.

No Fences! G. S. R.

WEST WINSTED, Conn.

Down with the fences!

MR. and MRS. J. S.

LEBANON, Van Buren County, Iowa.

KEEP UP THE FENCES.

I vote No! Keep *up* the fences. Many places in New England and elsewhere are ruined (to my eyes) by the removal of their fences. They look dreary, lonely, and unfinished, even desolate, and without the snug, cozy look which a "fenced-in" place always has. H. P. S.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

In great part the fences *must* remain. I believe in pulling them down wherever there's nothing dangerous to keep out or in.

WASHINGTON, D. C. D. C. B,

I vote to keep up the fences, and with them to keep up individuality, seclusion, and quiet, in the coming as well as reality, in this bustling, busy world. I vote to keep up the dear, rude old rail fences on the face of the country, with their delightful corners with berries and bluebells, with violets and bloodroots. The land is wide enough for them; we are using it up too fast, anyway exhausting it. Keep up the fences and shut the home in, and the world and wolves and wild bulls out. H. F. P.

TWINSBURY, Summit County, Ohio.

PUT UP THE FENCES.

You wish a vote of the people on the Fence question, and say, "Down with the Fences!" That depends. "Down with the unsightly old wooden fences that prevent persons from seeing and enjoying the beauties of park, lawn, or garden"—Yes. "Down with the fences" denominations have raised to keep out the seekers after Christ—Yes "Down with the fences" that the good and true erect to keep the young from vice—No. "Down with the fences" that decent families build about them to keep off the influence of the whisky hells—No.

The right and the wrong of your cry, "Down with the fences," depends entirely upon circumstances for its value.

The abolition of unsightly fences in town and country is desirable, but not the throwing open of yards or grounds to commons.

There is and should be a sacredness of home life that ought to be preserved. No family can afford to be without it, and no refined family is without feeling its loss. There are plenty of fences that do not offend nature or well educated people, and still afford protection from the too free man or animal; they need not be obtrusive or unsightly.

In America we do not desire that exclusiveness which surrounds the English home, but can we afford to do away with all the sacredness that the word home implies? —No.

The question of fencing out cattle or fencing them in can certainly in general terms be decided in favor of fencing them in. No doubt it is cheaper and better so far as that goes, but that is not all the question of fencing. We desire that cattle be fenced in, but require still more. There is something besides the question of cheapness in the fence question. Cattle do sometimes pass through the streets when the law is well observed as to fencing them in. Ladies know this, and hail with delight the fence that affords them protection from even possible danger. They do not want their children on a lawn when any moment an animal may run over them, and men, unless too utterly good for this world, know that to have only one cow pass over their lawn when it is soft and wet destroys more real happiness than many times the cost of a first-class iron fence could purchase. It is often something more than happiness we lose at such times.

No! Up with the fences, and keep them in perfect order about your homes. Let there be a line, not altogether imaginary, to divide your grounds from your neighbors. Your children will be on better terms, and it tends to a certain exclusiveness that educated and refined people delight in. Up with the fences! for they indicate the family back of them. See the English wall, high, solid, and impenetrable; does it not show the character of the nation? and does not the disjointed, broken-down, rack-and-ruin fence indicate the house of the drunkard?—did you ever know it to fail? If it were true that fences prevented the making of neat lawns, I would vote down with them, but, on the contrary, you find the most beautiful lawns, the happiest families, the handsomest children, and most refined, sensible, and loving parents all protected by fences; therefore I vote No on the question of Down with the fences, and advise all your readers to see that their fences are put in perfect order this spring. If nothing but a rail fence, see that it is free from weeds; if you are better off, put up a good wooden picket fence, or, better and best of all, have an iron fence that takes up but little room, is strong, and is almost everlasting as well as handsome.

ST. CLAIR SPRINGS, Mich.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL ON ABRAHAM LINCOLN—"I am thankful to have been the contemporary of one whom I think it is safe to say that no other country and no other form of government could have fashioned him, and whom posterity will recognize as the wisest and most bravely human of modern times. It is a benediction to have lived in the same age and in the same country with Abraham Lincoln. Had democracy borne only this consummate flower and then perished like the century-plant, it would have discharged its noblest function."

GREATEST CANAL IN THE WORLD.

Do you say it is the Panama Canal? No. It is the Alimentary Canal. Ought to be in perfect working order. Otherwise look for dyspepsia, biliousness, and a host of other disorders. These disorders are painful and troublesome, but Perfected Oxygen completely overcomes them. A postal card directed to Walter C. Brownlee, M.D., 1,236 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa., will bring you by mail free and full information about Perfected Oxygen.

FUGITIVE POEMS.

TO MATTHEW ARNOLD.

FROM EDWIN ARNOLD.

Suffer that—as thou takest boat to cross
Grim Charon's stream, on voyage heavy loss
To England, but to thee gain manifold—
I pluck thee by the shrond and press thy cold
Forgetful hand: to lay this obolus
Into its honored palm! Ah, think on us
In thy new walks upon the Asphodel;
Nor quite forsake the sad sphere where we dwell,
Fighting thy battle, lending our small stress
To "sin am which maketh unto righteousness"!
Now, that thou better knowest friends and foes,
Good friend! dear rival! bear no grudge to those
Who had not time, in life's hard fight, to show
How well they liked thee for thy "slashing blow;"
How "sweet" thy "reasonableness" seemed; how right
Thy lofty pleading for the long-dimmed "light"!

Thou, that didst bear my name and deck it so
That coming thus behind, hardly I know
If I shall hold it worthily and be
Meet to be mentioned in one age with thee,
Take, brother, to the land where no strifes are
This praise thou wilt not heed! Before the star
Is kindled for thee let my funeral torch
Light thee, dear namesake, to th' Elysian Porch!
Dead poet! let a poet of thy house
Lay, unreproved, these bay-leaves on thy brow!
We, that seemed only friends, were lovers; now
Death knows it! and love knows! and I and thou!

—[Pall Mall Gazette.

ARBUTUS.

Sweet welcome to thee, dainty winsome flower!
Beloved bringing joy for April's tears,
Upspringing in the track of wintry fears
That ghostly haunt spring's timid, 'wakening hour.
The vanished months have left thee beauty's power:
The autumn, crimson blush; its snowy kiss,
The dying winter; and the summer's bliss
Of fragrance in thy breath—a precious dower!

—[Chautauquan.

THE ART OF THE POTTER.

BY EMMA S. THOMAS.

A touch of the foot on the treadle,
And silent, swift, and still,
The potter's wheel is in motion,
Obeying the master's will.

A touch of the foot on the treadle,
The touch of a skillful hand,
And a beautiful form arises
At the master's word of command.

Ah, the wonderful art of the potter!
Where a mass of shapeless clay
Grows up like a vision of beauty,
With never a touch astray.

We may listen to stories of magic,
But where such magic as this?
Where deft hands, touching lightly,
Never their mission miss.

Ah the wonderful skill of the potter!
With a deft touch here and there,
Fashioning forms of beauty,
Wonderful, quaint, and rare.

—[Exchange.

DOVER BEACH.

BY MATTHEW ARNOLD.

The sea is calm to-night,
The tide is full, the moon lies fair
Upon the straits—on the French coast the light
Gleams and is gone: the cliffs of England stand,
Glimmering and vast, out in the tranquil bay.

Come to the window, sweet is the night air!
Only, from the long line of spray
Where the sea meets the moon-blanched sand,
Listen! you hear the grating roar
Of pebbles, which the waves draw back, and fling,
At their return, up the high strand,
Begin, and cease, and then again begin,
With tremulous cadence slow, and bring
The eternal note of sadness in.

Sophocles long ago
Heard it on the Ægean, and it brought
Into his mind the turbid ebb and flow
Of human misery; we
Find also in the sound a thought,
Hearing it by this distant northern sea.

The sea of faith
Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shore
Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furl'd.
But now I only hear
Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,
Retreating, to the breath
Of the night wind, down the vast edges drear
And naked shingles of the world,

Ah, love, let us be true
To one another! for the world, which seems
To lie before us like a land of dreams,
So various, so beautiful, so new,
Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,
Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;
And we are here as on a darkling plain,
Swept with confused alarms of struggles and flight,
Where ignorant armies clash by night.

—[Selected.

BISMARCK'S VERSAILLES TABLE.

I heard an anecdote last week of which Prince Bismarck is the hero, which would tend to show that he does not always gain his ends by the blunt, outspoken means he so often adopts. When the German Army was besieging Paris seventeen years ago, Prince Bismarck, like the Emperor and the Crown Prince, of course resided in Versailles, and the house he occupied is still pointed out to curious visitors, although its owner has so altered its exterior appearance (it is said from patriotic motives) that Prince Bismarck himself would probably fail to recognize it again. During his forced occupancy of the dwelling Prince Bismarck is reported to have several times come in collision with its patriotic proprietor. When the time came for the headquarters to leave Versailles, Prince Bismarck not unnaturally wished to take with him as a historical relic the rosewood writing table on which he had during his occupancy of the house signed so many momentous decrees and made so much history. So he sent for the proprietor and expressed his wish to purchase the table, which was a very ordinary and inexpensive one, at any reasonable price which might be named. But, not much to the Prince's surprise probably, the proprietor refused to part with the piece of furniture in question. Nor did Bismarck attempt to argue with the man. He merely said, "Very well," and let him go. But that same night two German soldiers of the Engineer Corps, who chanced to be skilled cabinetmakers, were brought to the Chancellor's house, and within twenty-four hours they had made a table so like the original one which the Prince wished to take with him that no merely superficial glance would have disclosed any difference between the two. The sequel can be guessed. When Prince Bismarck's baggage left Versailles the "Simon pure" table, if I may so term it, was safely packed away with his effects, while the one left in the embrasure of the bow window of the room the Chancellor had so long occupied was the imitation one that had been made by his orders. Whether the proprietor of the house detected the fact of the substitution I cannot say, but it is certain that the historical table he refused to sell to the Chancellor is now at Varzin, where it has been duly scheduled among the items that are to be handed down in the Bismarck family as heirlooms.—[London Figaro.

A Bolted Door

May keep out tramps and burglars, but not Asthma, Bronchitis, Colds, Coughs, and Croup. The best protection against these unwelcome intruders is Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. With a bottle of this far-famed preparation at hand, Throat and Lung Troubles may be checked and serious Disease averted.

Thomas G. Edwards, M. D., Blanco, Texas, certifies: "Of the many preparations before the public for the cure of colds, coughs, bronchitis, and kindred diseases, there are none, within the range of my experience and observation, so reliable as Ayer's Cherry Pectoral."

John Meyer, Florence, W. Va., says: "I have used all your medicines, and keep them constantly in my house. I think Ayer's Cherry Pectoral saved my life some years ago."

D. M. Bryant, M. D., Chicopee Falls, Mass., writes: "Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has proved remarkably good in croup, ordinary colds, and whooping cough, and is invaluable as a family medicine."

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

FOR MEN AND BOYS.

These goods are perfect fitting and unexcelled for beauty of finish and elegance of style.

Unrivaled for cheapness, as the reversible principle makes one collar equal to two.

Both standing and turn-down collars in all desirable sizes and styles.

Sample collar and pair of cuffs sent on receipt of six cents. (Name size.) Illustrated catalogue free.

Ten Collars, or five pairs of Cuffs, sold at stores for 25 cents.

REVERSIBLE COLLAR CO.,

27 Kilby Street, Boston, Mass.

Madam Porter's

COUGH BALSAM

PLEASANT,
RELIABLE,
EFFECTU

Successfully used for more than fifty years.
TRY IT.

HOLLOWAY'S Relished by Children.

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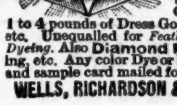

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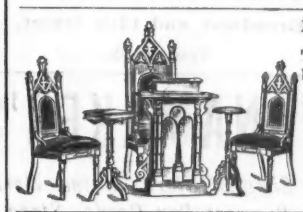

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OFFICE OF THE

ATLANTIC

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NEW YORK, January 24, 1888.

The Trustees, in Conformity to the Charter of the Company, submit the following Statement of its affairs on the 31st of December, 1887.

Premiums on Marine Risks from 1st January, 1887, to 31st December, 1887	$3,542,969 09
Premiums on Policies not marked off 1st January, 1887	1,417,600 13
Total Marine Premiums	$5,060,569 22
Premiums marked off from 1st January, 1887, to 31st December, 1887	$3,672,331 21
Losses paid during the same period	$1,599,468 95
Returns of Premiums and Expenses	$788,846 38

The Company has the following Assets, viz.:

United States and State of New York Stock, City, Bank, and other Stocks	$8,622,565 00
Loans secured by Stocks and otherwise	1,559,100 00
Real Estate and Claims due the Company, estimated at	474,439 88
Premium Notes and Bills Receivable	1,382,926 07
Cash in Bank	218,193 40
Amount	$12,237,233 35

Six per cent. interest on the outstanding certificates of profits will be paid to the holders thereof or their legal representatives on and after Tuesday, the Seventh of February next.

The outstanding certificates of the issue of 1883 will be redeemed and paid to the holder thereof, or their legal representatives, on and after Tuesday, the Seventh of February next from which date all interest thereon will cease The certificates to be produced at the time of payment, and canceled.

A dividend of forty per cent. is declared on the net earned premiums of the Company for the year ending 31st December, 1887, for which certificates will be issued on and after Tuesday, the First of May next.

By order of the Board,

J. H. CHAPMAN Secretary

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